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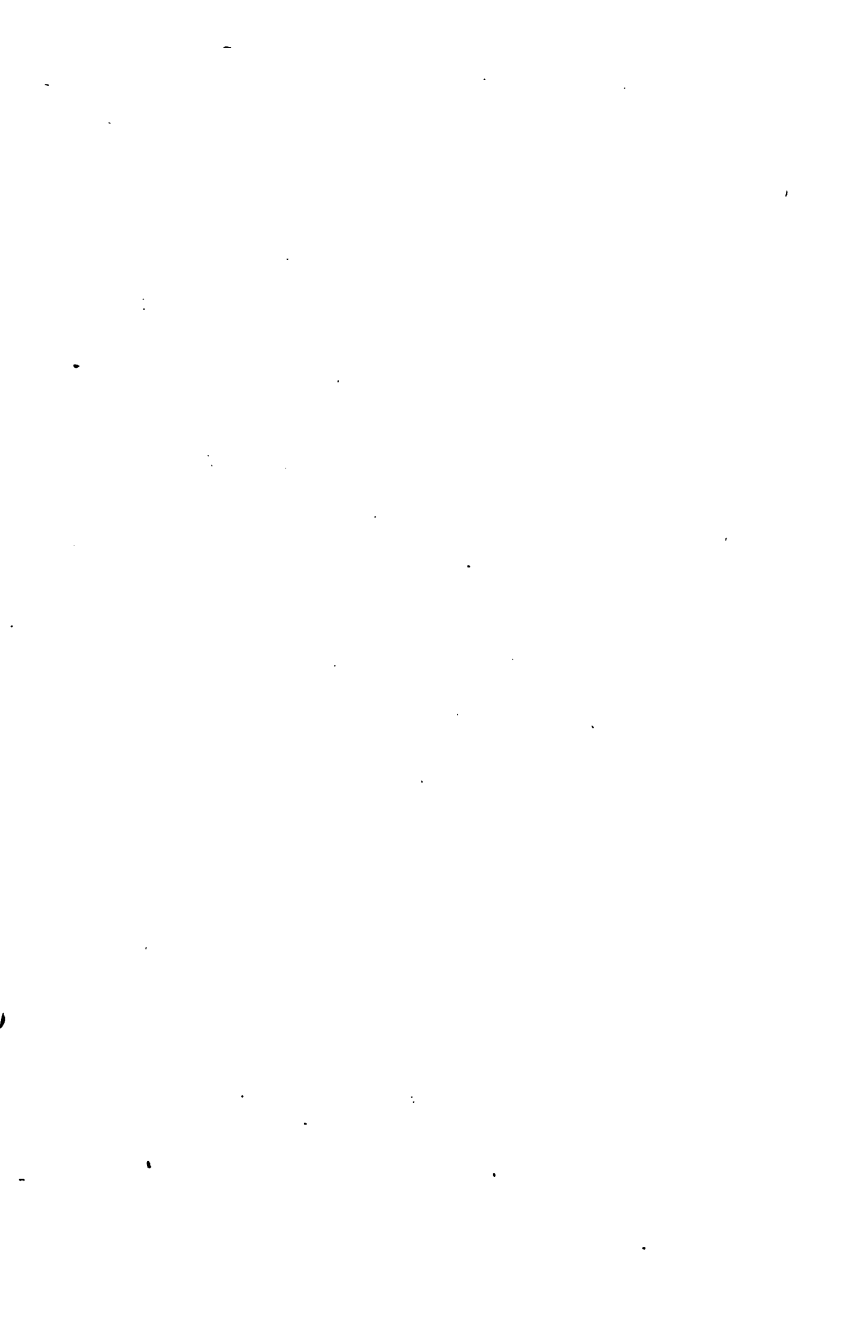
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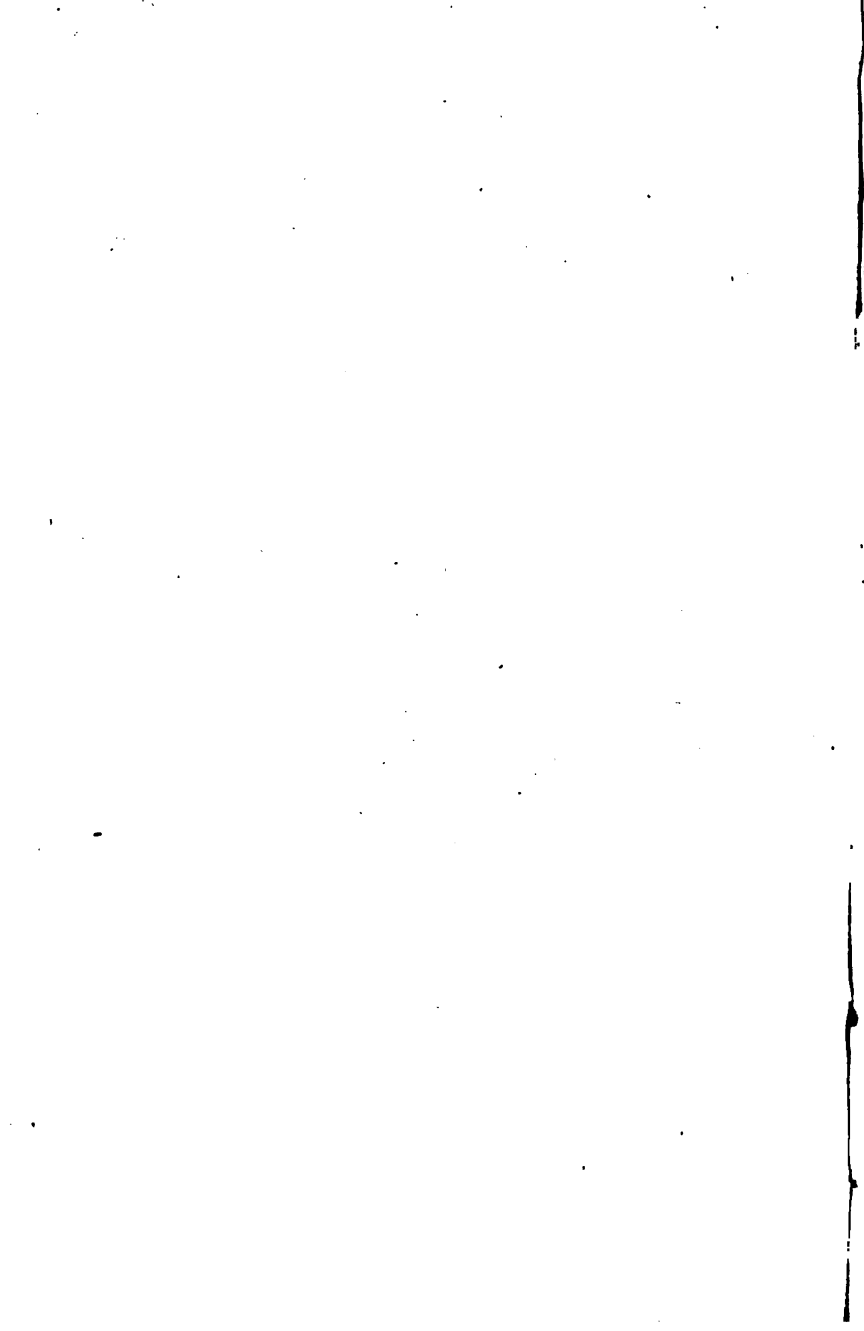


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No.





SEED-GRAIN

FOR

THOUGHT AND DISCUSSION.

A COMPILATION

BY

MRS. ANNA C. LOWELL,

AUTHOR OF 'THEORY OF TEACHING,' 'THE WORLD AS IT IS, AND AS IT APPEARS,'  
'THOUGHTS ON THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS,' ETC.

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SEED-GRAIN  
FOR  
THOUGHT AND DISCUSSION.

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Part Third.

(CONTINUED.)



# SEED - GRAIN

FOR

## THOUGHT AND DISCUSSION.

---

### THE CURE OF FAULTS.

#### THE BLOTTING OUT OF INIQUITIES.

ONLY God can blot out iniquities. A poor creature may soon involve itself in sin and misery, but 'tis beyond the sphere of men or Angels' activity to blot out the least sin, or disentangle the soul of the least corruption. The mighty hand of God himself must be put to the blotting out of iniquities.

God requires no more humiliation than to bring a soul to himself and make it capable of mercy. Many a weak Christian questions his condition, because he hath not filled God's bottles so full of tears as others; he hath not had such rendings of heart, such breakings and piercings of spirit as others have had; Ay, but let such a one con-

sider that some hearts are wrought upon in a more winning and melting way, others are beat in pieces by a stroke of Omnipotency. But this we are sure, that soul's humbled enough that's brought to a sight and sense of his sin, so as to see the necessity of a Saviour; and to prize him, and love him as the fairest of ten thousand. When God hath made a soul to see his sins, he's ready to blot them out. . . . Thou hast a book within thine own breast, and Conscience hath the pen of a ready writer; it can write as fast as the soul can dictate, *Calamum in corde tingit*, and with an accurate pencil it can give thee a full portraiture of thy most closeted behavior, of thy most reserved actions, of thy most retired motions; and though there be a curtain drawn over them here, yet hereafter they shall be made very apparent. God shall give Conscience an *Imprimatur*, and such works as thou would'st have suppress, shall be published to the eyes of men and Angels; sins of the smallest print, of the most indiscernible character, shall be made clearly legible, and become as Atoms in the presence of a Sunbeam. With what a furious reflection wilt thou then read over thine own sinful life. *Calverwel.*

---

Besides the guilt of sin, and the power of sin, there's the stain of sin. *Ib.*

---

To tell a falsehood is like the cut of a sabre; for though the wound may heal, the scar of it will remain. *Sadi.*

---

It was Talleyrand who, when Rulhières said he had

been guilty of only one wickedness in his life, asked 'When will it end?' There was more in this repartee than its readiness or its point; for there are mean, wicked, and degrading actions which never do end, and which color the entire current of a life. *Edinburgh Review.*

---

God hath promised pardon to him that repenteth, but he hath not promised repentance to him that sinneth.

*Quoted from Anselm.*

---

When once the lake is cased in ice, heat from below cannot warm its surface; only the breath of heaven can bring life and motion.

---

There is always some danger of self-discipline leading to a state of self-confidence: and the more so, when the motives for it are of a poor and worldly character, or the results of it outward only, and superficial. But surely when a man has got the better of any bad habit or evil disposition, his sensations should not be those of exultation only: ought they not rather to be akin to the shuddering faintness with which he would survey a chasm that he had been guided to avoid, or with which he would recall to mind a dubious deadly struggle which had terminated in his favor?

Self-discipline is grounded on self-knowledge. A man may be led to resolve upon some general course of self-discipline by a faint glimpse of his moral degradation; let him not be contented with that small insight. He

must try to probe his own nature thoroughly ; must strive to learn the whole truth about himself, and not shrink from telling it to his own soul.

Imagine the soul, then, thoroughly awake to its state of danger, and the whole energies of the man devoted to self-improvement. At this point, there often arises a habit of introspection which is too limited in its nature ; we scrutinize each action as if it were a thing by itself, independent and self-originating ; and so our scrutiny does less good, perhaps, than might be expected from the pain it gives and the resolution it requires. Any truthful examination into our actions must be good ; but we ought not be satisfied with it, until it becomes both searching and progressive. Its aim should be not only to investigate instances, but to discover principles. Thus, suppose that our conscience upbraids us for any particular bad habit : we then regard each instance of it with intense self-reproach, and long for an opportunity of proving the amendment which seems certain to arise from our pangs of regret. The trial comes ; and sometimes our former remorse is awakened and saves us ; and sometimes it is forgotten, and our conduct is as bad as it was before our conscience was awakened. Now in such a case we should begin at the beginning, and strive to discover where it is that we are wrong in the heart. This is not to be done by weighing each particular instance, and observing after what interval it occurred, and whether with a little more or a little less temptation than usual ; instead of dwelling chiefly on mere circumstances of this kind, we should try

and get at the substance of the thing, so as to ascertain what fundamental precept of God is violated by the habit in question. That precept we should make our study; and then there is more hope of a permanent amendment.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little, you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

It is by adding to our good purposes, and nourishing the affections which are rightly placed, that we shall best be able to combat the bad ones. By adopting such a course you will not have yielded to your enemy, but will have gone in all humility, to form new alliances: you will then resist an evil habit with the strength which you have gained in carrying out a good one. — You will find too that when you set your heart upon the things that are worthy of it, the small selfish ends, which used to be so dear to it, will appear almost disgusting: you will wonder that they could have had such hold upon you.

In the same way, if you extend and deepen your sympathies, the prejudices which have hitherto clung obstinately to you, will fall away; your former uncharitableness will seem absolutely distasteful; you will have brought home to it feelings and opinions with which it cannot live.

Man, a creature of twofold nature, body and soul, should have both parts of that nature engaged in any

matter in which he is concerned ; spirit and form must both enter into it. It is idol worship to substitute the form for the spirit ; but it is a vain philosophy which seeks to dispense with the form. All this applies to self-discipline.

See how most persons love to connect some outward circumstance with their good resolutions ; they resolve on commencing the new year with a surrender of this ~~bad~~ habit ; they will alter their conduct as soon as they are at such a place. The mind thus shows its feebleness ; but we must not conclude that the support it naturally seeks is useless. At the same time that we are to turn our chief attention to the attainment of right principles, we cannot safely neglect any assistance which may strengthen us in contending against bad habits ; far is it from the spirit of true humility to look down upon such assistance. Still these auxiliaries partake of a mechanical nature ; we must not expect more from them than they can give ; they may serve as aids to memory ; they may form landmarks, as it were, of our progress ; but they cannot, of themselves, maintain that progress. *Helps.*

---

The exercise of purging or cleansing the Soul cannot end but with our Life ; let us not then afflict ourselves with our imperfections, for our perfection consists in resisting them ; and we cannot resist them without seeing them ; nor vanquish them without encountering them. Our Victory lies not in being not sensible of them, but in not consenting to them. But to be disturbed by them, is not



to consent to them ; nay, it is necessary for the exercise of our Humility, that we be sometimes wounded in this Spiritual Combat. But we are never to be accounted Conquered, unless we lose either our Life or our Courage. Now Natural Imperfections cannot deprive us of Spiritual Life ; for that is not lost but by wilful Sin. It then only remains that they daunt not our courage. It is a happy condition for us in this War, that we may be always Conquerors, if we will fight. *De Sales.*

---

Whosoever will arrive at a new life must pass by the death of the old. *Ib.*

---

I would rather feel compunction than give the best possible definition of it. *Imitation of Christ.*

---

In counteracting our defects, we should be cautious not to blunder by imitation of others. We should search till we find where our character fails, and then amend it — not attempt to become another man. *Cecil.*

---

Tenderness of conscience is always to be distinguished from scrupulousness. The conscience can not be kept too sensible and tender ; but scrupulousness arises from bodily or mental infirmity, and discovers itself in a multitude of ridiculous and superstitious and painful feelings. *Ib.*

---

One forgives every thing to him who forgives himself nothing. *Chinese Proverb.*

As it takes a diamond to cut and shape a diamond, so there are faults so obstinate that they are worn away only by life-long contact with similar faults in those we love.

---

Great virtues are rare ; the occasions for them are very rare ; and when they do occur, we are prepared for them, we are excited by the grandeur of the sacrifice, we are supported either by the splendor of the deed in the eyes of the world, or by the self-complacency that we experience from the performance of an uncommon action. Little things are unforeseen ; they return every moment ; they come in contact with our pride, our indolence, our haughtiness, our readiness to take offence ; they contradict our inclinations perpetually. We would much rather make certain great sacrifices to God, however violent and painful they might be, upon condition that we should be rewarded by liberty to follow our own desires and habits in the details of life. It is, however, only by fidelity in little things, that a true and constant love to God can be distinguished from a passing fervor of spirit. . . .

Let us remember that God looks in our actions only for the motive. The world judges us by appearance ; God counts for nothing what is most dazzling to men. What he desires is a pure intention, true docility, and a sincere self-renunciation. All this is exercised more frequently, and in a way that tries us more severely, on common than on great occasions. Sometimes we cling more tenaciously to a trifle than to a great interest. It would give us more pain to relinquish an amusement than

to bestow a great sum in charity. We are more easily led away by little things, because we believe them more innocent, and imagine that we are less attached to them ; nevertheless, when God deprives us of them, we soon discover from the pain of privation, how excessive and inexcusable was our attachment to them. The sincerity of our piety is also impeached by the neglect of minor duties. What probability is there, that we should not hesitate to make great sacrifices, when we shrink from slight ones ?

But what is most dangerous to the mind, is the habit it acquires of unfaithfulness. True love to God thinks nothing small. All that can please or displease him is great. It does not produce constraint and weak scruples, but it places no limits to its fidelity ; it acts with simplicity, and as it is not embarrassed with things that God has not commanded, it never hesitates a moment about what he does command, whether it be great or small.

Those persons who are naturally less exact ought to make an inviolable law with themselves about trifles. They are tempted to despise them ; they have a habit of thinking them of no consequence ; they are not aware of the insensible growth of the passions ; they forget even their own most fatal experience. They trust to a delusive courage, though it has before failed them, for the support of their fidelity.

“ It is a trifle,” they say, “ it is nothing.” True ; but it is a nothing that will be every thing to you, a trifle that you prefer to the will of God, a trifle that will be your

ruin. There is no real elevation of mind in a contempt of little things ; it is, on the contrary, from too narrow views, that we consider those things of little importance, which have in fact such extensive consequences. The more apt we are to neglect small things, the more we ought to fear the effects of this negligence, be watchful over ourselves, and place around us, if possible, some insurmountable barrier to this remissness. Do not let us be troubled at this constant attention to trifles ; at first it will require courage to maintain it, but it is a penance that we have need of, and that will at last bring us peace and serenity. God will gradually render this state pleasant and easy to us. *Fenelon, translated by Mrs. Follen.*

---

“Not that which is much is well ; but that which is well is much.” God loveth adverbs, and cares not how good, but how well. The homeliest service, if done in obedience and conscience of God’s commandment, is crowned with an ample reward. *Bishop Hall.*

---

It is a strange fancy of mine, but I cannot help wishing we could move for returns, as their phrase is in parliament, for the suffering caused in any one day, or other period of time, throughout the world, to be arranged under certain heads ; and we should then see what the world has occasion to fear most. What a large amount would come under the heads of unreasonable fear of others, of miserable quarrels among relations upon infinitesimally small subjects, of imaginary slights, of undue cares, of false shames,

of absolute misunderstandings, of unnecessary pains to maintain credit or reputation, of vexation that we cannot make others of the same mind with ourselves.

Tested by these perfect returns, perhaps our every day shaving, severe shirt-collars, and other ridiculous garments are equivalent to a great European war once in seven years ; and women's stays may do about as much harm, i. e. cause as much suffering, as an occasional pestilence. Perhaps the love, said to be inherent in the softer sex, of having the last word, may cause as much mischief as all the tornadoes of the Tropics ; and the vexation inflicted by servants on their masters by assuring them that such and such duties do not belong to their place, is equivalent to all the sufferings that have been caused by mad dogs since the world began. *Helps.* •

---

I felt, while dressing this morning, a fretful querulous influence upon my spirit, for which there was no apparent cause, and I said to myself, "I am in a very cranky sort of humor : I must take care what I am about to-day."

These strange attacks of gloom and restlessness are suddenly and wonderfully alleviated by the interposition of any subject of pleasurable excitement ; and for a long period of my life, I opposed them after the fashion in which unwise parents quiet a fractious child, by giving it a cake or a new toy ; that is to say, I went forth and bought something pretty or pleasant, or wrote a letter to or made a call upon, somebody or other ; in short, I made an effort to produce a feeling of agreeable excitement in

the place of the ennui that disturbed and dissatisfied me. It was really a great many years before I discovered that it was no accidental or trifling disturbance of the moral system which these attacks of restlessness indicated, but that they were the necessary and natural accompaniments of a lapsed spiritual condition.

Well then, as soon as I had breakfasted, I informed myself that there would be no going to town to-day to buy either books or music, for neither was wanted.

Many persons may say, "Well, suppose you had dissipated your uncomfortable feelings by indulging yourself with the purchase of any little matter you had a fancy for, where would be the harm?" To which I reply that it is not the mode in which this restlessness of nature acts that is of so much importance as the thing itself. The disease itself is the dreadful thing, and that which is to be fought against. . . .

*Reminiscences of Thought and Feeling.*

---

Every unpleasant feeling is a sign that I have become untrue to my resolutions. *Richter.*

---

When by diligent and humble attention one has acquired a habit of understanding the nature of his inner world, the difference is quite remarkable between what arises in the mind whilst in a passive, obedient, and receptive state, and what is worked out in the strength and impetuosity of self-will.

In vain will you let your mind run out after help in

times of trouble ; it is like putting to sea in a storm. Sit still, *and feel after* your principles ; and, if you find none that furnish you with a stay and a prop, and which point you to quietness and silent submission, depend upon it you have never yet learned Truth from the Spirit of Truth, whatever notions thereof you may have picked up from this and the other description of it.

No lesson indeed of a practical kind requires to be so often repeated, as that which enjoins upon the mind a state of passivity ; for what an electric thing is it ! How does it dart forth after this and that, flitting from sweet to sweet (for it never willingly tastes of bitter things,) and “feeding itself without fear !”

This is always dangerous, and commonly unprofitable. Most wise and safe, therefore, is that holy maxim, “Gird up the loins of your mind ;” meaning, no doubt, that there must be a continual compression, and a driving back to its centre, of the force which wants to run out and spend itself in words and deeds ; and in giving form and strength to a thousand evil things.

Who is there that sets himself steadily to the task of watching his thoughts for the space of one hour, with the view of preserving his mind in a simple, humble, healthful condition, but will speedily discern in the multiform self-reflecting, self-admiring emotions, which, like locusts, are ready to “eat up every green thing in his land,” a state as much opposed to simplicity and humility as night is to day ? And is this a state to be overlooked as a negation, in the estimate we take of our actual condition, and which

may be tossed out of the calculation as in no way influencing it? And do we suppose that merely by *willing* to be good or great in thought or action, and choosing to take our moral possessions by a *coup de main*, the matter can be accomplished?

*Reminiscences of Thought and Feeling.*

---

Some men will follow Christ on certain conditions — if he will not lead them through rough roads — if he will not enjoin them any painful tasks — if the sun and wind do not annoy them — if he will remit a part of his plan and order. But the true Christian who has the spirit of Jesus, will say, as Ruth said to Naomi, “*Whither thou goest, I will go!*” whatever difficulties and dangers may be in the way. *Cecil.*

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Constitutional bias is a suspicious interpreter of Providential leadings. A man should be very jealous of such supposed leadings of Providence as draw with his constitutional propensity. He is never safe unless he is in the act of collaring his nature as a rebel, and forcing it into submission. *Ib.*

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Of the spirit of Sacrifice there are two distinct forms: the first, the wish to exercise self-denial for the sake of self-discipline merely, a wish acted upon in the abandonment of things loved or desired, there being no direct call or purpose to be answered by so doing; and the second, the desire to honor or please some one else by the cost-



liness of the sacrifice. Now, it cannot but at first appear futile to assert the expediency of self-denial for its own sake, when, for so many sakes, it is every day necessary to a far greater degree than any of us practise it. But I believe 'it is just because we do not enough acknowledge or contemplate it as a good in itself, that we are apt to fail in its duties when they become imperative, and to calculate, with some partiality, whether the good proposed to others measures or warrants the amount of grievance to ourselves, instead of accepting, with gladness, the opportunity of sacrifice as a personal advantage. *Ruskin.*

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Viele Dinge sind's,  
Die wir mit Heftigkeit ergreifen sollen :  
Doch and're können nur durch Mässigung  
Und durch Entbehren unser eigen werden.

*Goethe.*

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Though the Temptation of any Sin whatsoever should last all our Life, it could not make us displeasing to the Divine Majesty, so that it delight us not, and that we give no occasion to it. *De Sales.*

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As soon as thou findest thyself in any Temptation, do as little children when they see a Wolf or a Bear in the Field; for presently they run into their Father's or Mother's Arms, or at least call them to their help and succour. Run thou in like manner unto God, imploring his mercy and assistance: it is the remedy which our

Saviour himself taught us, saying ; *Pray, lest ye enter into Temptation.*

Although we must fight against great temptations with an invincible courage, and the victory gained against them be extremely profitable, yet it may happen that we may profit more in resisting small Temptations. . . .

It is very easy to forbear stealing other men's goods, but hard not so much as to covet or desire them ; very easy not to bear false witness in judgment, but not easy to avoid detraction in conversation ; very easy not to be drunk, but hard to be sober ; very easy not to desire another man's death, but hard not to desire some inconvenience to him ; easy to forbear defaming our adversary, but hard not to despise him. . . .

Consider from time to time what passions reign most in thy Soul, and having discovered them, take a course of life clean contrary to them in thought, word, and deed. . . .

Speak also earnestly and often against Vanity (if thou art inclined to this fault) ; and although it seem to be against thy heart, cease not to despise it, for by much speaking against a thing we come to hate it, though at first we loved it. . . . Unquietness is not a simple temptation, but a spring from which, and by which, many other temptations are derived. I will then speak something of it. Sadness is nothing but a sorrow of mind, conceived for some inconvenience which we suffer against our will ; whether it be outward, as poverty, sickness, contempt ; or inward, as ignorance, want of devotion or repugnance,

temptation. When the Soul then findeth that she hath some disease, she is grieved of it, and that is sadness ; and presently she desires to be freed from it, and to find means to disburden herself ; and hitherto she hath reason, for we naturally desire that which is good, and fly from that which we believe to be evil. If the Soul seek means to be freed from this evil for the love of God, she will seek them with patience, meekness, humility, and tranquillity, expecting her deliverance more from the providence and goodness of God, than from her own industry, labor, and diligence ; but, if she desire ease for love of herself, then will she heat and tire herself in seeking those means of her deliverance, as though this blessing depended more upon herself than upon God : I say not that she thinks so, but that she vexes herself as if she thought so. And if she meet not suddenly with that which she desireth, then she falls into great unquietness and impatience, which not curing but rather increasing the former disease, the Soul entereth into anguish, distress, and such faintness, and loss of all courage, that she grows desperate of her cure. Thou seest then that sadness, which in the beginning was just, afterward begets unquietness, and unquietness an increase of sadness, which is extremely dangerous.

Unquietness is the greatest evil that can come to the Soul excepting sin. For as seditions and civil discords of a Commonwealth ruin it entirely, and disable it to resist a stranger ; so our heart being troubled and disquieted in itself, loseth strength to maintain the virtues which it had gained, and with it the means to resist the Temptations of

the Enemy, who at that time useth all kind of endeavors to fish (as they say) in troubled waters. . . .

*My soul is always in my hands, O Lord, and I have not forgotten thy Law,* said David. Examine more than once every day, at least morning and evening, whether some passion or inquietness hath robbed thee of it. Consider whether thou have thy heart at command, or whether it be not escaped out of thy hands, to engage itself in some inordinate affection of love, hatred, envy, covetousness, fear, joy, sadness; and if it be strayed, seek it presently, and bring it back gently to the presence of God, subjecting thy affections and desires to the obedience and direction of his Divine pleasure. . . .

When thou perceivest inquietness to come, commend thyself to God, and resolve to do nothing at all of that which thy desire demands, until that disquiet be entirely passed, unless it be something that cannot be deferred, and then thou must by some gentle and quiet means stop the current of thy affection, temperating and moderating it as much as is possible; and then do that which is required, not according to thy desire, but according to reason. . . .

The Enemy makes use of sadness to exercise his temptations against the just; for as he endeavors to make the wicked rejoice in their sins, so he labors to make the good sorrowful in their good works. And as he can never procure evil to be committed, but by making it seem pleasant; so can he not divert us from goodness but by making it appear unpleasant. He taketh delight in sadness and

melancholy because he is so himself, and so shall be eternally ; therefore desires he that every one should be like himself:

This mischievous sadness troubles the Soul, puts it into disquiet, brings inordinate fears, gives a distaste of Prayer, dulls the brain, depriveth the Soul of counsel, resolution, judgment, and courage, and ruins her strength. To be short, it is like a hard winter that moves away all the beauty of the field, and devours all living creatures: for it ravishes all sweetness from the Soul, and renders her lame and impotent in all her powers. If thou chance to be assaulted with this dangerous sadness, Philothea, Prayer is a sovereign remedy, for it lifteth up the Soul to God, who is our only joy and consolation. And in praying, use affections and words which tend to confidence and the love of God.

Resist vigorously the inclinations of sadness, and although it seem to thee that all which thou doest at that time be performed coldly, heavily, and loosely, yet omit nothing of it ; for the enemy who pretends to make us weary of good works by sadness, seeing that we cease not to do them, forbears to afflict us any more.

Seek the company of Spiritual persons, and frequent them as much as thou canst during the time of thy sadness. And last of all resign thyself up to the hands of God, preparing thyself to suffer this troublesome sadness patiently, as a just punishment of thy vain mirth and pastimes ; and doubt not at all but God, after he shall have tried thee, will deliver thee from this evil.

*De Sales.*

Finally, thou art to know that temptation is thy great happiness. The greatest Temptation is to be without Temptation. *Molinos.*

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The habitual conviction of the presence of God is the sovereign remedy in temptations ; it supports, it consoles, it calms us. We must not be surprised that we are tempted. We are placed here to be proved by temptations. Every thing is temptation to us. Crosses irritate our pride, and prosperity flatters it ; our life is a continual warfare, but Jesus Christ combats with us. We must let temptations, like a tempest, beat upon our heads, and still move on ; like a traveller surprised on the way by a storm, who wraps his cloak about him, and goes on his journey in spite of the opposing elements.

In a certain sense, there is a little to do in doing the will of God. Still it is true that it is a great work, because it must be without any reserve. This spirit enters the secret foldings of our hearts, and even the most upright affections, and the most necessary attachments, must be regulated by his will ; but it is not the multitude of hard duties, it is not constraint and contention that advances us in our Christian course. On the contrary, it is the yielding of our wills without restriction and without choice, to tread cheerfully every day in the path in which Providence leads us, to seek nothing, to be discouraged by nothing, to see our duty in the present moment, to trust all else without reserve to the will and power of God.

Let us pray to our heavenly Father that our wills may be swallowed up in his.

*Fenelon, translated by Mrs. Follen.*

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A weak mind sinks under prosperity, as well as under adversity. A strong and deep one has two highest tides, when the moon is at the full, and when there is no moon.

*Hare.*

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St. Paul constantly refuses to be placed alone in matters of trust, into which, from the absence of examination and inspection, it was possible abuse might creep. Here is a great example: here is the rarest of unions, — the mixture of Prudence and Enthusiasm. This should be a principle with all men in matters of Trust. We should put our Integrity into safe Custody. No man should lay himself open to a possible temptation of unknown power, or feed the evil spirit of suspicion and calumny by rash and inconsiderate self-exposure. *Thom.*

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An accession of wealth is a dangerous predicament for a man. Presumptuous carelessness — venturing on the borders of danger, — popularity — self-indulgence — a disposition to gad about like Dinah — stupidity of conscience under chastisement — all these are symptoms of spiritual danger. A man is in imminent danger when, *in suspected circumstances, he is disposed to equivocate.*

A man often gives evidence to others that he is giddy,

though he is not aware of it, perhaps, himself. Whoever has been in danger himself will guess very shrewdly concerning the dangerous state of such a man. *Cecil.*

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It is better, (saith St. Augustine) to deny entrance to just and equitable Anger, than to entertain it, be it never so little, because being once admitted, it is hard to be quit of it, for it entereth as a little Twig, and in a moment groweth greater, and becomes a Beam. If it can but once gain the Night of us, and that the Sun shall set upon our Anger, (which the Apostle forbiddeth,) converting it into Hatred, there is almost no means to be freed from it; for it nourishes itself with a thousand false persuasions, since there never was any angered man that thought his Anger unjust.

But thou wilt say, how shall I resist it? Thou must, my Philothea, at the first touch thou shalt feel of it, speedily reassemble thy forces, not violently, but mildly, and yet seriously; for as we see in the audiences of divers Senates or Courts of Justice, the Ushers crying *Peace* make more noise than those whom they would silence; so it happeneth many times, that endeavoring with violence to oppress our Choler, we stir up more trouble in our Hearts than the Choler had done; and the Heart thus troubled is no more master of itself. . . .

The Prayer against present and pressing Choler must always be meek and calm, and not violent; and this Rule is to be observed in all remedies which we use against this Evil. Moreover, as soon as thou perceivest that thou



hast done any act of Choler, repair the fault by an act of Mildness, exercised cheerfully toward the same person against whom thou hast been moved. For as it is a sovereign Remedy against a Lie, to unsay it presently ; so it is a good Remedy against Anger, to repair it instantly by a contrary act of Mildness.

Again, when thou art in tranquillity, and without any occasion of Choler, make great provision of Meekness and Gentleness, speaking all thy Words and doing all thy Actions little and great in the mildest manner thou canst. Neither must we have only this sweetness of Honey which is pleasant and fragrant, that is to say, sweetness of civil Conversation with Strangers, but also the sweetness of Milk among those of our Family, and our near Neighbors ; wherein they greatly fail, who in the Street seem Angels, and in their houses Devils.

One of the best exercises which we can perform of meekness, is that whereof the subject is in ourselves ; that is never to be vext against ourselves, nor our imperfections. For though reason requires that we should be displeased and sorry when we commit any Faults, yet we must always avoid all Malicious, Spiteful, and Cholerick displeasure, wherein many do highly offend, who stirred up to Choler, are Angry and Vexed to see themselves Vexed ; for by this means they keep their heart steeped in Choler ; and though the second Anger seem to destroy the first, yet notwithstanding, it serves to open a passage of a new Choler to the first occasion that offers. Besides, these Angers, Fretting, and Vexations against ourselves tend to

Pride, and have no other source than Self-love, which troubleth and disquieteth itself to see us imperfect. We must then have a dislike of our Faults, which may be quiet, sober, and moderate. For Repentance done with violence is never according to the quality of our Faults, but according to our inclinations.

Believe me, Philothea, as the reproofs of a Father given sweetly and affectionately, have far more Power with the Child to reclaim him, than Choler and Anger; so, when our heart shall have done any Fault, if we reprehend it with a quiet and sweet Admonition, having more compassion upon it than Passion against it, and gently encouraging it to amendment, the Repentance following thereupon will penetrate further, and strike deeper, than a vexing, angry, and storming Repentance.

Raise up then thy Heart fair and softly when it shall fall, humbling thyself profoundly before God by acknowledging thine own misery without astonishment at thy fall, for it is no wonder that weakness should be feeble, or misery wretched; detest nevertheless from thy heart that thou hast offended God, and with great courage and confidence in his Mercy, return to the way of Virtue which thou hadst forsaken. *De Sales.*

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To have erred in one branch of our duties does not unfit us for the performance of all the rest, unless we suffer the dark spot to spread over our whole nature, which may happen almost unobserved in the torpor of despair. This kind of despair is chiefly grounded on a

foolish belief that individual words or actions constitute the whole life of man ; whereas they are often not fair representatives of portions even of that life.

A prolonged despair arising from remorse is unreasonable at any age, but still more so when felt by the young. To think, for example, that the great being who made us, could have made eternal ruin and misery inevitable to a poor half-fledged creature of eighteen or nineteen ! And yet how often has the profoundest despair from remorse brooded over children of that age and eaten into their hearts.

There is frequently much selfishness about remorse. Put what has been done at the worst. Let a man see his own evil word or deed in full light, and own it to be as black as hell itself. He is still here. He cannot be isolated. There still remain for him cares and duties ; and therefore, hopes. Let him not in imagination link all creation to his fate. Let him yet live in the welfare of others, and, if it may be so, work out his own in this way : if not, be content with theirs. The saddest cause of remorseful despair is when a man does something expressly contrary to his character ; when an honorable man slides into a dishonorable action ; or a tender-hearted man falls into cruelty from carelessness ; or, as often happens, a sensitive nature continues to give the greatest pain to others from temper, feeling all the time, perhaps, more deeply than the persons aggrieved. All these cases may be summed up in the words, " That which I would not, that I do, ' the saddest of all human confessions, made by

one of the greatest men. However, the evil cannot be mended by despair. Hope and humility are the only supports under the burden. *Helps.*

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In this virtuous voyage, let not disappointment cause despondency, nor difficulty despair. Think not that you are sailing from Lima to Manilla, wherein thou mayest tie up the rudder and sleep before the wind ; but expect rough seas, flaws, and contrary blasts ; and it is well if by many cross tacks and veerings thou arrivest at thy port. Sit not down in the popular seats and common level of virtues, but endeavour to make them heroical. Offer not only peace-offerings but holocausts unto God. To serve him singly to serve ourselves, were too partial a piece of piety, nor likely to place us in the highest mansions of glory. *Sir Thomas Browne.*

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To despond is to be ungrateful beforehand. Be not looking for evil. Often thou drainest the gall of fear while evil is passing by thy dwelling. Verily evils may be courted, may be wooed, and may be won by distrust ; for the soil is ready for the Seed, and suspicion hath coldly put aside the helping hand. *Tupper.*

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Surely, my dear lady, you are, as they say in the north, 'fearfu' foresighty.'

I am, said she ; and I am quite aware of the foolishness of being so. I hope and expect so ardently, I set my

all of happiness upon such fragile things, that I can scarcely fail of being disappointed.

*Visiting my Relations.*

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To have too much forethought, is the part of a *wretch* ; to have too little, is the part of a *fool*. *Cecil.*

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Looking back is more then we can sustain without going back. *It.*

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“ There is no cream like that which rises on spilled milk.”

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For myself I made an excuse for poor Anna, knowing she supports upon her head the *Worry pole*. I dare say people do not know generally what this infliction is, although they themselves probably bear one always about with them, sprouting out of their brains.

*An Art Student in Munich.*

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A perfectly just and sound mind is a rare and invaluable gift. But it is still much more unusual to see such a mind unbiassed in all its actings. God has given this soundness of mind to but few ; and a very small number of those few escape the bias of some predilection, perhaps habitually operating ; and none are, at all times, and perfectly free. I once saw this subject forcibly illustrated. A watchmaker told me that a gentleman had

put an exquisite watch into his hands, that went irregularly. It was as perfect a piece of work as was ever made. He took it to pieces and put it together again twenty times. No manner of defect was to be discovered, and yet the watch went intolerably. At last it struck him, that, possibly, the balance-wheel might have been near a magnet. On applying a needle to it, he found his suspicions true. Here was all the mischief. The steel work in the other parts of the watch had a perpetual influence on its motions; and the watch went as well as possible with a new wheel. If the soundest mind be *magnetized* by any predilection, it must act irregularly. *Cecil.*

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I wish there were tables of pride and prejudice as of refraction and parallax — that we might free ourselves from errors of position and atmosphere. Even then we must make, as the astronomer does, a *personal* equation.

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Every fancy that we would substitute for a reality, is, if we saw aright, and saw the whole, not only false, but every way less beautiful and excellent than that which we sacrifice to it. *Sterling.*

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Things are sullen and will be as they are, whatever we think them or wish them to be. *Cudworth.*

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There is small chance of truth at the goal where there is not a childlike humility at the starting-post.

*Coleridge.*

## VI.

### TEMPTATIONS AND DUTIES.

#### ANTAGONIST TO SELF.

Is there in human nature no direct antagonist to Self? Undoubtedly there is. The first aid against it is gained from Domestic affection. To gross and barbarian natures, love for Woman, not un-inspired by some perception of beauty or grace, is probably the first school of practical virtue; so too, do all the domestic relations tend to the same result—the sacrifice of self to another. He who lives without any such ties, is shorn of a great aid towards the mortification of self; and unless he cultivates a peculiarly enlarged benevolence, falls morally below the average of his class and country.

Nevertheless the domestic affections rather *multiply* Self than annihilate selfishness, and often reproduce it in a less odious but more intense form. They are quite insufficient to the general demands of morality. But another and far more implacable antagonist to Self is found in Enthusiasm; which is generally a passionate love for some idea or abstract conception; and whatever form it may take, its impulse is capable of animating the man to

any or every sacrifice of Self. But not to speak of separate enthusiasms, one universal enthusiasm belongs to man as man ; namely, that which is called out by a sense of the Infinite ; wherein we feel Self to be swallowed up. All the *generous* side of human nature is nurtured and expanded by the contemplation of the Infinite. Hence is it that a sense of the Sublime and Beautiful, though it be not yet Religion, supplies to Morals an important part of that which it is reserved for religion to give in full power and divine harmony. Hence the glorious effect of high poetry, and of all that excites pure and beautiful imagination, on the youthful mind. Therefore it is that to weep with Andromache, to shudder for Hector, to tremble at Achilles, to admire Alcestis, to rejoice with Admetus, constitute a better moral training than Paley's Philosophy or Aristotle's Ethics can give. Whatever throws the heart out of Self, and swallows it up into some noble or beautiful Idea, affords to the moralist precisely that which he wants, but cannot get within his own science. Enthusiasm is the Life to morality ; and to excite a pure and reasonable Enthusiasm is, as will be seen, the great moral end of Religion. *F. W. Newman.*

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Selfishness is the direct antagonist to the Sense of the Infinite ; the former cramps us within our own miserable body, the latter spreads one abroad into the universe. *Ib.*

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Oh that there were more love in the world, and then these things that we deplore could not be. Love, like the



opening of the heavens to the Saints, shows for a moment even to the dullest man, the possibilities of the human race. He has faith, hope, and charity for another being, perhaps but a creation of his imagination ; still, it is a great advance for a man to be profoundly loving, even in his imaginations. *Helps.*

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There is no danger in sharp truth, if the sheath of love be thick enough.

When 'good sense' seems 'morose,' shall we blame it, or ourselves ?

Those are, shall we say fortunate or full of love, who have no aversions of taste.

Round a circle of extravagantly admiring friends is sure to be a line of cold doubting enemies ; as in Newton's circles a bright band is always followed by a dark interval.

"Reaction equals action. If I do this man injustice, men enough in the community will resent it." "Ah but, my friend, friction and the atmosphere and other causes too often reduce Reaction to — nothing."

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Some poor peasants came weeping to Hedwige, Duchess of Poland, to complain that the king's servants had taken their cattle. She went immediately to her husband and obtained their restoration, after which she said, "Their cattle indeed are returned to them, but who can restore to them their tears."

*The Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary.*

With the most engaging objects of benevolence around them, men consume the largest part of their existence in the acquisition of money or of knowledge; or in sighing for the opportunities of advancement, or in doting over some unavailing sorrow. Or, as it often happens, they are outwardly engaged in slaving over the forms and follies of the world, while their minds are given up to dreams of vanity, or to long-drawn reveries, a mere indulgence of their fancy. And yet hard by them are groans, and horrors, and sufferings of all kinds, which seem to penetrate no deeper than their senses. . . .

. . . Is there no one service for the great family of man which has yet interested you? Is no work of benevolence brought near to you by the peculiar circumstances of your life? If there is, follow it at once. If not; still you must not wait for something apposite to occur. Take up any subject relating to the welfare of mankind, — the first that comes to hand; read about it; think about it; trace it in the world, and see if it will not come to your heart. Think earnestly upon any subject; investigate it sincerely, and you are sure to love it. You will not complain again of not knowing whither to direct your attention. There have been enthusiasts about heraldry. Many have devoted themselves to chess. Is the welfare of living, thinking, suffering, eternal creatures less interesting than “argent,” or “azure,” or than the knight’s move, and the progress of a pawn? . . .

. . . The worldly wise may ask, “Will not these benevolent pursuits prevent a man from following with

sufficient force" what they call "his legitimate occupations?" I do not see why. Surely Providence has not made our livelihood such an all-absorbing affair, that it does not leave us room or time for our benevolence to work in. However, if a man will only give up that portion of his thinking time which he spends upon vainglory, upon imagining what other people are thinking about him, he will have time and energy enough to pursue a very laborious system of benevolence. . . .

Benevolence is not a thing to be taken up by chance, and put by at once to make way for every employment which savors of self-interest. It is the largest part of our business, beginning with our home duties, and extending itself to the utmost verge of humanity. A vague feeling of kindness toward our fellow-creatures, is no state of mind to rest in. It is not enough for us to be able to say that nothing of human interest is alien to us, and that we give our acquiescence, or, indeed, our transient assistance, to any scheme of benevolence that may come in our way. No: in promoting the welfare of others, we must toil; we must devote to it earnest thought, constant care, and zealous endeavor. . . .

. . . The few moments in the course of each day which a man absorbed in some Worldly pursuit may carelessly expend in kind words or charities to those around him, — and kindness to an animal is one of these, — are perhaps, in the sight of Heaven, the only time that he has lived to any purpose worthy of recording.

*Helps.*

Some men, when they do you a Kindness, are presently for Ringing the Obligation in your Ears. Others are more modest than this comes to. However, they remember the Favor, and look upon you as their Debtor. A third sort shall be every jot as much Benefactors, and yet scarce know any thing of the matter. These are much like a Vine, which is satisfied, by being fruitful in its Kind, and bears a Bunch of Grapes without expecting any Thanks for it. A fleet Horse or Greyhound don't use to make a Noise when they have performed handsomely, nor a Bee neither, when she has made a little Honey. And thus a man that's rightly Kind, never proclaims a good turn, but does another as soon as he can; just like a vine that bears again the next Season.

But you'll say, a Man ought to understand the Quality of his own Actions. 'Tis somewhat natural for one that's generous to be conscious of his generosity; yes truly, and to desire the Person obliged should be sensible of it too. I grant what you say is in a great measure True; and if you don't take me right, you'll make one of those untoward Benefactors I mentioned. To argue the point a little; You have obliged a man; 'tis very well. What would you have more? Is not the consciousness of doing a good office a sufficient consideration? You have humored your own Nature, and acted upon your Constitution, and must you still have something over and above? This is just as if an Eye or a Foot should demand a Salary for their Service, and not see a Pin, or move a Step, without something for their Pains. Man is made to be kind and

oblige, and all his Faculties are ordered accordingly. And when he does a good office and proves serviceable to the World, he follows the Bent, and answers the End of his Being. *Antoninus.*

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In forming our judgments lightly, we wrong ourselves and those whom we judge. In scattering such things abroad, we endow our unjust thoughts with a life which we cannot take away, and become false witnesses, to prevent the judgments of the world in general. Who does not feel that to describe with fidelity the least portion of the entangled nature that is within him, would be no easy matter? And yet the same man who feels this, and who, perhaps, would be ashamed of talking at hazard about the properties of a flower, of a weed, of some figure in geometry, will put forth his guesses about the character of his brother man, as if he had the fullest authority for all that he was saying.

But perhaps we are not wont to make such rash remarks ourselves; we are only pleased to receive them with the most obliging credence, from the lips of any person we may chance to meet with. Such credulity is any thing but blameless. We cannot think too seriously of the danger of taking upon trust these off-hand sayings, and of the positive guilt of uttering them as if they were our own, or had been assayed by our observation. How much should we be ashamed if we knew the slight grounds of some of those uncharitable judgments to which we lend the influence of our name by repeating

them! And even if we repeat such things only as we have good reason to believe in, we should still be in no hurry to put them forward, especially if they are sentences of condemnation.

In no case should you suffer yourself to be carried away by the current sayings about men's characters and conduct. If you do, you are helping to form a mob. Consider what these sayings are; how seldom they embody the character discussed; or go far to exhaust the question, if it is one of conduct. It is well if they describe a part with faithfulness, or give indications from which a shrewd and impartial thinker may deduce some true conclusions. Again, these sayings may be true in themselves, but the prominence given to them may lead to very false impressions. Besides, how many of them must be formed upon the opinion of a few persons, and those perhaps, forward thinkers.

You feel that you yourself would be liable to make mistakes of all kinds, if you had to form an independent judgment in the matter: do not too readily suppose that the general opinions you hear are free from such mistakes, merely because they are made, or appear to you to be made by a great many people.

There are certain cases in which we are peculiarly liable to err in our judgments of others. Thus, I think, we are all disposed to dislike, in a manner disproportionate to their demerits, those who offend us by pretension of any kind. We are apt to fancy that they despise us; whereas, all the while, perhaps, they are only courting

our admiration. There are people who wear the worst part of their characters outwards; they offend our vanity — they rouse our fears; and under these influences we omit to consider how often a scornful man is tender-hearted, and an assuming man one who longs to be popular and to please.

Then there are characters of such a different kind from our own, that we are without the means of measuring and appreciating them.

But of all the errors in judging of others, some of the worst are made in judging of those who are nearest to us. They think that we have entirely made up our minds about them, and are apt to show us that sort of behavior only which they know we expect. Perhaps, too, they fear us, or they are convinced that we do not and cannot sympathize with them. And so we move about in a mist, and talk of phantoms as if they were living men, and think that we understand those who never interchange any discourse with us, but the talk of the marketplace.

It is well to be thoroughly impressed with a sense of the difficulty of judging about others; still, judge we must, and sometimes very hastily: the purposes of life require it. We have, however, more and better materials, sometimes, than we are aware of; for the primary character of a man is especially discernible in trifles; for then he acts almost unconsciously. You may learn more of a person by a little converse with him, than by a faithful outline of his history. The most important of his actions

may be any thing but the most significant of the man ; for they are likely to be the results of many things besides his nature. I doubt whether you might not learn more from a good portrait of him, than from two or three of the most prominent actions of his life. Indeed if men did not express much of their nature in their manners, appearance, and general bearing, we should be at a sad loss to make up our minds how to deal with each other.

*Helps.*



We must use remedies against rash judgments, according to their causes. There are some hearts harsh, bitter, and virulent by Nature, which make also bitter whatsoever they receive, *converting judgment* (as the Prophet saith) *into wormwood, never judging their neighbor but with rigor and bitterness.* These have great need to fall into the hands of some good Spiritual Physician ; for this bitterness of heart being natural to them, it is hard to overcome. And though in itself it be no Sin, but only an imperfection, yet is it dangerous, because it introduceth and causeth to reign in the Soul rash judgment and destruction. . . .

Many judge rashly, only for the pleasure they take to discourse, and make conjectures of other men's manners and humors by way of exercising their wits. . . .

Others judge in passion, thinking always well of what they love, and always ill of what they hate. In fine, fear, ambition, and other such infirmities of the Mind, do ordinarily contribute towards the breeding of suspicions and rash judgments. *De Sales.*



A man can never tell certainly another man's sincerity, unless he could supply the place of Conscience. An Hypocrite may spin so fair a thread as that it may deceive his own eye; he may admire the cobweb, and not know himself to be the spider; how much more easy may he deceive a stander-by? And as for any extraordinary spirit of discerning, I know no ground for it nor any promise of it in the Scriptures. *Calverwel.*

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"The Demons urge us," says St. John Climachus, "either to sin, or to judge those who sin." *Ages of Faith.*

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If there is any person to whom you feel dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.

*Cecil.*

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One reason why we are so severe on the faults of others and so lenient to our own, is that we judge their action alone as the index of their regard for virtue, — while we find in ourselves an infinite love of virtue, and an entire trust in our power of following her, and we are so filled by this that we are but slightly shocked, when in any one instance we deviate from our well-known line of rectitude. *Emerson.*

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Say not such a one is a drunkard because you have seen him drunk; for one act alone is not sufficient to constitute a vice. The sun stood still once in favor of the victory of Joshua, and was darkened another time in favor of that

of our Saviour ; yet none will say that the sun is either immovable or dark. St. Peter had not a sanguinary disposition because he once shed blood, nor was he a blasphemer because he once blasphemed. To acquire the name of a vice or a virtue, the action must be habitual, — one must have made some progress in it. It is, then, an injustice to say that such a man is passionate or a thief, because we have seen him once in a passion, or guilty of stealing. *De Sales.*

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The committing of even a single evil act lowers, and justly too, our estimate of a man's character. If we ought not call him a liar for once yielding to temptation, neither can we call him a man of truth. It has been said that to Infinite Justice it is "equally impossible to save all, or to reject all;" and justice forbids us alike to count one fault or one ill deed as nothing, and to let it obscure the whole man.

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When you fancy any one has transgressed, say this to yourself: "How do I know it is a Fault? And granting it is, it may be his Conscience has corrected him. And if so, he has given himself a Sour Box on the Ear."

*Antoninus.*

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To deem it a Duty to press our notions of Right upon all around us, is often, even where we are most right, only a mischievous activity, that betrays a very superficial sense of the deep and individual sources from which moral acts

must spring, if they are to have the least value in themselves, or to be of any genuine efficacy in elevating the character. In the equal intercourses of life, it is no part of our social responsibility that the more enlightened Conscience should insist upon making a direct conveyance of its superior knowledge to the less instructed, or that the honest and faithful Conscience should demand an account from every lapsed and faithless one. It is enough that we are clear, unambiguous, uncompromising, in our own words and lives, — that by manifestation of the Truth we commend ourselves to every man's Conscience in the sight of God, — and that, if any man sins or tampers with conviction, *we* have not made his fall easy to him, or helped to conceal the Light that condemns him. Of course there are cases when our Duty goes far beyond this, — when every bond of sacredness requires that we should come into direct collision with the evil thing, lay our hand on our brother's shoulder and search his very heart, — remonstrate, entreat, persuade, warn, and rebuke with a manly and a holy freedom. *J. H. Thom.*

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Those that can look with dry and displeased eyes upon another's sin, never truly mourned for their own. It is a godless heart that doth not find itself concerned in God's quarrel; and that can laugh at that which the God of Heaven frowns at. *Bishop Hall.*

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Moral repugnance is as important as moral enthusiasm, — two polar forces cannot be of unequal strength.

Moral prejudices are the stopgaps of virtue : and, as with other stopgaps, it is often more difficult to get either out or in through them, than through any other part of the fence.

*Guesses at Truth.*

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It appears to me that your heart wants enlargement with regard to the faults of others. I grant that you cannot help seeing them when they are presented to your notice, and cannot avoid the opinions produced in your mind by the principles upon which some people apparently proceed. You cannot even avoid a degree of pain which these things must occasion. But you must not cherish that degree of pain which would separate you from those who are imperfect. Perfection easily supports the imperfections of others. We must bear a fault with patience till we perceive the spirit of God reproaching them within. When we blame with impatience because we are displeased with the fault, it is a human censure, and not the disapprobation of God. It is a sensitive Self-love that cannot forgive the self-love of others. The more self-love we have, the more severe our censures. The less we love ourselves, the more considerate we are of others. We wait even years to give salutary advice.

If we were faultless we should not be so much annoyed by the defects of those with whom we associate. If we were to acknowledge honestly that we have not virtue enough to bear patiently with our neighbor's weaknesses,

we should show our own imperfection, and this alarms our vanity. *Fenelon, translated by Mrs. Follen.*

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If thou wouldst bear thy neighbor's faults, cast thine eyes upon thine own. *Molinos.*

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We ought to love our neighbor upon earth as we shall love him in heaven. *De Sales.*

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“Perchance we are chiding in another what we once were ourselves; perchance we are sharply reproving what we may be hereafter.”

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Among thy own friends, those nearest thy heart, thou mayest some day learn how such things can be. Couldst thou read thy family history of the past or of the coming generation, thou wouldst meet guilt, not with harshness, but with the deepest pity.

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Mr. Peabody says, “Never let your desire for improvement become indignation against defect.” A keen sensibility to faults, without a corresponding enthusiasm for merits, lowers the temperature of the soul, and chills its moral enthusiasm. We despise the doings of man, then man himself; and then his Maker.

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It is true that you have a hasty and severe disposition, and a fretful character, that is too sensitive to the faults of others, and that renders it difficult to efface impressions

which you receive. But it is not your natural temperament that God condemns ; for this you have not chosen, and are not able to change. It may be the means of your salvation, if you bear it rightly as a trial. But what God requires of you is, that you actually perform those duties for which his grace gives you ability. What is required is, if you cannot be gentle in your exterior, to be humble in your heart ; to restrain your natural haughtiness as soon as you perceive it ; to repair the evil you have done, by your humility. The duty you are called to practise, is a real, genuine lowliness of heart upon all occasions, a sincere renunciation of self. . . .

A heated imagination, violent feelings, hosts of reasons, and volleys of words effect nothing. The right way is to act as in the presence of God, divested of self, doing according to the light we have what we are able to do, and satisfied with what success he may grant us. This is a joyful state of self-oblivion, that few persons understand. A word uttered in this simplicity and peace produces a greater effect, even in external affairs, than all the most violent and eager efforts. As it is the spirit of God that speaks, it speaks with his power and authority ; it enlightens, it persuades, it touches, it edifies. We seem to have said nothing, but we have done every thing. On the contrary, when we are guided by our own natural impulses, we think we cannot say enough. We make a thousand vain and superfluous reflections ; we are always afraid that we shall not do or say enough. We are excited, we exhaust ourselves, we grow angry, we depart from the object, and no good is done.

Your temperament requires many of these lessons. Let the waters flow on in their course. Let men be men; that is to say, be vain, inconstant, unjust, false, and presumptuous. Let the world be the world; you cannot help it. Let each one follow his own bent, and his own ways; you cannot form him over again. It is wiser to leave men to themselves and to endure them. Accustom yourself to unreasonableness and injustice. Remain at peace in the presence of God, who knows all your trials and permits them. Be satisfied with doing with calmness, what depends on yourself, and let the rest be as if it were not. *Fenelon, translated by Mrs. Follen.*

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A guest turned away from the door, by a householder, transfers to the latter all his own misdeeds, and bears away his religious merit. *The Vishnu Purana.*

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Jamshid was the first person who put an edging round his garment and a ring upon his finger. They asked him, "Why did you bestow all the decoration and ornament on the left hand, whilst the right is the superior?" He answered, "Sufficient for the right is the ornament of being right." *Sadi.*

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"Jesus," says the story, "arrived one evening at the gates of a certain city, and he sent his disciples forward to prepare supper, while he himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the market-place.

"And he saw at the corner of the market some people

gathered together, looking at an object on the ground ; and he drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog, with a halter round his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt ; and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing, never met the eyes of man.

“ And those who stood by looked on with abhorrence. ‘ Faugh ! ’ said one, stopping his nose, ‘ it pollutes the air. ’ ‘ How long, ’ said another, ‘ shall this foul beast offend our sight ? ’ ‘ Look at his torn hide, ’ said a third ; ‘ one could not even cut a shoe out of it ! ’ ‘ And his ears, ’ said a fourth, ‘ all draggled and bleeding ! ’ ‘ No doubt, ’ said a fifth, ‘ he hath been hanged for thieving ! ’

“ And Jesus heard them, and looking down compassionately on the dead creature, he said, ‘ Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth ! ’

“ Then the people turned towards him with amazement, and said among themselves, ‘ Who is this ? this must be Jesus of Nazareth, for only He could find something to pity and approve, even in a dead dog ; ’ and being ashamed, they bowed their heads before him, and went each on his way.”

*Quoted by Mrs. Jameson.*

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One of Dr. Alison’s Scotch facts struck us much. A poor Irish widow, her husband having died in one of the Lanes of Edinburgh, went forth with her three children, bare of all resource, to solicit help from the Charitable Establishments of that city. At this Charitable Estab-



ishment and then at that she was refused ; referred from one to the other, helped by none ;—till she had exhausted them all ; till her strength and heart failed her ; she sank down in typhus fever ; died, and infected her lane with fever, so that “ seventeen other persons ” died of fever there, in consequence. The humane Physician asks, thereupon, as with a heart too full for speaking, Would it not have been *economy* to help this poor Widow ? She took typhus fever and killed seventeen of you !—very curious. The forlorn Irish Widow applies to her fellow-creatures as if saying, “ Behold I am sinking, bare of help ; ye must help me.” They answer, “ No ; impossible : thou art no sister of ours.” But she proves her sisterhood ; her typhus fever kills *them* ; they actually were her brothers though denying it ! Had human creature ever to go lower for proof ? *Carlyle.*

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If the orphan come to cry, who will soothe him ? if he be pettish, who will put up with his ill humors ? take heed that he weep not, for the throne of the Almighty is shaken to and fro when the orphan sets a-crying. Once my head was lofty, as that which wears a crown, for then I could lay it upon the bosom of a father ; had a fly but dared to settle on my body, it would have been enough to alarm a whole family ; but were my enemies ready to make me now their captive, none of my friends would come to my rescue : I can feel a sympathy for the helplessness of infancy, because in my childhood I lost my father. *Sadi.*

So long as thou art able, grate nobody's heart ; for in this path there must be thorns. *Sadi.*

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Were the aggressor in a quarrel my own sister, endeared to me by a thousand generous offices, I would, I *must* love the sufferer best ; at least while he is a sufferer. *Richardson.*

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Let not the sun in Capricorn go down upon thy wrath, but write thy wrongs in water ; draw the curtain of night upon injuries ; shut them up in the tower of oblivion, and let them be as though they had not been. Forgive thine enemies totally, and without any reserve of hope that, however, God will revenge thee. . . .

To do no injury nor to take none, was a principle which to my former years and impatient affections seemed to contain enough of morality ; but my more settled years and Christian constitution, have fallen upon severer resolutions. I can hold there is no such thing as injury ; that if there be, there is no such injury as revenge, and no such revenge as the contempt of an injury ; that to hate another is to malign himself ; that the truest way to love another, is to despise ourselves. I were unjust unto my own conscience, if I should say I am at variance with any thing like myself. . . . .

Let age, not envy, draw wrinkles on thy cheeks ; be content to be envied, but envy not. Emulation may be plausible, and indignation allowable ; but admit no treaty with that passion which no circumstance can make good.

A displacency at the good of others, because they enjoy it, although we do not want it, is an absurd depravity, sticking fast unto human nature, from its primitive corruption; which he that can well subdue were a Christian of the first magnitude, and, for ought I know, may have one foot already in heaven. . . .

Where charity is broke, the law itself is shattered, which cannot be whole without love, that is the fulfilling of it. Look humbly upon thy virtues, and though thou art rich in some, yet think thyself poor and naked without that crowning grace, which thinketh no evil, which envieth not, which beareth, believeth, hopeth, endureth all things. *Sir Thomas Browne.*

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'Tis the privilege of human nature, above brutes, to love those that disoblige us. *Antoninus.*

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Though once in his life he may grate thee with harshness, excuse him who on every occasion else has soothed thee with kindness. *Sadi.*

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It is man's greatest happiness, Philothea, to possess his soul; and the more perfect our patience is, the more perfectly do we possess our souls. Limit not thy patience to such and such kind of injuries and afflictions, but extend it universally to all those that God shall send, and suffer to befall thee. He that is patient and a true servant of God, suffereth indifferently the tribulations accompanied with ignominy, and those that are honorable.

Be patient, not only in the main and principal afflictions which happen to thee, but also in their accessories and accidents. Many could be content to have afflictions, so they might not be prejudiced by them. I am not grieved (saith one) that I am become poor, but that by this means I am disabled to please my friends, to bring up my children, and live honorably, as I desire. I would not care (saith another,) were it not that the world will think that this is befallen me by mine own fault. Another would be content the world should speak ill of him, and would bear it very patiently, so that none would believe the detractor. Others there are that would willingly have some affliction, but not too much; they are not impatient (say they) that they are sick, but that they want money to cure themselves, or that they are so great a trouble to those that are about them. But I say, Philothea, we must have patience, not only to be sick, but to be sick of that disease which God will, in that place where he will, and among such persons as he will, and with those inconveniences which he will; and so of other tribulations. . . .

If thou be falsely accused, excuse thyself meekly, denying thyself to be guilty. But if men continue to accuse thee, vex not thyself, nor strive to get thy excuse admitted, for having done thy duty to truth, thou must do it also to humility.

Complain as little as thou canst of the wrongs done thee; for ordinarily he that complaineth, sinneth; because self-love ever makes us believe injuries to be greater

than they are. But above all things, complain not to such persons as are prone to malice and to think ill. If it be expedient to make complaint to any, either to redress thy injury, or to quiet thy mind, let it be done to the peaceable, and to such as truly love God ; for otherwise, instead of easing thy heart, they will provoke it to greater disquiet, and instead of pulling out the Thorn that pricketh thee, they will fasten it deeper into thy foot.

Many being sick, afflicted, and injured, refrain from complaining or showing any tenderness, judging (and that rightly) that it would too evidently testify want of courage and generosity ; but yet they desire extremely, and by subtleties endeavor, to make other men bemoan them, take compassion of them, and esteem them not only afflicted, but patient and courageous. Now this is a patience indeed, but a false one, which in effect is nothing else but a fine and subtle ambition and vanity. . . .

Consider that the Bees, when they make their Honey, do live upon a bitter Provision ; and that we, in like manner, can never perform actions of greater meekness and patience, nor better compose the Honey of true Virtues, than while we eat the Bread of bitterness, and live amongst afflictions. And as the Honey which is gathered from thyme (a little bitter herb) is the best of all ; so the Virtue which is exercised in the bitterness of base and most abject Tribulations, is the most excellent of all. *De Sales.*

If a man ought and is willing to lie still under God's hand, he must and ought also to be still under all things, whether they come from God himself or the creatures, nothing excepted. And he who would be obedient, resigned, and submissive to God, must and ought to be also resigned, obedient, and submissive to all things, in a spirit of yielding and not of resistance, and take them in silence, resting on the hidden foundations of his soul, and having a secret inward patience, that enableth him to take all chances or crosses willingly, and whatever befall-eth, neither to call for nor desire any redress or deliverance, or resistance, or revenge, but always in a loving sincere humility to cry, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." *Theologia Germanica.*

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Be not offended with mankind, should any mischief assail thee, for neither pleasure nor pain originate with thy fellow-being. Though the arrow may seem to issue from the bow, the intelligent can see that the archer gave it its aim. *Sadi.*

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As charity requires forgetfulness of evil deeds, so patience requires forgetfulness of evil accidents.

*Bishop Hall.*

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There are two modes of judging of any thing: one, by the test of what has actually been done in the same way before; the other, by what we can conceive *may* be done in that way. Now this latter method of mere imaginary

excellence can hardly be a just criterion, because it may be impossible to reduce to practice what it is perfectly easy to conceive. Fastidious men are always judging by the former standard ; and as the rest of the understanding cannot fill up in a century what the imagination can sketch out in a moment, they are always in a state of perpetual disappointment, and their conversation one uniform tenor of blame. At the same time that I say this, I lift up both my hands against that pernicious facility of temper, in the estimation of which every thing is charming and delightful. Among the smaller duties of life, I hardly know any one more important than that of not praising where praise is not due. *Sidney Smith.*

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An infinitely nice division between two fixed points narrows us — The infinity which urges us beyond all points enlarges.

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It is a misfortune to see with excessive distinctness, if our vision is very narrow. We undervalue those who have a wider range, but on whom hair-lines make less impression.

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Does exactness in trifles forward or hinder the higher virtues ?

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The moment that we attempt to substitute the relations of benevolence for those of justice, both the scales and the sword fall from the hands of the image. Benevolence

can regulate nothing, and enforce nothing. First let me know what is *mine*, and then inculcate the duties and the pleasures of benevolence.

All the rules of justice are radically negative or restrictive, and present themselves in the form "Thou shalt *not* do." All the rules of benevolence are positive or expansive, and present themselves under the form "Thou shalt do, or thou *oughtest* to do."

*Theory of Human Progression.*

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When one virtue intrudes into the sphere of another, we must suspect it to be quickened by envy or unchecked by love. When justice insists upon settling other people's merits, it becomes ungenerous criticism, — or at least painful "vivisection."

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Love has its truths as well as the conscience and the reason. Neither set can be neglected with impunity; nor will the presence of one set in the least make good the absence of the other. Each bears its own harvest of blessings, and can bear no other.

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Let not order be the only law, or you will have the sunfish instead of the human face.

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My constant effort would be to have such a character that Truth could come into my presence — that no one should, for *any* reason, soften or suppress it.



There is the love of the good for the good's sake, and the love of the truth for the truth's sake. I have known many, especially women, love the good for the good's sake ; but very few indeed, and scarcely one woman, love the truth for the truth's sake. To see clearly that the love of the good and the true is ultimately identical, is given only to those who love both sincerely and without any foreign ends. *Coleridge.*

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Finish, exactness, refinement, are commonly desired in the works of man, owing both to their difficulty of accomplishment, and consequent expression of care and power, and from their greater resemblance to the working of God, whose "absolute exactness," says Hooker, "all things imitate, by tending to that which is most exquisite in every particular." This finish is not a part or constituent of beauty, but the full and ultimate rendering of it, so that it is an idea connected only with the works of men, for all the works of the Deity are finished with the same, that is, infinite care and completion ; and so what degrees of beauty exist among them can in no way be dependent upon this source, inasmuch as there are between them no degrees of care. . . .

But the least appearance of violence or extravagance, of the want of moderation and restraint, is, I think, destructive of all beauty whatsoever in every thing,—color, form, motion, language, or thought—giving rise to that which in color we call glaring, in form inelegant, in

motion ungraceful, in language coarse, in thought undisciplined, in all unchastened. *Ruskin.*

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I do not mean to suggest that truth and right are always to be found in middle courses ; or that there is any thing particularly philosophic in concluding that "both parties are in the wrong," and that there is a great deal to be said on both sides of the question, — phrases which may belong to indolence as well as to charity and candor. Let a man have a hearty, strong opinion, and strive by all fair means to bring it into action, — if it is in truth an opinion, and not a thing inhaled like some infectious disorder. *Helps.*

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Temperance, in the nobler sense, does not mean a subdued and imperfect energy ; it does not mean a stopping short in any good thing, as in Love or in Faith ; but it means the power which governs the most intense energy, and prevents its acting in any way but as it ought. And with respect to things in which there may be excess, it does not mean imperfect enjoyment of them ; but the regulation of their quantity, so that the enjoyment of them shall be greatest. *Ruskin.*

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Modesty is the appendage of sobriety, and is to chastity, to temperance, and to humility, as the fringes are to a garment. It is a grace of God that moderates the overactiveness and curiosity of the mind, and orders the pas-

sions of the body, and external actions, and is directly opposed to curiosity, to boldness, to indecency. . . .

Every man hath in his own life sins enough, in his own mind trouble enough, in his own fortune evils enough, and in performance of his offices failings more than enough, to entertain his own inquiry : so that curiosity after the affairs of others cannot be without envy and an evil mind. What is it to me if my neighbor's grandfather were a Syrian, or his grandmother illegitimate, or that another is indebted five thousand pounds, or whether his wife be expensive? But commonly curious persons, or (as the Apostle's phrase is) busy-bodies, are not solicitous or inquisitive into the beauty and order of a well-governed family, or after the virtues of an excellent person ; but if there be anything for which men keep locks, and bars, and porters, things that blush to see the light, and either are shameful in manners, or private in nature, these things are their care and their business. But if great things will satisfy our inquiry, the courses of the sun and moon, the spots in their faces, the firmament of heaven and the supposed orbs, the ebbing and flowing of the sea, are work enough for us : or, if this be not, let him tell me whether the number of the stars be even or odd, and when they began to be so ; since some ages have discovered new stars which the former knew not, but might have seen, if they had been where they are now fixed. If these be too troublesome, search lower, and tell me why this turf this year brings forth a daisy, and the next year a plantain ; why the apple bears his seed in his

heart, and wheat bears it in his head : let him tell why a graft taking nourishment from a crab-stock shall have a fruit more noble than its nurse and parent : let him say why the best of oil is at the top, the best of wine in the middle, and the best of honey at the bottom, otherwise than it is in some liquors that are thinner, and in some that are thicker. But these things are not such as please busybodies ; they must feed upon tragedies, and stories of misfortunes and crimes. . . .

Therefore Plutarch rarely well compares curious and inquisitive ears to the execrable gates of cities, out of which only malefactors and hangmen, and tragedies pass, nothing that is chaste or holy. . . .

Curiosity is the direct incontinency of the spirit. . . .

Knock therefore at the door before you enter upon your neighbor's privacy ; and remember that there is no difference between entering into his house and looking into it. *Jeremy Taylor.*

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“ Her countenance had a mean and false, or at least dubious expression. Yet her greatest fault was a curiosity which threatened to become perfidy.”

Part Fourth.



I.

RELATIONS TO THE BODY.—PERSONS.

THREE RELATIONS.

EVERY Man has three Relations to acquit himself in : His Body helps to make one, the Deity another, and his Neighbors a third. *Antoninus.*

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Worship the Gods, says Antoninus, and protect mankind. This Life is short, and all the Advantage you can get by it, is the Opportunities you have of Adoring Those Above, and doing Good to Those Below you. *Ib.*

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*Place* signifies nothing ; Virtue and Philosophy will thrive everywhere, provided you mind your Business. Never run into a Hole and shun Company. Let the World have the Benefit of a Good Example, and look upon an honest Man. *Ib.*

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A man has work enough, says Antoninus, to make himself tolerable to himself.

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How much are we all enslaved by enemies, that seem too trivial for the energy of Conscience to rise in its awfulness and slay ! Petty weaknesses, and loose habits,

creep over us and bind our giant strength. Small cares, some deficiencies in the mere arrangement and ordering of our lives, daily fret our hearts, and cross the clearness of our faculties; and these entanglements hang around us, and leave us no free soul able to give itself up, in power and gladness, to the true work of life. There is the profoundest moral truth in that doctrine of St. Paul's, that entire mastery over the physical nature is the only basis from which all the higher power of character must proceed. The severest training and self-denial, — a superiority to the servitude of indulgence, — are the indispensable conditions even of genial spirits, of unclouded energies, of tempers free from morbidness, — much more of the practised and vigorous mind, ready at every call, and thoroughly furnished unto all good works. In the lassitude and indulgence by which we deprive the soul of this physical fitness and freedom, many of us greatly sin; — nor is there a spiritual counsel that ought daily to penetrate the soul with more solemn tone than that high resolve of Christ's freeman, — I will not be brought under the power of any thing. *J. H. Thom.*

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If a disembodied spirit might, in all probability it could not profit by the world, its wisdom or its scenes. The soul's salvation depends somewhat on its tenure of the body. We have no longer time for improvement than while we can keep this covering of "vile members" about us. It is only in contact with earth that preparation for heaven goes on. The consciousness of mortality is not



necessarily depressing. It is given us to infuse earnestness into thought, and into and throughout the soul, a solemn, quickening sense of dependence upon God. Man's feet are created subject to palsy and the deadening effect of old age, that they may take hold of the path of life the more gladly. The right hand may and will forget its cunning ; and it is therefore, that whatsoever it findeth to do should be done with the greater might. *Mountford.*

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Health is the ground which great persons cultivate, whereby they exchange the light flying hours into golden usage. To them it is industry represented in its power ; the human riches of time. The minute-glass runs willingly sand of centuries when great ideas are in the healthful moments. *Wilkinson.*

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Every man is the builder of a temple, called his body, to the god he worships, after a style purely his own, nor can he get off by hammering marble instead. We are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them. *Thoreau.*

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John Farmer sat at his door one September evening, after a hard day's work, his mind still running on his Labor more or less. Having bathed, he sat down to recreate his intellectual man. It was rather a cool evening, and some of his neighbors were apprehending a frost.

He had not attended to the train of his thoughts long when he heard some one playing on a flute, and that sound harmonized with his mood. Still he thought of his work ; but the burden of his thought was, that though this kept running in his head, and he found himself planning and contriving it against his will, yet it concerned him very little. It was no more than the scurf of his skin, which was constantly shuffled off. But the notes of the flute came home to his ears out of a different sphere from that he worked in, and suggested work for certain faculties which slumbered in him. They gently did away with the street, and the village, and the state in which he lived. A voice said to him, — why do you stay here and lead this mean moiling life, when a glorious existence is possible for you ? Those same stars twinkle over other fields than these. — But how to come out of this condition and actually migrate thither ? All that he could think of was to practise some new austerity, to let his mind descend into his body and redeem it, and treat himself with ever increasing respect. *Thoreau.*

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Only to the Pariahs is the use of all kinds of food allowed.

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I am glad to have drunk Water so long, for the same reason that I prefer the natural sky to an opium-eater's heaven. I would fain keep sober always ; and there are infinite degrees of drunkenness. I believe that water is the only drink for a wise man ; wine is not so noble a

liquor ; and think of dashing the hopes of a morning with a cup of warm coffee, or of an evening with a dish of tea ! Ah, how low I fall when I am tempted by them ! *Thoreau.*

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“That in which men differ from brute beasts,” says Mencius, “is a thing very inconsiderable ; the common herd lose it very soon ; superior men preserve it carefully.”

He is blessed who is assured that the animal is dying out in him day by day, and the divine being established. Perhaps there is none but has cause for shame on account of the inferior and brutish nature to which he is allied. *Ib.*

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The principality which the angels kept not was their lordly power and dominion over their worse and inferior part, they having also a certain duplicity in their nature, of a better and worser principle, of a superior part which ought to rule and govern, and of an inferior which ought to be governed ; nor is it indeed otherwise easily conceivable, how they should be capable of sinning.

*Cudworth.*

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It is said no man ever did anything from a single motive. Low motives rush in, and pass themselves off for higher ones.

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As for the shadow which hung over Hartley Coleridge's life, we will only say that every man who feels in himself (and who does not ? ) the truth of the ancient confession,

“*Video meliora, &c.*” — has in himself the germ of an infirmity which may explain to him the nature of it, and enable him to sympathize with the strain of passionate contrition which runs through so many of the finest and most touching poems in these volumes. It is an infirmity which takes many different directions, and meets with much variety of treatment from society — not so much according to the amount of criminality in each case, as according to the degree in which it interferes with social arrangements. In its highest degree it is called madness, and exempted from moral censure as a disease in humanity; in its lowest degree it is almost universal, and acquiesced in as a characteristic of humanity; in its middle degrees it is denounced as a vice. But the difference is in degree not in kind; and any one who lies in bed after he has distinctly felt that he ought to get up, or who eats of a dish which he knows he had better not eat of, or who feels that he will be too late for an appointment if he does not go at once, and yet remains sitting where he is — any such man can understand how he might have come to be incapable of keeping an engagement, or of resisting the temptation of a glass beyond Nature’s allowance, and yet retained a strong religious sense of duty, a deep feeling of shame, and a devout hope of redemption.

*Tait’s Magazine.*

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Hartley Coleridge yielded as it were to slight temptations, slight in themselves, and slight to him, as if swayed by a mechanical impulse apart from his own volition.

There are poets whose writings indicate rather a human than an individual interest in themselves, as though self had been but the specimen in which they found imaged the psychological history of their kind. In Hartley Coleridge's volumes self is presented in colors so delicate and forbearing, and in union with such a generous regard for others, as well as for abstract things, that self-pity seems but the sadness of one who could look down upon himself with the same feelings which he would bestow on a horse over-driven or a wounded bird.

His muse interpreted between him and his neighbors ; she freshened and brightened the daily face of Nature ; she *sweetened the draught of an impoverished life, and made atonement to a defrauded heart.*

His nature was one, which, alike from generosity of heart and versatility of mind, had a large power of appreciating the most opposite gifts. We have little doubt that he cordially admired many, who in him would have remarked little except his defects. *Edinburgh Review.*

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When you find an unwillingness to rise early in the morning, make this short speech to yourself : I'm getting up now to do the Business of a Man ; and am I out of humour for going about that I was made for ; and for the sake of which I was sent into the world. Was I then designed for nothing but to doze and batten beneath the counterpane ? Well, but this is a comfortable way of living. Granting that : wast thou born only for Pleasure ; were you never to do anything ? I thought Action had

been the End of your Being. Pray look upon the Plants and Birds, the Pismires, Spiders, and Bees, and you'll see them all regular and industrious, exerting their Nature and busy in their Station. For shame! Shall a Spider act like a Spider, and make the most of her Matters, and shan't a Man Act like a Man? Why don't you rouse your Faculties, and manage up to your Kind? For all that, there's no Living without Rest. True; but then let's follow Nature's directions, and not take too much of it.

Providence does not grant Force and Faculties at Random, but every thing is made for some end. The Sun, as high as 'tis, has its business assigned, and so have the Celestial Deities. And where 's the wonder of all this? But pray what were you made for? For your pleasure? Common Sense won't bear so scandalous an Answer. *Antoninus.*

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The foundation stone of all religion is a sentiment in the breast of man of disproportion or disunion between him and God, between him and the Infinite. This sentiment underlies the entire religious life of the world. It has given shape to all man's distinctive hope, to all his aspiration, to all his best activity. He has the idea or inward sense of infinitude, of perfection, of a life which is not derived from without, and which is above all vicissitude and perturbation, and he feels that this is not the life which nature gives him. Hence the beginnings of his religious life, or of his attempts to conciliate the Infinite,

involve a conflict between him and nature. Nature gives him a life underived from within, derived from past ancestry, — a life depending on a myriad external things, and hence subject to a myriad pains, disquiets, and disappointments. His soul whispers to him of a higher life than this, the life of God, a life which flows wholly from within the subject, depending upon no outward circumstances whatever, controlling all outward circumstances in fact, and subject therefore to no pain, no disquiet, and no meanness forever. By all the attraction of the latter life over the former, he aspires to placate it, to draw it nearer to him, to win its blessedness. And he knows no way so direct, so full of influence towards this end, as the denial of the natural life, or the persistent mortification of its desires, ambitions and splendors. This life, he says practically, which I derive from nature, shall not be my life. I hate it, I abhor it, I banish it. I know of a serener, of a freer, of a higher life than this, and all my instincts bid me crave it. Hence I will kill this mortal natural life within me. It may for long years yet invest my body, but my soul shall have no participation in it. My soul shall mourn in its joys and rejoice in its sorrows, if so be that I may thus get deliverance from it.

Hence it is that you see the religious life, under whatever skies it may flower, involve more or less of asceticism. Hence the universal attitude of the church has been an attitude of aversion towards the joys of the merely natural life; and its constituent principle the conviction of the inadequacy of the merely natural life of man to attract the divine complacency. *Henry James.*

Of the external world, indeed, *too* little account has been made in the faith of Christians. They have not cared to recognize it as the shrine of immanent Deity ; have stood in uneasy relations to it ; often inimical to it ; sometimes trying to get rid of it as an illusion ; usually regarding it as a foreign object, like a great statue on the stage of being, with only stony eyes and ears for the real play of passions that whirl around. Existence in its essence, has been felt as an interview between man and God, at which space and nature have been collaterally present, but in which it was not apparent what they had to do. Physical science and the plastic arts may have reason to complain of the depressing influence of this imperfect view, and of the hard necessity under which it places them of pursuing their ends with only scanty and grudging recognition from religion. *Martineau.*

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Mr. Bellows says Christ was the first complete repudiator of asceticism. The war is between the higher and the lower instincts, not between spirit and matter. He hates those sentimentalists who talk about dropping all evil with the body. It is the most intense self-flattery.

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Wouldest thou that thy flesh obey thy spirit ? Then let thy spirit obey thy God. Thou must be governed, that thou mayest govern. *Quoted from St. Augustin.*

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The body too has its rights ; and it will have them. They cannot be trampled upon or slighted without peril.



The body ought to be the Soul's best friend, and cordial, dutiful helpmate. Many of the studious however have neglected to make it so; whence a large part of the miseries of authorship. Some good men have treated it as an enemy; and then it has become a fiend, and has plagued them. *Guesses at Truth.*

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The wonder of the body lies in this, that it brings man into the whole order of the world, without surprise, because with full preparation. If he is to be subject to day and night, there is day and night already written upon his members; half his moments are a rest, even when work and thought are in their fullest power; his aims and desires have their gay fresh morning, their high flown noon, dubious twilight, meditative evening, and night of cessation and repose — and this on the minute scale of hours as well as in the circle of the threescore years and ten. *Wilkinson.*

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Some will be forward to inquire *What is this Animal life and what the Divine*, that this must so pompously triumph over the other? and why, if the one be so much more precious in the eyes of God than the other is, does he not, without so long *ambages* and tiresome circumstances enthrone her at once, giving her her due honour without delay, and mistaken and] lapsed Souls that happiness they are capable of, without so tedious and irksome trouble. . . .

But to require of God that he should at once command the Soul into that state that it is thus kindly to ripen into in succession of time, is to expect that the Seasons of the year should be thrown headlong one upon another on a heap, and that there neither should be Buds nor Blossoms, (though they have their peculiar Use, Beauty, and Fragrancy,) but that it should be Autumn all the year long. But the Divine Wisdom is the best dispenser of his Goodness, who to set all the powers of Nature a-working, brings in Monsters as well as Hercules into the World, that Valour may have a proportionate Object. And were not the Kingdom of Darkness itself some way useful, and did not some homage or other to the high Sovereignty of Divine Wisdom and Goodness, I dare pronounce, it would not subsist one moment, but be quite exterminated out of Being. *Henry More.*

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Of a truth we ought to know and believe that there is no life so noble and good and well pleasing to God as the life of Christ, and yet it is to nature and selfishness the bitterest life. A life of carelessness and freedom is to nature and the Self and the Me, the sweetest and pleasantest life, but it is not the best; and in some men may become the worst.

Now, since the life of Christ is every way most bitter to nature and the Self and the Me, therefore, in each of us, Nature hath a horror of it, and thinketh it evil and unjust and a folly, and graspeth after such a life as shall

be most comfortable and pleasant to herself, and saith, and believeth also in her blindness that such a life is the best possible. Now, nothing is so comfortable and pleasant to nature, as a free, careless way of life, therefore she clingeth to that, and taketh enjoyment in herself and her own powers, and looketh only to her own peace and comfort and the like. And this happeneth most of all, where there are high natural gifts of reason, for that soareth upwards in its own light and by its own power, till at last it cometh to think itself the true Eternal Light, and giveth itself out as such, and is thus deceived in itself, and deceiveth other people along with it, who know no better, and also are thereunto inclined. *Theologia Germanica.*

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Man, whether in his individual, or in his corporate capacity, is neither to be regarded solely as the end of his own being, nor solely as a mean and instrument employed for the well-being of others, — nor again as partly one and partly the other, — but as both at once, and each wholly. Nay, so inseparable is this twofold office, and indivisible, that he cannot rightly fulfil either, except by fulfilling the other. He has a positive and significant part to act in the great drama of the world's life : and that part derives a double importance from not being designed to pass away like a dream, but to leave a lasting impression on the destinies and character of the race. Moreover it is by diligently performing the part assigned to him, by topping it, as the phrase is, that he does his utmost to forward the general action of the drama. *Guesses at Truth.*

As *Heracitus* observes, those who are asleep may be said to help the World forward. Even he that complains, makes head against his Fate, and strives to pull the Administration in pieces, even such a testy Mortal as this, is useful in his way. Consider then how you are ranged, and whether you have joined the Dutiful or the Disaffected Party. *Antoninus.*

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If you have observed a Hand or a Foot, cut off and removed from the Body, just such a thing is that man to his Power, who is either a Malcontent or Overselfish ; who struggles against Fate, or breaks off from the Interest of Mankind. The Man that pulls himself asunder by his untoward aversion to his Neighbor, little thinks how by this unhappy Division he disincorporates himself from the Body of Mankind. This untoward behavior amounts to Amputation, and destroys the Union of Nature. But here lies the Goodluck of the Case ; 'Tis in your power to retrieve the Maim and set the Limb on again. This favor is allowed to no other part of Creation. Consider then the particular Bounty of God Almighty to Man in this privilege. He has set him above the Necessity of breaking off from Nature and Providence at all. But supposing his Miscarriage ; 'Tis in his power to rejoin the Body, and grow together again, and recover the advantage of being the same Member he was at first.

But if this Misfortune is often repeated, 'twill be a hard matter to restore the Part and close the Division. For as Gardeners observe, a Bough cut off and grafted in

again, is not in the same good condition with another which always flourished on the Trunk. For though the First does not grow out of its Kind, yet it suffers somewhat in its Figure and Beauty. *Antoninus.*

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We have seen or heard of many extraordinary young men who never ripened, or whose performance in actual life was not extraordinary. When we see their air and mien, when we hear them speak of society, of books, of religion, we admire their superiority; they seem to throw contempt on the whole state of the world; theirs is the tone of a youthful giant, who is sent to work revolutions. But they enter an active profession, and the forming Colossus shrinks to the common size of man. The magic they used, was the ideal tendencies which always make the Actual ridiculous; but the tough world had its revenge the moment they put their horses of the sun to plough in its furrow. They found no example and no companion, and their heart fainted. What then? The lesson they gave in their first aspirations is yet true, and a better valor, and a purer truth, shall one day execute their will, and put the world to shame. *Emerson.*

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At this very moment there is perhaps hardly a youth to be found, who does not believe, that, like a shrine, the sanctuary of a saint, or a mummy case, he bears secretly about within him a spiritual giant, and that, if the shrine or the mummy case could be opened, the said giant would be found within, alive and vigorous. Yes, the writer of

this sentence was, in early life, five or six great men in quick succession, as he imitated them exactly. But when we come to years, that is, to understanding what is really great, we find ourselves to be — nobody. *Richter.*

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Most natures are insolvent; cannot satisfy their own wants, have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force, and so do lean and beg day and night continually. *Emerson.*

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Thou art in the end what thou art. Put on wigs with millions of curls, set thy foot upon ell-high rocks. Thou abidest ever — what thou art. *Goethe.*

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A man can at last only say "Here I am!" that his friends sparing him may rejoice in him. *Ib.*

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Lass uns nicht vergessen  
Dass von sich selbst der Mensch nicht scheiden kann.

*Ib.*

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To sit idle aloft, like living statues, like absurd Epicurus-gods in pampered isolation, in exclusion from the glorious fateful battle-field of this God's-world, — it is a poor life for a man, when all Upholsterers and French Cooks have done their utmost for it! — Nay, what a shallow delusion is this we have all got into. That any man should or can keep himself apart from men, have 'no business' with them, except a cash account 'business!'

It is the silliest tale a distressed generation of men ever took to telling one another. Men cannot live isolated ; we are all bound together, for mutual good or else for mutual misery, as living nerves in the same body. No highest man can disunite himself from any lowest.

Men reverence men. Men do worship in that 'one temple of the world,' as Novalis calls it, the 'Presence of a man.'

In this world there is one godlike thing, the essence of all that was or ever will be of godlike in this world : the veneration done to Human Worth by the hearts of men.

*Carlyle.*

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How true is that of Novalis : 'It is certain, my belief gains quite *infinitely*, the moment I can convince another mind thereof!' *Carlyle.*

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We must never undervalue any person. The workman loves not that his work should be despised in his presence. Now God is present everywhere, and every person is his work. *De Sales.*

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Grau, theurer Freund, ist alle Theorie,  
Und grün des Lebens goldner Baum.

*Goethe.*

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One mode of the divine teaching is the incarnation of the spirit in a form, — in forms, like my own. I live in society ; with persons who answer to thoughts in my own

mind, or outwardly express to me a certain obedience to the great instincts to which I live. I see its presence to them. I am certified of a common nature ; and so these other souls, these separated selves, draw me as nothing else can. Persons are supplementary to the primary teaching of the soul. In youth we are mad for persons. Childhood and youth see all the world in them. But the larger experience of men discovers the identical nature appearing through them all. *Emerson.*

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A person is ever holy to us ; is the pitifullest mortal person, think you, indifferent to us ? Is it not rather our heartfelt wish to be made one with him ; to unite him to us, by gratitude, by admiration, even by fear ; or, failing all these, unite ourselves to him ? *Carlyle.*

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I indeed regarded men with an excess both of love and fear.

The mystery of a person, indeed, is ever divine, to him that has a sense for the godlike. *Ib.*



## II.

### RELATIONS TO OTHER MEN. — SOCIETY.

#### LIFE A BETTER TEACHER THAN BOOKS.

Books and solitude have their uses, and for the earnest aspirant after spiritual perfection they are altogether indispensable; but they are not the only, nor yet the chief means of the Soul's growth in grace, which is advanced by thorough acquaintance with the woes and the wants, the wishes and the workings of one human soul, far more efficiently than by the diligent perusal of a hundred folios.

The discharge of duty to one another is not only exemption from the sin of omitting it; it is also growing strength, it is self-knowledge. The really earnest performance of any one duty thrills the mind with a consciousness of power, which is itself an increase of strength; it quickens into activity the disinterested feeling, and throws up from the soul's depths as it were into our notice, truths which, for their beauty and worth, it surprises us should never have occurred to our minds.

Of the relations of life many have plainly a religious

significance ; and but for our blindness, no doubt all of them would have, home and kindred, country and occupation. . . .

We resemble unlearned priests reading the sublime prayers of the Latin ritual, ignorant the while of the fervency, the penitence, the supplication, the thanksgiving, the truth, the trust, the joy, of which their words are the utterance. In like manner the offices and occurrences of life all have a higher purpose in them than we in our unenlightened state imagine.

Every relation which we occupy hath its duties ; every hour with which our lives are lengthened out hath its divine purpose. These relations were not ordained by God only to please us, and ought not to be indulged in with that idea ; chiefly they are means for our growth in grace. . . .

God has made us mutual agents of good. Next to divine help as afforded through Scripture, Prayer, and the Holy Spirit, confidential discourse is the best aid to righteousness. There is no such strengthening word as that uttered in secret by affection. Of earthly helps, there is none other is such a preservation from sin as mutual trust. Through the wants of our souls, as well as through the word of Scripture, does God exhort us ' to confess our faults one to another, and pray for one another.'

Religion is a household quite as much as a church feeling. Faults are incidental to our imperfect natures everywhere ; but in a religious house, even inadvertencies

are not without their compensating pleasure, since the master reflects within himself, while pardoning his servants, ' Even thus does God through Christ forgive me ' ; and rightly does he reason thus, since the grace to forgive is one token that the recipient thereof is forgiven : so that what are unmitigated troubles to the worldly, to the spiritually-minded occasion thoughts of the Redeemer, of God, of Heaven. *Mountford.*

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Oakfield worked hard at the unwelcome irksome details of his business, and at the same time endeavored to keep in mind that the crowds who thronged his court daily were not merely suitors, plaintiffs, defendants, witnesses, but also *men* ; that the cases he disposed of were not merely official transactions, to be recorded, decided, and appealed upon, but were each the plot of so many dramas, exciting interests, hopes, fears, in so many homes and villages, which he never witnessed, but which existed none the less. This gave a human interest to his proceedings that was as a salt of vitality, preventing them from becoming dry, dead and unprofitable ; from degenerating (to use an expressive modern phrase) into red tapeism. It gave too a fresh unwonted vigor to his new official routine, and he soon earned the reputation of being a very promising civil officer, even among those who were little enough able to guess what was the root from which this promise was developing itself. In fact Oakfield found that for civil employ as well as military, for cutchery as well as the field of battle, the fear of God was still as much as it

ever had been in old times, a power which nothing could withstand. *Oakfield.*

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If a man will let matters take their chance, he may live smoothly and quietly enough ; but if he will sift things to the bottom, he must account himself a *man of strife*. His language must be — “It is not enough that you feed me or fill my pocket — there is something between me and thee.” *Cecil.*

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Wisdom will never let us stand with any man or men on an unfriendly footing. We refuse sympathy and intimacy with people, as if we waited for some better sympathy and intimacy to come. But whence and when? To-morrow will be like to-day. Life wastes itself while we are preparing to live. . . . Let us suck the sweetness of those affections and consuetudes that grow near us. Undoubtedly we can easily pick faults in our company, can easily whisper names prouder, and that tickle the fancy more. Every man's imagination hath its friends ; and pleasant would life be with such companions. But, if you cannot have them on good mutual terms, you cannot have them. If not the Deity, but our ambition hews and shapes the new relations, their virtue escapes, as strawberries lose their flavor in garden-beds.

*Emerson.*

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Society is spoiled, if pains are taken, if the associates are brought a mile to meet. And if it be not society, it

is a mischievous, low, degrading jangle, though made up of the best. All the greatness of each is kept back, and every foible in painful activity, as if the Olympians should meet to exchange snuff-boxes. *lb.*

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I would say to the young, "be not very anxious about those enjoyments which result from the society of accomplished and intellectual persons. There is a subtle snare in every thing that appeals to the mind on the side of its tendency to self-glorification, and its capacity for estimating talent; and we never think *less* of ourselves for being in association with gifted persons. Seek and delight in that which meekens rather than exalts your mind. Keep a watchful eye over yourself on the side of your disposition to self-exaltation."

*Reminiscences of Thought and Feeling.*

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Always believe that those things which elicit the most patience and prayer and humility, are your best things, and those which the most please and excite your pride and self-complacency, are your worst, let them come in what garb they may. *Visiting my Relations.*

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Abn-Horairah was making a daily visit to the prophet Mustafa-Mohammed, on whom be God's blessing and peace. He said, "O Abn Horairah, let me alone every other day, that so affection may increase; that is, come not every day, that we may get more loving." *Sadi.*

Society is commonly too cheap. We meet at very short intervals, not having had time to acquire any new value for each other. We meet at meals three times a day, and give each other a new taste of that old musty cheese that we are. We have had to agree on a certain set of rules, called etiquette and politeness, to make this frequent meeting tolerable, and that we need not come to open war. We meet at the post-office, and at the sociable, and about the fireside every night; we live thick and are in each other's way, and stumble over one another; and I think that we thus lose some respect for one another. Certainly less frequency would suffice for all important and hearty communications. *Thoreau.*

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If we cannot at once rise to the sanctities of obedience and faith, let us at least resist our temptations, let us enter into the state of war, and wake Thor and Woden, courage and constancy in our Saxon breasts. This is to be done in our smooth times by speaking the truth. Check this lying hospitality and lying affection. Live no longer to the expectation of these deceived and deceiving people, with whom we converse. Say to them, O father, O mother, O wife, O brother, O friend, I have lived with you after appearances hitherto. Henceforward I am the truth's. Be it known unto you that henceforward I obey no law less than the eternal law. *Emerson.*

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We foolishly think, in our days of sin, that we must

court friends by compliance to the customs of society, to its dress, its breeding, and its estimates. But later, if we are so happy, we learn that only that soul can be my friend, which I encounter on the line of my own march, that soul to which I do not decline, and which does not decline to me, but native of the same celestial latitude, repeats in its own all my experience. Nothing is more deeply punished than the neglect of the affinities by which alone society should be formed, and the insane levity of choosing associates by others' eyes. *Emerson.*

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Some virtues increase by extending their object, others by intensifying or refining the feeling. Their only possible infinity is an infinitely close approach to perfection. This latter kind of advance is often more in our power than the former. We may not have it in our power to contract all varieties of relations, but we may make our part of every existing one, as perfect, as delicate, as satisfying, as it has been in a single instance since the world began.

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Time was that I thought lightly of the ties of blood, and held that every man should choose for himself a kindred and a brotherhood, not according to the flesh, but according to the spirit; but whether I be grown wiser or weaker, I now believe that nature, which though not God, is the law and power, and manifestation of God, is wiser than man, a more permanent and trustworthy exponent of

the eternal reason than the mere human understanding, — at best but the balance-sheet of the debtor and creditor accounts of the senses, too often miscalculated and sophisticated by the corrupt will.

*Hartley Coleridge.*

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To embrace the whole creation with love sounds beautiful, but we must begin with the individual, with the nearest. And he who cannot love that deeply, intensely, entirely, how should he be able to love that which is remote and which throws but feeble rays upon him from a foreign star? How should he be able to love it with any feeling which deserves the name of love? The greatest cosmopolites are generally the neediest beggars, and they who embrace the entire universe with love, for the most part, love nothing but their narrow self.

*Herder.*

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To rectify the relation that exists between two men, is there no method, then, but that of ending it? The old relation has become unsuitable, obsolete, perhaps unjust; it imperatively requires to be amended; and the remedy is, Abolish it; let there henceforth be no relation at all. Human beings used ever to be manifoldly related one to another, and each to all; and there was no relation among human beings, just or unjust, that had not its grievances and difficulties, its necessities on both sides to bear and forbear. *Carlyle.*



“A little explained, a little endured, a little passed over as a foible, and lo, the jagged atoms will fit like smooth mosaic.”

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Tschudi, a German author, remarks, “That it is at once the greatest abuse, when men destroy what is good in order to prevent abuse.”

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We need only go into society, under certain of its semblances, to discover that no benefit or blessing can be greater than to be delivered from the delusion of supposing ourselves to be interesting, and that nobody sees more of us than we choose to disclose. No deception is so common and so unsuspected as that of overvaluing ourselves, and of supposing that this and the other disclosure of our interior condition is graceful or interesting. Society shows us the mistake we have made in supposing ourselves interesting or important in any way, and under that idea, in casting about for means of creating a sensation. This desire of creating a sensation exists, perhaps, in greater strength in the female sex than in the other; but it is a potent part of humanity in both.

I have spoken here of society in its full dress and gala-day appearances. In the undress and ease of genial intercourse, it is one of the influences which operate the most beneficially upon the mind and affections; for it is a singular and painful thing, that many, perhaps I might say most persons, find more sympathy, as to their taste and imagination, and general mental powers, everywhere

rather than in their own domestic circle ; and hence it may be that their hearts so readily open to the pleasing impression which attends the consciousness of being understood and valued, and that they become sometimes indiscreetly communicative.

There is another advantage which nothing but refined and intellectual society affords, and that is the polishing off of those angularities of selfishness which are so strikingly developed in uneducated people. It matters not what the intellectual power may be, nor what the genius, nor what the study ; there is in the natural heart, a coarse, rough instinct to seize upon whatever may make for personal interest, which is only to be tamed and properly regulated by the interchange of that courteous communication which exists between well-informed and well-educated persons.

*Reminiscences of Thought and Feeling.*

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Children have a strong sense of physiognomy, and this instinct, if vivid, and if left to take its own course, very readily, and especially in the female mind, becomes allied with unamiable or even malign sentiments ; and in its ripened form constitutes an order of character remote from whatever is lovely and benevolent.

Now, in any such case, instead of preaching charity in a formal manner, one might endeavor to put the keen, observing instinct upon another track ; and by directing the shrewd eye to more broad characteristics, partly comic, partly picturesque, give innocent occupation to a faculty that will be sure to find its objects.

It is certain that while malevolent or chilling sentiments almost invariably connect themselves with a keen sense of personal peculiarities, when this power of discrimination takes its range only within a narrow circle, as upon the individuals of a neighborhood, on the contrary, bland and kindly feelings, and a disposition to find something good under every form of humanity, is the usual, if not constant accompaniment of the very same faculty, when brought to bear upon the wide varieties of human nature, in all classes of society, in all countries, and all times. None are more indulgent toward their fellows, none assimilate more readily with persons and modes new to them, none walk about the world with a broader preparation of comprehensive charity, none are so free from petty jealousies and sour evil surmises, none so exempt from splenetic prejudices, as those who have a quick eye to catch the *dramatic* and the *picturesque* in human character, and whose imagination teems with whatever of this sort may be furnished by travel and converse with the world, or by history and antiquarian lore. The scrutiny of human nature on a small scale is one of the most dangerous of employments ; but the study of it on a large scale is one of the safest and most salubrious.

*Isaac Taylor.*

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Solitude would ripen a plentiful crop of despots. The recluse thinks of men as having his manner, or as not having his manner ; and as having degrees of it, more or less. But when he comes into a public assembly, he

sees that men have very different manners from his own, and in their way admirable. In his childhood and youth he has had many checks and censures, and thinks modestly enough of his own endowment. When afterwards he comes to unfold it in propitious circumstance, it seems the only talent; he is delighted with his success, and accounts himself already the fellow of the great. But he goes into a mob, into a banking-house, into a mechanic's shop, into a mill, into a laboratory, into a ship, into a camp, and in each new place he is no better than an idiot: other talents take place, and rule the hour.

*Emerson.*

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“ Good sense, never the product of a single mind, is the fruit of intercourse and collision. The cares, and toils, and necessities, the refreshments and delights of common life, are the great teachers of common sense; nor can there be any effective school of sober reason, where these are excluded.”

“ A man who has little or nothing to do with other men on terms of open and free equality, needs the native sense of five to behave himself only with a fair average of propriety.”

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Wherever we go, common sense comes first; and when the subject is completed, again comes last. First glances are always charged with it, in a more or less latent form; the business of investigation is simply to eliminate it as pure as possible from its accidents. *Wilkinson.*

“Depend upon it,” said Stanton, “that in our generation society will be a hindrance more than a help.” “I believe so, too,” said Oakfield, “but in vastly different degrees; sometimes so slight a hindrance that a strong will may almost force it into a help, at any rate has little difficulty in overcoming it; sometimes again a hindrance which the strongest will hardly be able to live down; and must even cut and run for it.”

“Well,” replied Stanton, “it is, I believe, partly from constitutional temperament, partly from habit, that I cannot understand the importance you attach to society one way or the other. To govern one’s self, to cherish one’s own spiritual life, seems to be a task so essentially one’s own, that a society of angels could scarcely make it easier, nor of devils harder. The constant companionship of the best men would not, I believe, make purity of heart or unselfishness more easy; good society is, doubtless, very pleasant, but no more essential than other pleasant things; depend upon it that Heaven has willed that we should live, no less than die alone.”

“And do not you think that this very theory of isolation from others, living for yourself, and dying for yourself, has in itself something selfish in it?”

“No,” said Stanton, “not if fairly stated and rightly named; neither of which things have you done. Independence is very different from isolation, and living alone is a very different thing from living to one’s self.” . . . “To be warped unconsciously by the magnetic influence of all around, is the destiny, to a certain extent, of even

the greatest souls ; but to have the conscious life over which we do exercise control, affected by other men, that is the sin of dependence." *Oakfield.*

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Would'st with thyself be acquainted, then see what the others are doing. But would'st thou understand others, look into thy own heart. *Schiller.*

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Solitude shows us what we should be ; society shows us what we are. *Cecil.*

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Solitude cherishes great virtues, and destroys little ones. *Sidney Smith.*

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A man can do without his own approbation in much society, but he must make great exertions to gain it when he lives alone. *Ib.*

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A talent is perfected in solitude, says Goethe ; a character in the stream of the world.

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Si nous sommes trois qui voyagions ensemble, je trouverai necessairement deux instituteurs ; je choisirai l'homme de bien pour l'imiter, et l'homme pervers pour me corriger. *Rochevoucauld.*

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If it is a matter of indifference, in the formation of human character, whether we mix in society or not, this earth might have been so divided that each human being might

have had a little planet and an immortality exclusively his own. *Alcott.*

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There are few good listeners in the world who make all the use they might of the understandings of others in the conduct of their own. No individual ingenuity can sift and examine a subject with as much variety and success, as the minds of many men, put in motion by many causes, and affected by an endless variety of accidents. Nothing, in my humble opinion, would bring an understanding so forward, as this habit of ascertaining and weighing the opinions of others; a point in which almost all men of abilities are deficient; whose first impulse, if they are young, is too often to contradict; or, if the manners of the world have cured them of that, to listen only with attentive ears but with most obdurate and unconquerable entrails. I would recommend to such young men, an intellectual regimen, of which I myself, in an earlier period of life, have felt the advantage; and that is, to assent to the two first propositions that they hear every day; and not only to assent to them, but, if they can, to improve and embellish them; and to make the speaker a little more in love with his own opinion than before. When they have a little got over the bitterness of assenting, they may gradually increase the number of assents, and so go on as their constitution will bear it.

*Sidney Smith.*

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I do not quite agree in what you say relative to the

mode of treating others by humoring their natural bent. As far as regards myself, I do not wish it, and would always rather that my peculiar cast of mind should be disregarded in my intercourse with men. For, otherwise, what is it but to be thought so fixed in our habits as to be incapable of change, and perhaps thus to be strengthened in bad ones? In proportion, therefore, as I see that any one willingly labors to improve his character, and does not shun mortifications as long as they are beneficial, I consider the bent of his mind less, and may thus, probably, appear to spare those the least whom I esteem the most.

*William Von Humboldt.*

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A great man is always willing to be little. Whilst he sits on the cushion of advantages, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits, on his manhood; he has gained facts; learns his ignorance; is cured of the insanity of conceit; has got moderation and real skill. The wise man always throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrizes and falls off from him like a dead skin, and when they would triumph, lo! he has passed on invulnerable. . . . .  
As long as all that is said, is said against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as honied words of praise are spoken for me, I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies. Every evil to which we do not succumb, is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander



believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills, passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist. *Emerson.*

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When we have to treat with those who spy a blot everywhere, uncandid men — but yet men of capacity, — we must not say “What signifies the opinion of that man? That man can never be pleased.” True! that man can never be pleased, but it does not follow that he tells you no truth. His edge may be too keen for candor and sound judgment; yet if it lays open to me what I could not otherwise see, let me improve by its keenness. The best hints are obtained from snarling people. *Cecil.*

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To learn from the faults of others, like every intellectual way of reaching a moral truth, makes a hard character. Sir Joshua Reynolds says that he who notices only the faults of other painters, gets his head full of deformities, and has no ideal of Beauty to paint from.

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Attraction acts on all, and at all distances. To feel repulsion, we must be very near. It is a petty and personal feeling; or, at the best, is the protest of natural affinities against unsought proximity.

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Because *you* must have contact to enjoy heat, be not incredulous that *I* am warmed by radiation.

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Two persons can hardly set up their booths in the

same quarter of Vanity Fair, without interfering with, and therefore disliking each other.

Do you wish to find out a person's weak points? Note the failings he has the quickest eye for in others. They may not be the very failings he is himself conscious of; but they will be their next-door neighbors. No man keeps such a jealous look-out as a rival. *Hare.*

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Zwei Männer sind's, ich hab' es lang gefühlt,  
Die darum Feinde sind, weil die Natur,  
Nicht einen Mann aus ihnen beiden formte.

*Goethe.*

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St. Pierre says, we must have a diet of company as well as one of books.

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There are some minds that act as conductors to every selfish and fiery spark that lurks in human character, so that no evil is latent in their presence; and others that come in contact with no noxious element, and by the unaffected spirit of a just respect and concession, awaken only the better and happier parts of character, and take away all nourishment from the spirit of self-assertion.

*J. H. Thom.*

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The people we are wont to call *interesting*, form a class by themselves. They are generally the most agreeable in conversation, and yet not those whom you would take to your heart. Men of the world, although intellectual and polished, often lose *themselves* entirely, and remain a mere

brilliant form, without heart and soul, and cold as death. I have often suffered myself to be too much carried away by the graceful qualities of such persons, and cultivated acquaintanceships of this kind more than was wise, and more than I could persevere in. It was my fate that such men always showed a particular liking for me ; and I, in return, felt more attracted towards them than to any other acquaintance, because they could far excel every other sort of men in that animated flow of conversation, which is of all pleasures the greatest to me. For in all artificial relationships, where the barriers that divide you are not removed by personal attachment and community of interest, and the immediate concerns of each must remain unapproached, the degree of pleasure to be found in intercourse must depend upon the vivacity of mind and the individuality exhibited by each. *Niebuhr.*

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There is nothing artificial about these people ; that is a great point : but genuine life, interest in the noblest subjects, is wanting also, and has given way to a narrow circle of blindly received and invincible prejudices ; they have so adapted themselves to the world as it goes, that when its evils force themselves upon them, nothing is so far from their thoughts as that the origin of these may be among the things to which they are themselves accustomed. They rather imagine that they must arise from some change or innovation in the order of things, which is essentially bad. *Niebuhr.*

Some men so dislike the dust kicked up by the generation they belong to, that, being unable to pass, they lag behind it. *Hare.*

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Predominant opinions are generally the opinions of the generation that is vanishing. *D'Israeli.*

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Leaves are light, and useless, and idle, and wavering, and changeable; they even dance; yet God in his wisdom has made them part of the oak. In so doing he has given us a lesson not to deny the stout-heartedness within, because we see the lightsomeness without. *Hare.*

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I will not think any human being the worse, but much the better, for having a broad foundation of seriousness, which the lightest spirits may gracefully illuminate. Playfulness on the top of seriousness, is not only a charm to others, but it is the wise secret of life. *Oakfield.*

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Few persons have courage enough to seem as good as they really are. *Hare.*

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I wonder what would become of us if we, with our softened natures, were suddenly exposed to the torrent of temptation that besets the poor. If all that God demands of me is that I shall resist the foolish dictates of a feeble, foolish society, I shall not think myself hardly tasked. *Oakfield.*

An artist should be fit for the best society, and *should keep out of it*. Society always has a destructive influence upon an artist ; first by its sympathy with his meanest powers ; secondly, by its chilling want of understanding of his greatest ; and, thirdly, by its vain occupation of his time and thoughts. *Ruskin.*

### III.

## CONVERSATION AND MANNERS.

### VARIOUS MINDS NEEDED.

THERE is a strong disposition in men of opposite *minds* to despise each other. A grave man cannot conceive what is the use of a wit in society ; a person who takes a strong common sense view of a subject, is for pushing out by the head and shoulders, an ingenious theorist, who catches at the lightest and faintest analogies ; and another man, who scents the ridiculous from afar, will hold no commerce with him who tastes exquisitely the fine feelings of the heart, and is alive to nothing else : whereas talent is talent, and mind is mind, in all its branches ! Wit gives to life one of its best flavors ; common sense leads to immediate action, and gives society its daily motion ; large and comprehensive views its annual rotation ; ridicule chastises folly and impudence, and keeps men in their proper sphere ; subtlety seizes hold of the fine threads of truth ; analogy darts away to the most sublime discoveries ; feeling paints all the exquisite passions of man's soul, and rewards him by a thousand

inward visitations for the sorrows that come from without. God made it all! It is all good! We must despise no sort of talent; they all improve, exalt, and gladden life.

*Sidney Smith.*

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I have heard words struck out, when two minds of equal strength, but of unequal quality, came in contact, that were as rough and burning with gold, as any fragments of quartz smitten from the jagged ledge by Californian's hammer. Truths are set free which were never "thought out" by the speaker; felt by him, in their full profundity—but which he would be the last one to realize, should he attempt the task of their analyzation. *The Crayon.*

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Conversation is, in truth, an exercise very dangerous to the understanding when practised in any large measure as an art or an amusement. To be ready to speak before he has time to think, to say something apt and specious, — something which he may very well be *supposed* to think, when he has nothing to say that he really does think, — to say what is consistent with what he has said before, to touch topics lightly and let them go, — these are the arts of a conversationist. Nothing is searched out by conversation of this kind, — nothing is heartily believed, whether by those who say it or by those who hear it. It may be easy, graceful, clever, and sparkling, and bits of knowledge may be plentifully tossed to and fro in it; but it will be vain and unprofitable; it may cultivate a certain micaceous, sandy surface of the mind, but all that lies below

will be unmoved and unsunned. To say that it is vain and unprofitable, is, indeed, to say too little ; for the habit of thinking with a view to conversational effects, will inevitably corrupt the understanding, which will never again be sound or sincere. *Henry Taylor.*

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Personalities are often regarded as the zest, but mostly are the bane of conversation. For experience seems to have ascertained, or at least usage has determined, that personalities are always spiced with more or less of malice.

But surely you would not have mixed conversation always settle into a discussion of abstract topics. Commonly speaking you might as well feast your guests with straw, chips, and sawdust. Often too it happens that, in proportion as the subject of conversation is more abstract, its tone becomes harsher and more dogmatical. And what are women to do ? they whose thoughts always cling to what is personal, and seldom mount into the cold vacant air of speculation, unless they have something more solid to climb round. You must admit that there would be a sad dearth of entertainment and interest and life in conversation, without something of anecdote and story.

Doubtless. But this is very different from personality. Conversation may have all that is valuable in it, and all that is lively and pleasant, without any thing that comes under the head of personality. The house in which, above all others I have ever been an inmate of, the life and the spirit and the joy of conversation have been the



most intense, is a house in which I hardly ever heard an evil word uttered against any one.

*Guesses at Truth.*

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Conversation ran on easily and gracefully ; and though they did not touch upon subjects of any deep interest, yet the consciousness that these interests existed was sufficient to give a warm and kindly tone to the current of lighter discourse that flowed easily over them. *Oakfield.*

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For my conversation, it is like the sun's, with all men, and with a friendly aspect to good and bad. . . .

There is no man's mind of such discordant and jarring a temper, to which a tunable disposition may not strike a harmony. *Sir Thomas Browne.*

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It was surprising how few subjects of conversation caught fire with the old man. They mostly went out as quickly as his pipe, for which he struck fire every five minutes. *Auerbach.*

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"I consider," continued Mlle. H., "that conversation may be cultivated like any other habit. It is sometimes a gift, but may be made an art. When I first went into society, I was at a party in Berlin where a good many literary persons and some distinguished *savans* were present. One of these was introduced to me, and I was much delighted with the distinction. After a few preliminaries, to which I said *yes* or *no*, he entered on some general

subjects to which I likewise answered *yes* and *no*. Repeated efforts were made with similar results. After fairly exhausting the circle of human interests, he made me a polite bow, and retired. Upon my return home, I reflected on my disappointment in my new acquaintance, and asked myself the cause. I found I had settled some of the most important questions of life by a monosyllable, instead of drawing out his experience. I resolved, on my next opportunity, to carry along the conversation even upon the thread of a contradiction, 'to become a conductor of other men's lightning, if I could give out no sparks of my own.' "

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It takes identity of sentiment and variety of opinion to make a dialogue. *Richter.*

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Walt endeavored to turn the wheel which should draw out a double silken thread of conversation and love. *ib.*

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The action of the soul is oftener in that which is felt and left unsaid, than in that which is said in any conversation. It broods over every society, and men unconsciously seek for it in each other. *Emerson.*

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You would think, to hear the eulogy of the moralist or preacher, that the lives of people in the upper classes were something really comfortable, genial, and beautiful. To me, on the contrary, since my first entrance into society, the life of those who are considered to be the

most highly favored by the God of this world, has always appeared poor, mean, joyless, and in some respects even squalid. There is a singular inaptitude of means to ends, which prevails generally throughout the human aids and appliances for living. I mean dress, houses, equipages, and household furniture. The result is, I believe, that more than half of what we do to procure good, is needless or mischievous ; in fact that more than half of the labor and capital of the world is wasted : in savage life by not knowing how to compass what is necessary ; in civilized life, by the pursuit of what is needless.

Yet these are but trifling. Men might live with very foolish furniture around them, with absurdly ill-built houses, noisy and smoky, mostly of one pattern and that a bad one, if all were well in their social relations and social intercourse ; if they had found out the art of living in these important respects. But, as it is, how poor a thing is social intercourse. How often in society a man goes out from interested or vain motives, at most unseasonable hours, to sit or stand in a constrained position, inhaling tainted air, suffering from great heat, his sole occupation or amusement being to talk. I do not mean to say that there are not delightful meetings in society, which all who were present at remember afterwards, where the party has been well chosen, the host and hostess genial, (a matter of the first necessity,) where wit has been kind as well as playful, where information has known how to be silent as well as how to speak, where good humor to the absent as well as to the present, has assured the

company that they were among good people ; and where a certain feeling of regard and confidence has spread throughout the company, so that each man has spoken out from his heart. But these days are sadly rare. The main current of society is very dreary and dull, and not the less so for its restlessness. The chief hindrances to its improvements are of a moral nature — want of truth, vanity, shyness, imitation, foolish concern about trifles, want of faithfulness to society, habits of ridicule, and puritanical notions.

Want of truth is as fatal, if not more so, to enjoyment as it is to business. From want of the boldness which truth requires, people are driven into uncongenial society, into many modes of needless and painful ostentation, and into various pretences, excuses, and all sorts of vexatious dissimulation. The spirit of barter is carried into the amusements and enjoyments of life.

Shyness proceeds from a painful egotism, sharpened by needless self-examinations and foolish imaginations, in which the shy youth or maiden is tormented by his or her personality, and is haunted by imagining that he or she is the centre of the circle, the observed of all observers. This comes from not sufficiently accustoming children to society, or making them suppose that their conduct in it is a matter of extreme importance, and especially from urging them in their earliest youth by this most injurious of all sayings, If you do this or that, what will be said, what will be thought of you ? thus referring the child not to religion, not to wisdom, not to virtue, not even to the

opinion of those whose opinion ought to have weight, but to the opinion of whatever society he may chance to come into. The parent who has happily omitted to instil this vile prudential consideration, or enabled the child to resist it, even if he has omitted much good advice and guidance, has still done better than that teacher or parent who has filled the child to the brim with good moral considerations, and yet has allowed this one piece of arrant worldliness to creep in.

I come now to foolish concern about trifles— a besetting error in highly civilized communities. In these societies, there are many things, both physical and intellectual, which are outwardly complete, highly polished and varnished; much too is in its proper place, and corresponds with what it ought to correspond to,

“ Grove nods to grove, each alley has its brother,”

so that at last there comes a morbid excitement to have every little thing and circumstance square and neat, which neither nature nor man will allow. Hence the pleasure of visits and entertainments, and in general the plans and projects of social intercourse are at the mercy of small accidents; absurd cares and trifling offences. When this care for small things is combined with an intense fear of the opinion of others, a state of mind is generated which will neither allow the possessor of it to be happy in himself, nor permit him to enjoy any peace or comfort for long.

The next hindrance is one rarely commented upon, but

very important — want of faithfulness to society. In whatever company a man is thrown, there are certain duties incident upon him in respect of that association. The first of these is reticence about what he hears in that society. In all social intercourse there is an implied faithfulness of the members of the society, one to another ; and if this faithfulness were well maintained, not only would a great deal of pain and mischief be prevented, but men knowing that they were surrounded by people with a nice sense of honor in this respect, would be more frank and explicit in all they said and did. As it is, a thoughtful and kind-hearted man is often obliged to make his discourse very barren lest it should be repeated to a circle for whom it was not intended, and by whom it could not be understood.

I pass to the habit of ridicule. There is a light, jesting, flippant, unkind mode of talking about things and persons, very common in society, exceedingly different from wit, which stifles good conversation and gives a sense of general hostility rather than sociability — as if men came together chiefly for the purpose of ridiculing their neighbors and of talking slightly about matters of great concern. I am not sure that this conduct is not a result rather than a cause, — a result of Vanity, want of truth, want of faithfulness and other hindrances which we have been considering. It certainly bespeaks a lamentable want of charity, and shows that those who indulge in it are sadly ignorant of the dignity of social intercourse, and of what a grand thing it might be.

Lastly, there is the want of something to do besides talking, which must be put down as one of the greatest drawbacks to the pleasantness, as well as usefulness of social intercourse. Puritanical notions have gone some way in occasioning this want, by forbidding many innocent or indifferent amusements. But I suspect that any body who should study human nature much, would find that it was one of the most dangerous amusements to bring people together to talk who have but little to say.

But this consideration of the want of something to do besides talking, leads naturally to that branch of the art of living which is connected with accomplishments. In this we have hitherto been singularly neglectful ; and our poor and arid education has often made time hang heavy on our hands, given opportunity for scandal, occasioned domestic dissension, and prevented the just enjoyment we should have had of the gifts of nature. More large and general cultivation of music, of the fine arts, of manly and graceful exercises, of various minor branches of science and natural philosophy, will, I am persuaded, enhance greatly the pleasure of society, and mainly in this, that it will fill up that want of something to do besides talking, which is so grievously felt at present. This however is but a very small part of the advantage and aid to the art of living which would flow from a greatly widened basis of education in accomplishments and what are now deemed minor studies. The whole of life would be beautified and vivified by them. Various excellencies would be developed in persons whose natures, not being suitable for

the few things cultivated and rewarded at present, are thick with thorns and briars, and present the appearance of waste land; whereas if sown with the fit seed and tended in a proper manner, they would come into some sort of cultivation, would bring forth something good, perhaps something excellent of its kind. People who now lie sunk in self-disrespect, would become useful, or ornamental, and therefore genial; they would be an assistance to society instead of a weight upon it. . . .

Another great matter is the art of living with inferiors. A house may be ever so well arranged for domestic and social comfort, the principal inmates of it well-disposed and accomplished people, their circumstances of life felicitous; yet if there is a want of that harmony which should extend throughout every house, embracing all the members of the household, there is an under current of vexation sufficient to infect and deaden all the above-named advantages. . . . Still, with all disadvantages, it is surprising how much may be done with servants by firmness, kindness, geniality, and just familiarity. Under the head of kindness I should particularly wish to include full employment. The master who keeps one servant more than he has absolutely need for, is not only a mischief to society, but is unkind to that servant and to all his fellow-servants; for what is more cruel to a vacant mind than to leave it half employed.

Benevolent people of the present day are constantly investigating the life of the poorer classes, in order to make it more comely, dignified, and enjoyable. No doubt



much may be done in this direction ; but I contend that the standard of what is beautiful in living requires to be raised generally, and it seems to me that the life of the poor will not be well arranged while that of so many of the rich remains vapid, insincere, unenjoyable, and unadorned. *Helps.*

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But let amusements be as innocent as they may, and let society be as free as it may from ambition and envy, still, if the life be a life of society and a life of amusement, instead of a life of serious avocations diversified by amusement and society, it will hardly either attain to happiness or inspire respect. And the more it is attempted to make society a pure concentration of charms and delights, the more flat will be the failure. Let us resolve that our society shall consist of none but the gay, the brilliant, and the beautiful, — that is, we will exclude from it all attentions towards the aged, all forbearance towards the dull, all kindness towards the ungraceful and unattractive, — and we shall find that when our social duties and our social enjoyments have thus sedulously been set apart, we have let down a sieve into the well instead of a bucket.

Nor is it in our nature to be durably very well satisfied with an end, which does not come to us in the disguise either of a means or of a duty. *Henry Taylor.*

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Spenser says, "So Love doth loathe disdainful nicities."

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On account of a small purple cross on her right cheek,

Agnes did not care so much for her Daughter, and would willingly have sent back the dear Child to its Heavenly Father, — and begged Him for another, but if possible to select one for herself out of the innumerable Host in the Storehouse of Mortals. *The Artist's Married Life.*

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A warm blundering man does more for the world than a frigid wise one. A man who gets into a habit of inquiring about proprieties and expediencies and occasions, often spends his life without doing any thing to the purpose. *Cecil.*

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The present age is characterized by the love of pleasing, as opposed to the love of truth. Fashionable education as it is often pursued, may almost be defined the cultivation of the art of pleasing. This is but too frequently the end for which so much labor is bestowed by which such a wardrobe of accomplishments is provided, to be used as occasion requires. When the disposition to please takes the first place, it is obvious that truth must be sought only as it is subservient to this object. “How can ye believe, who seek honor one of another, and seek not that honor which cometh from God only?”

*Sampson Reed.*

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The world is now regarded as a tournament, where the gladiatorship of life is to be exhibited at your best endeavor. You are learned in those arts which make of action not a duty but a conquest. *Mitchell.*

Christians are imbibing so much of the cast and temper of the age, that they seem to be anxiously tutoring their children, and preparing them by all manner of means, not for a better world, but for the present. Yet in nothing should the simplicity of faith be more unreservedly exercised, than with regard to children. Their appointments and stations, yea, even their present and eternal happiness or misery, so far as they are influenced by their states and conditions in life, may be decided by the most minute and trivial events, all of which are in God's hand, and not in ours. *Cecil.*

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God did not make harps, nor pirouettes, nor crayon-drawing, nor the names of all the great cities in Africa, nor conchology, nor the *Contes Moraux*, and a proper command of countenance, and prudery, and twenty other things of the sort. They must all be taught then; or how is a poor girl to know any thing about them?

But health, strength, the heart, the soul, with their fairest inmates, modesty, cheerfulness, truth, purity, fond affection, — all these things he did make; and so they may be safely left to nature. Nobody can suppose it to be mamma's fault if they don't come of themselves.

*Hare.*

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The question of accomplishments seems to me to depend on the individual woman. Of two equally beloved and amiable women, one looks better in an evening, the

other in a morning dress. It is just as it suits, and so with accomplishments. *Coleridge.*

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Each period of life requires especial gifts and graces. Therefore, independently of the progress of character, persons shine particularly in one or another period, according to their natural temperament and endowments. Those who most charm us in youth, do not always dispense the steady fragrance of good deeds in middle life; and our ideal of old age is often best satisfied by those who have passed unnoticed through the more active periods of life.

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Wit and Smartness are not mightily your Talent. What then? There are a great many other good Qualities in which you can't pretend Nature has failed you. Improve them as far as you can, and let us have that which is perfectly in your power. You may, if you please, behave yourself like a Man of Gravity and Good Faith, endure Hardship and despise Pleasure; want but a few things, and complain of nothing. You may be dispassionate, stand upon your own Legs, and be great if you please, and have nothing of Ill-Nature, Luxury, or Trifling in your Humor. Don't you see how much you may do, if you have a mind to 't; and how the plea of Incapacity is out of doors?

You have no leisure to read Books; what then: You have leisure not to be Haughty, or play the Knave. To be deaf to the charms of Ambition, and look down upon

Fame and Glory. 'Tis in your power not only to forbear being angry with people for their Folly and Ingratitude, but over and above, to cherish their Interest, and take care of them. *Antoninus.*

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Often I find myself saying, while watching in dance or on horseback  
 One that is here, in her freedom and grace, and imperial sweetness,  
 Often I find myself saying, old faith and doctrine abjuring,  
 Into the crucible casting philosophies, facts, convictions,—  
 Were it not well that the stem should be naked of leaf and of  
 tendril,

Poverty-stricken, the barest, the dismallest stick of the garden ;  
 Flowerless, leafless, unlovely, for ninety-and-nine long summers,  
 So in the hundredth, at last, were bloom for one day, at the summit,  
 So but that fleeting flower were lovely as Lady Maria.

Often I find myself saying, and know not myself as I say it,  
 What of the poor and the weary ? their labor and pain is needed.  
 Perish the poor and the weary ! what can they better than perish,  
 Perish in labor for her, who is worth the destruction of empires ? . . .

And I find myself saying, and what I am saying, discern not,  
 Dig in thy deep, dark prison, O miner ! and finding be thankful ;  
 Though unpolished by thee, unto thee unseen in perfection,  
 While thou art eating black bread in the poisonous air of thy  
 cavern,

Far away glitter the gem on the peerless neck of a Princess ;  
 Dig, and starve, and be thankful ; it is so, and thou hast been  
 aiding. . . .

*Clough.*

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Handsome who handsome is, who handsome does is more so ;  
 Pretty is all very pretty, it's prettier far to be useful.  
 No, fair Lady Maria, I say not that ; but I will say,  
 Stately is service accepted, but lovelier service rendered,  
 Interchange of service the law and condition of beauty ;  
 Any way beautiful only to be the thing one is meant for.

*Id.*

Oh, if they knew and considered, unhappy ones, Oh, could they see,  
could

But for a moment discern, how the blood of true gallantry kindles,  
How the old knightly religion, the chivalry semi-quixotic  
Stirs in the vein of a man at seeing some delicate woman  
Serving him, — toiling — for him, and the world ; some tenderest  
girl now

Overweighted, expectant, of him, is it ? who shall, if only  
Duly her burden be lightened, not wholly removed from her, mind  
you,

Lightened if but by the love, the devotion man only can offer,  
Grand on her pedestal rise as urn-bearing statue of Hellas ; —  
Oh, could they feel at such moments how man's heart, as into Eden  
Carried anew, seems to see, like the gardener of earth uncorrupted,  
Eve from the hand of her Maker advancing, an helpmeet for him,  
Eve from his own flesh taken, a spirit restored to his spirit,  
Spirit but not spirit only, himself whatever himself is,  
Unto the mystery's end sole helpmate meet to be with him ; —  
Oh if they saw it and knew it ; we soon should see them abandon  
Boudoir, toilet, carriage, drawing-room, and ball-room,  
Satin for worsted exchange, gros de Naples for linsey-woolsey,  
Sandals of silk for clogs, for health lackadaisical fancies !  
So feel women not dolls ; so feel the sap of existence  
Circulate up through their roots from the far away centre of all  
things,

Circulate up from the depths to the bud on the twig that is topmost.

*Clough.*

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The eldest daughter had attracted my especial love ;  
I could not look on her without a sentiment of admiration,  
I may almost say, of reverence. You would scarcely have  
seen a nobler form, a more peaceful spirit, an activity so  
equable and universal. No moment of her life was she  
unoccupied ; and every occupation in her hands became  
dignified. All seemed indifferent to her, so that she could  
but accomplish what was proper in the place and time ;

and in the same manner she could patiently continue unemployed when there was nothing to be done. This activity without need of occupation, I have never elsewhere met with. In particular, her conduct to the suffering and destitute was, from her earliest youth, inimitable. For my part, I freely confess I never had the gift to make a business of beneficence ; I was not niggardly to the poor ; nay, I often gave too largely for my means ; yet this was little more than buying myself off ; and a person needed to be made for me, if I was to bestow attention on him. Directly the reverse was the conduct of my niece. I never saw her give a poor man money ; whatever she obtained from me for this purpose she failed not in the first place to change it for some necessary article. Never did she seem more lovely in my eyes, than when rummaging my clothes presses ; she was always sure to light on something which I did not wear and did not need ; to sew these old cast articles together, and put them on some ragged child, she thought her highest happiness.

Her sister's turn of mind appeared already different ; she promised to become very elegant and beautiful, and she now bids fair to keep her promise. She is greatly taken up with her exterior ; from her earliest years she could decorate and carry herself in a way that struck you. I still remember with what ecstasy, when quite a little creature, she saw herself in a mirror, decked in certain precious pearls, which she had by chance discovered and made me try on her. *Goethe.*

“It seems to me quite allowable that young girls should take some pleasure in the decoration of their persons. They are human flowers, and should put on fresh and fair vesture like their sisters of the field, — but like them, they should be ready to drop their bright petals in due season.

“The love of dress which springs from pure, grateful, and *impersonal* delight in beautiful things, is very different from that which nourishes the mildew of vanity, or in any way interferes with earnest performance in life.”

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The operation of the intellectual powers upon the features is seen in the fine cutting and chiselling of them, and the removal from them of signs of sensuality and sloth by which they are blunted and deadened, and the substitution of energy and intensity for vacancy and insipidity, (by which wants alone the faces of many fair women are utterly spoiled and rendered valueless,) and by the keenness given to the eye and fine moulding and development to the brow, of which effects Sir Charles Bell has well noted the desirableness, and opposition to brute types; only this he has not sufficiently observed, that there are certain virtues of the intellect in a measure inconsistent with each other, as perhaps great subtlety with great comprehensiveness, and high analytical with high imaginative power.

But of the sweetness which a serenity of nobler than intellectual origin, and the dignity which the authority of Divine law, not human reason, can and must stamp upon



the features, it would be futile to speak here at length, for there is not any beauty but theirs to which men pay long obedience ; at all events, if not by sympathy discovered, it is not in words explicable, with what divine lines and lights the exercise of godliness and charity will mould and gild the hardest and coldest countenance, neither to what darkness their departure will consign the loveliest. For there is not any virtue the exercise of which, even momentarily, will not impress a new fairness upon the features ; neither on them only, but on the whole body the moral and intellectual faculties have operation, for all the movements and gestures, however slight, are different in their modes according to the mind that governs them — and on the gentleness and decision of just feeling follows grace of actions, and through continuance of this grace of form. *Ruskin.*

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Vulgar coarse-minded people often sit with their elbows on the table, and the fore-arm forcibly placed in the axis of the arm ; this arises, not from their joints being differently made from those of others, but from the vulgarity of their minds prompting them to assume low and vulgar attitudes. It is the mind not the body, — the brain which is at fault, and not the joints. *Robert Knox.*

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“If the staff be crooked, the shadow cannot be straight.”

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Consider the exact sense in which a work of art is said

to be "in good or bad taste." It does not mean that it is true or false ; that it is beautiful or ugly ; but that it does or does not comply, either with the laws of choice which are enforced by certain modes of life ; or the habits of mind produced by a particular sort of education. It does not mean merely fashionable, that is complying with a momentary caprice of the upper classes ; but it means agreeing with the habitual sense which the most refined education, common to those upper classes at the period, gives to their whole mind. Now, so far as that education tends to make the senses delicate, and the perceptions accurate, — so far, acquired taste is an honorable faculty, and it is true praise of any thing to say it is "in good taste." But so far as this higher education has a tendency to narrow the sympathies and harden the heart, diminishing the interest of all beautiful things by familiarity, until what is best can hardly please, and what is brightest hardly entertain ; so far as it fosters pride, or leads people to prefer gracefulness of dress, manner, and aspect, to value of substance and heart, liking a well *said* thing better than a true thing, and a well-trained manner better than a sincere one, and a delicately formed face better than a good-natured one, and in all other ways and things setting custom and semblance above everlasting truth ; — so far, finally, as it induces a sense of inherent distinction between class and class, and causes the affection, pleasure, or grief of a clown to be looked upon as of no interest compared with the affection and grief of a well-

bred man ; — just so far, the feeling, induced by what is called a liberal education, is adverse to the understanding of noble art. *Ruskin.*

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The higher a man stands, the more the word "vulgar" becomes unintelligible to him. Vulgar? what, that poor farmer's girl of William Hunt's, bred in the stable, putting on her Sunday gown, and pinning her best cap out of the green and red pincushion! Not so; she may be straight on the road to those high heavens, and may shine hereafter as one of the stars in the firmament forever. Nay, even that lady in the satin bodice with her arm laid over a balustrade to show it, and her eyes turned up to heaven to show them; and the sportsman waving his rifle for the terror of beasts, and displaying his perfect dress for the delight of men, are kept, by the very misery and vanity of them, in the thoughts of a great painter, at a sorrowful level, somewhat above vulgarity. It is only when the minor painter takes them on his easel, that they become things for the universe to be ashamed of. *Ib.*

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In the elder English dramatists, and mainly in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, there is a constant recognition of gentility, as if a noble behavior were as easily marked in the society of their age, as color is in our American population. In harmony with this delight in personal advantages, there is in their plays a certain heroic cast of character and dialogue, wherein the speaker is so earnest and cordial, and on such deep grounds of

character, that the dialogue, on the slightest additional incident in the plot, rises naturally into poetry.

*Emerson.*

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If there is any thing in which the beauty and the wisdom of knowing when to leave off is manifested, it is in behavior, and how rare is beautiful behavior, greatly by reason of the want of due proportion in the characters and objects of most persons, and from their want of some perception of the whole of things. Let any man run over in his mind the circle of his friends and acquaintances, and of those he has become acquainted with in history and biography; and he will own how few are, or have been, persons of beautiful behavior, of real greatness of mind.

Observe the calmness of great men, noting by the way that real greatness belongs to no station and no set of circumstances. This calmness is the cause of their beautiful behavior. Vanity, injustice, intemperance, are all smallnesses arising from a blindness to proportion in the vain, the unjust, the intemperate. Whereas no one thing, unless it be the love of God, has such a continuous hold on a great mind as to seem all in all to it. *Helps.*

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There dwelt in Verona, a bishop who possessed natural abilities, and was well read in the Scriptures; his name was Giovanni Matteo Giberti. Among other praiseworthy habits, he was courteous and liberal to the noble gentlemen who visited him, entertaining them with a

magnificence, not extravagant, but such as became a churchman. It happened that a nobleman styled Count Richard passed that way, and spent many days with the bishop and his family, who were for the most part well bred and educated men. The agreeable manners of the gentle cavalier gained for him the esteem and commendation of his hosts. But he had one little bad habit, of which the bishop became aware, and taking counsel with his attendants, he proposed that the Count should be informed of it, lest it should be of some prejudice to him. For this purpose he summoned a discreet attendant, and directed him to mount his horse the next morning, and to accompany the Count, who had already taken leave, for some distance on his way, and at a proper opportunity to make to him the proposed communication. The attendant, whose name was Galateo, was a man advanced in years, very learned, extremely agreeable in his manners, of good address, and of a gracious aspect, and one who in his day had lived much at the courts of great princes. Riding along with the Count he entertained him with pleasant discourse, until the time came for him to return to Verona; when as the Count was taking leave, he thus addressed him with a pleasant countenance and mild accents: "My lord, the bishop, my master, returns your lordship infinite thanks for the honor you have done him by entering and sojourning at his poor house; and as a return for so great courtesy, he has given it in charge to me to make you a present on his part, and most kindly prays you to receive it with a cheerful mind. You are the most graceful and

polished gentleman whom the bishop has ever seen. For this reason he has attentively observed your manners, and examining them particularly, has found nothing which was not in the highest degree agreeable and commendable, except an ugly motion of the mouth and lips when eating, accompanied with a noise very disagreeable to hear ; it is this which the bishop has sent me to make known to you, and he prays you to endeavor at once to rid yourself of the habit, and desires that you will receive in the place of a more costly present this his loving reproof and advice, being assured that no one else in the world would make you such a present." The Count who had never been aware of this bad habit, blushed a little at this reproof ; but like a brave man, taking heart, he said ; "Tell the bishop that if all the gifts which men make to one another were like his, men would be much richer than they are. For his great courtesy and liberality to me, I return him infinite thanks, and assure him that I will hereafter diligently guard against my bad habit. God go with you !" *G. Della Casa.*

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Fine manners show themselves formidable to the uncultivated man. They are a subtler science of defence to parry and intimidate ; but once matched by the skill of the other party, they drop the point of the sword,—points and fences disappear, and the youth finds himself in a more transparent atmosphere, wherein life is a less troublesome game, and not a misunderstanding rises between the players. Manners aim to facilitate life,

to get rid of impediments, and bring the men pure to energize. They aid our dealing and conversation, as a railway aids travelling, by getting rid of all avoidable obstructions of the road, and leaving nothing to be conquered but pure space. . . .

Defect in manners is usually the defect of fine perceptions. Men are too coarsely made for the delicacy of beautiful carriage and customs. It is not quite sufficient to good-breeding, a union of kindness and independence. We imperatively require a perception of and a homage to beauty in our companions. Other virtues are in request in the field and workyard, but a certain degree of taste is not to be spared in those we sit with. . . .

The person who screams, or uses the superlative degree, or converses with heat, puts whole drawing-rooms to flight. If you wish to be loved, love measure. You must have genius, or a prodigious usefulness, if you will hide the want of measure. . . . Once or twice in a lifetime we are permitted to enjoy the charm of noble manners, in the presence of a man or woman who have no bar in their nature, but whose character emanates freely in their word and gesture. A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face ; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form : it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures ; it is the finest of the fine arts.

*Emerson.*

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Lessing calls eternal talkers chastisers of the most blameless of our senses.

Although a thought always precedes an action—a delicate nature a delicate manner, it is unfortunately true that the action and the manner do not invariably accompany or even follow the thought and the fine nature. The body has meanwhile contracted an indolence or coarseness of its own, which must be removed by a voluntary effort.

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Polite manners may have no kin with genuine feeling, while this and an uncouth bearing may spring from the same origin. Thus plants, apparently alike, may be in nature most dissimilar, and the lordly palm and the blade of grass are of one family.

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On what does dignity of character depend. On what do dignity of manner and presence depend?

What is the difference between a fine manner and fine manners?

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Life is too short to get over a bad manner; besides, manners are the shadows of virtue. *Sidney Smith.*

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They asked Lucman, the fabulist, from whom did you learn manners? He answered; from the unmannerly.

*Sadi.*

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I called on the King, but he made me wait in his hall, and conducted like a man incapacitated for hospitality. There was a man in my neighborhood who lived in a



hollow tree. His manners were truly regal. I should have done better had I called on him. *Thoreau.*

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Trench says of Sterling: "It was impossible to come in contact with his noble nature, without feeling one's self, in some measure, ennobled and lifted up into a higher region of objects and aims than that in which one is tempted habitually to dwell."

Hare says: "There are persons who, by a certain felicity of nature, through a peculiar combination of magnanimity and generosity, with gentleness and open-hearted frankness, loving to give the very best of what they have, are gifted with a sort of divining rod for drawing out what is hidden in the hearts of their brethren, and of such persons, I have known no finer example than Sterling. For in him, as in such persons it must ever be, the nobleness of his outward look and gesture and manner betokened that of his spirit, and showed that the whole man, heart and soul and mind, was uttering himself in his eloquent speech."

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Shall courtesy be done only to the rich, and only by the rich? In good breeding, which differs, if at all, from high-breeding, only as it gracefully remembers the rights of others, rather than gracefully insists on its own rights, I discern no special connection with wealth or birth; but rather that it lies in human nature itself, and is due from all men to all men. Of a truth, were your schoolmaster at his post, and worth any thing when there, this, with so

much else, would be reformed. Nay, each man were then also his neighbor's schoolmaster; till, at length, a rude visaged, unmannered peasant could no more be met with than a peasant unacquainted with botanical physiology, or who felt not that the clod he broke was created in heaven.

For, whether thou bear a sceptre or a sledge hammer, art thou not ALIVE; is not this thy brother ALIVE? 'There is but one temple in the world,' says Novalis, and that temple is the body of man. *Carlyle.*

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Ceremony is the smoke of friendship.

*Chinese Proverb.*

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Politeness is the outward garment of good-will.

*Guesses at Truth.*

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Be at least as polite to father, mother, child, as to others. For they are more important to you than any other. *Rochefoucault.*

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As for what is displeasing, I really am insensible in general to matters of this nature; and when I am not so, I experience more of satisfaction in subduing my feeling than I ever felt of displeasure at the occurrence which excited it. Politeness is in itself a power, and takes away the weight and galling from every other we may exercise. Politeness is not always a sign of wisdom; but the want of it always leaves room for a suspicion of folly. *Landor.*

In order to be polite it is necessary to have something to give. Politeness is the art of doing to others the honors of the advantages we possess, whether of our minds, our riches, our rank, or our standing. To be polite is to know how to offer and to accept with grace; but when a person has nothing certain of his own, he can not give any thing. . . .

It is only when politeness becomes, so to speak, a current coin among an entire people, that such a people can be said to be civilized; the primitive rudeness, the brutal personalities of human nature, are then attacked from the cradle by the lessons which each individual receives in his family. The child of man is not human; and if he is not at the commencement of life turned from his cruel inclinations, he will never be really polite. Politeness is only the code of pity applied to the every-day affairs of society; this code more especially inculcates pity for the sufferings of self-love; it is also the most universal, the most appropriate, and the most practical remedy that has been hitherto found against egotism.

*De Custine.*

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Pindar well distinguishes between urbanity and the virtue which alone makes it precious; "I would labor in dressing the garden of the Graces, for they give delight, but men are good and wise by means of the divine assistance."

Manzoni says, "Urbanity, when separated from relig-

ious charity, is rather the law of war, than a treaty of peace between men." *Ages of Faith.*

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Father Bonhours remarks in his dialogues, that the Graces were represented always of little stature, in order to show that this virtue consisted in little things, in a gesture, a smile, or a respectful air. *Ib.*

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Let the manners flow from the character. Let them be the fragrance of the flower, and may there be a variety of flowers and of perfumes. The character has a right to express itself in manner, and will do so if all hindrances are removed. As in the fairy tale, the hair from the prince's head gave a description of his character, and of the scenes he had passed through, so should the presence give us the result of life. The manner should express the habitual character, and dimly hinting at what has been or may be felt, should add the light or shadow of the momentary mood. The exquisite charm of that manner which only the most varied and refined society can impart, which says, and does, and looks the right thing at the right moment, may not be for us, (Americans.) But even this divides itself into two parts, one of which some natural sentiment and high culture, even with a retired life, can bestow. Without the graces of a court, we may have that delicate and rapid appreciation of every shade of meaning and of feeling which makes a person a most delightful companion; and we are perhaps the more

likely to keep it, the less we are conscious of it, the more we are occupied with things themselves, and not with their effect on others.

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So great indeed is the power of manner, and so much more do people in general value what their friend feels for them, than what he does for them, that there are few who would not look on you more kindly, if you were to meet their request with an affectionate denial, than with a cold compliance. *Guesses at Truth.*

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It would be vain as it would be ungracious to combat against the favorable influence of charm of manner. Engaging manners and bright conversation must and will always sway those brought under their attraction, and it is right that they should do so, for they are good qualities, though they may be only natural ones; and the enjoyment of them in others may be accepted as one of the amenities of our lot, if we meet with them in the order of Providence, and do not go out of our way to put ourselves under their influence. What a catalogue of social virtues it needs to make a man generally beloved! sweetness of temper, good-nature, a yielding will, and ready compliance, a toleration of others' infirmities, and forbearance under small slights and hindrances; sympathy with others' modes of feeling, and delicacy of adaptation. Many a hero, we may add many a saint, is without them, and makes his great cause to suffer from their absence. The reward of his labors is sought in a higher sphere, not

in the praise of men; and his greatest admirers have often to become his apologists in the minor details of deportment and manner, conscious that he who would sacrifice his life for the sake of religion, or for the good of his fellow-men, yet failed to make himself agreeable to his personal acquaintances. - But because from the infirmity of our nature, great interests and high aims often make men regardless of lesser proprieties, let us not esteem the want of them as other than a fault, nor grudge the domestic philanthropist, who cheers his neighbors' fireside, who raises their dulled spirits, whose presence brings refreshment with it, who enhances their every-day joys, and sympathizes in the little trials that each day also brings it in its train,— though it may be only through the impulse of a genial nature,— his reward, in his indulgent host of friends, with their warm welcomes, hearty praises, affectionate extenuations, tender regrets.

*The Christian Remembrancer.*

#### IV.

### FRIENDSHIP.

#### FRIENDSHIP.

WE have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. Maugre all the selfishness that chills like east winds the world, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like a fine ether. How many persons we meet in houses, whom we scarcely speak to, whom yet we honor, and who honor us! How many we see in the street, or sit with in church, whom, though silently, we warmly rejoice to be with! . . . .

My friends have come to me unsought. The great God gave them to me. High thanks I owe you, excellent lovers, who carry out the world for me to new and noble depths, and enlarge the meaning of all my thoughts. . . . .

The law of nature is alternation forevermore. The soul environs itself with friends, that it may enter into a grander self-acquaintance or solitude; and it goes alone for a season, that it may exalt its conversation or society. This method betrays itself along the whole history of our

personal relations. Ever the instinct of affection revives the hope of union with our mates, and ever the returning sense of insulation recalls us from the chase. . . .

Yet these uneasy pleasures and fine pains are for curiosity, not for life. They are not to be indulged. This is to weave cobweb and not cloth. Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions, because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams instead of the tough fibre of the human heart. The laws of friendship are great, austere and eternal, of one web with the laws of nature and of morals. But we have aimed at a swift and petty benefit, to suck a sudden sweetness ; we snatch at the slowest fruit in the whole garden of God, which many summers and many winters must ripen. . . .

What a perpetual disappointment is actual society even of the virtuous and gifted. After interviews have been compassed with long foresight, we must be tormented presently by baffled blows, by sudden, unseasonable apathies, by epilepsies of wit and of animal spirits, in the hey-day of friendship and thought. Our faculties do not play us true, and both parties are relieved by solitude.

I ought to be equal to every relation. It makes no difference how many friends I have, and what content I can find in conversing with each, if there be one to whom I am not equal. If I have shrunk unequal from one contest, instantly the joy I find in all the rest becomes mean and cowardly. I should hate myself if then I made my other friends my asylum. . . .

I do not wish to treat friendships daintily, but with



roughest courage. When they are real, they are not glass threads or frost-work, but the solidest thing we know. . . . The sweet sincerity of joy and peace, which I draw from this alliance with my brother soul, is the nut itself whereof all nature and all thought is but the husk and shell. Happy is the house that shelters a friend! It might well be built, like a festal bower or arch, to entertain him a single day. Happier, if he know the solemnity of that relation and honor its law! It is no idle band, no holiday engagement. He who offers himself a candidate for that covenant, comes up, like an Olympian to the great games, where the first-born of the world are the competitors. He proposes himself for contests where Time, Want, Danger, are in the lists; and he alone is victor who has truth enough in his constitution to preserve the delicacy of his beauty from the wear and tear of all these. The gifts of fortune may be present or absent; but all the hap in that contest depends on intrinsic nobleness, and the contempt of trifles. There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is Truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal, that I may drop even those undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another.

The other element of friendship is Tenderness. We are holden to men by every sort of tie, by blood, by pride, by fear, by hope, by lucre, by lust, by hate, by admiration, by every circumstance, and badge, and trifle, but we can scarce believe that so much character can subsist in another as to draw us by love. Can another be so blessed, and we so pure, that we can offer him tenderness? When a man becomes dear to me I have touched the goal of fortune. . . . I wish that friendship should have feet as well as eyes and eloquence. It must plant itself on the ground, before it walks over the moon. I wish it to be a little of a citizen before it is quite a cherub. We chide the citizen because he makes love a commodity. It is an exchange of gifts, of useful loans; it is good neighborhood; it watches with the sick, it holds the pall at the funeral, and quite loses sight of the delicacies and nobility of the relation. But though we cannot find the god under this disguise of a sutler, yet on the other hand, we cannot forgive the poet if he spins his thread too fine, and does not substantiate his romance by the municipal virtues of justice, punctuality, fidelity, and pity. I hate the prostitution of the name of friendship to signify modish and worldly alliances. I much prefer the company of ploughboys and tin-peddlers to the silken and perfumed amity which only celebrates its days of encounter by a frivolous display, by rides in a curricule, and dinners at the best taverns. The end of friendship is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined; more strict than any of which we have experience. It is for aid

and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days, and graceful gifts, and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty, and persecution. It keeps company with the sallies of the wit, and the trances of religion. We are to dignify to each other the daily needs and offices of man's life, and embellish it by courage, wisdom, and unity. It should never fall into something usual and settled, but should be alert and inventive, and add rhyme and reason to what was drudgery. . . .

Friendship cannot subsist in its perfection, say some of those who are learned in this warm lore of the heart, betwixt more than two. I am not quite so strict in my terms. I please my imagination more with a circle of godlike men and women, variously related to each other, and between whom subsists a lofty intelligence. But I find this law of one to one peremptory for conversation, which is the practice and consummation of friendship. You shall have very useful and cheering discourse at several times with two several men, but let all three of you come together, and you shall not have one new and hearty word. . . . In good company the individuals at once merge their egotism into a social soul, exactly coextensive with the several consciousnesses there present. No partialities of friend to friend, no fondnesses of brother to sister, of wife to husband, are there pertinent, but quite otherwise. Only he may then speak who can sail on the common thought of the party, and not poorly limited to his own. Now, this convention, which good

sense demands, destroys the high freedom of great conversation, which requires an absolute running of two souls into one.

No two men but being left alone with each other, enter into simpler relations. Yet it is affinity that determines *which* two shall converse. Unrelated men give little joy to each other; will never suspect the latent powers of each. We talk sometimes of a great talent for conversation as if it were a permanent property in some individuals. Conversation is an evanescent relation,—no more. A man is reputed to have thought and eloquence; he cannot, for all that, say a word to his cousin or his uncle.—Among those who enjoy his thought, he will regain his tongue.

Friendship requires that rare mean betwixt likeness and unlikeness, that piques each with the presence of power and of consent in the other party. Let me be alone to the end of the world, rather than that my friend should overstep by a word or a look his real sympathy. . . . The condition which high friendship demands, is ability to do without it. To be capable of that high office, requires great and sublime parts. There must be very two, before there can be very one. *Emerson.*

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No receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

The first fruit of friendship is that this communicating

of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects, for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves ; for there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more ; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections ; for friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests, but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend ; but before you come to that, certain it is, that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up, in the communicating and discouraging with another ; he tosseth his thoughts more easily ; he marshalleth them more orderly ; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words : finally, he waxeth wiser than himself ; and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the King of Persia, " That speech was like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad ; whereby the imagery doth appear in figure ; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs." Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel, (they indeed are best,) but even without that a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone which itself cuts not. In a

word, a man were better relate himself to a statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point which lieth more open, and falleth within vulgar observation ; which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well in one of his enigmas, " Dry light is ever the best ; " and certain it is, that the light which a man receiveth by counsel from another, is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment ; which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs.

Counsel is of two sorts ; the one concerning manners, the other concerning business ; for the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine sometimes too piercing and corrosive ; reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead ; observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case ; but the best receipt (best I say to work and best to take) is the admonition of a friend.

*Bacon's Essays.*

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" Faithful," says the preacher, " are the wounds of a friend."

What other benefits, kindnesses, compliances, or unmoral self-sacrifices and reluctant yieldings of a gentle nature, unwilling to give pain and unaccustomed to oppose, — will compare their weight of Love with a service of this kind, with that noble Truth which holds that its

highest function towards any other heart is to be a pure, full, and unsuspected witness in whatever relates to the interests or perils of the moral principle. For no support, when we are right, can be derived from those who are ready to yield to us even when we are wrong. Those who cover our sins cannot sustain our virtues. Those who nurse our weakness abdicate the power of ministering to our strength. And hence the holy necessity of Sympathy being kept in strict subordination to inviolable Truth. *J. H. Thom.*

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Worldly friendship produces a great profusion of endearing words, passionate expressions, with admiration of beauty, behaviour, and other sensual qualities. Holy friendship, on the contrary, speaks a plain and sincere language, and commends nothing but virtue and the grace of God, the only foundation on which it subsists.

*De Sales.*

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There are wonders in true affection. It is a body of enigmas, mysteries and riddles, wherein two so become one, as they both become two. I love my friend before myself, and yet methinks I do not love him enough. Some few months hence my multiplied affection will make me believe I have not loved him at all. When I am from him, I am dead till I be with him; when I am with him, I am not satisfied, but would still be nearer him. United souls are not satisfied with embraces, but desire to be truly each other; which being impossible, their de-

sires are infinite, and must proceed without a possibility of satisfaction. . . .

This noble affection falls not on vulgar and common constitutions, but on such as are marked for virtue. He that can love his friend with this noble ardor, will in a competent degree, affect all. Now, if we can bring our affections to look beyond the body, and cast an eye upon the soul, we have found out the true object, not only of friendship, but charity. . . .

Nor is it strange that we should place affection on that which is invisible. All that we truly love is thus. What we adore under affection of our senses, deserves not the honor of so pure a title. Thus we adore virtue, though to the eyes of sense she be invisible. Thus that part of our noble friends that we love is not that part that we embrace, but that insensible part that our arms cannot embrace. *Sir Thomas Browne.*

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A man is known to his dog by the smell — to his tailor by the coat — to his friend by the smile; each of these know him, but how little or how much depends on the dignity of the intelligence. That which is truly and indeed characteristic of the man, is known only to God. *Ruskin.*

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Every man, however good he may be, has a yet better man dwelling in him which is properly himself, but to whom nevertheless, he is often unfaithful. It is to this interior and less mutable being that we should attach ourselves; not to the changeable every day man.

*Wm. Von Humboldt.*



It is a peculiar thing to be placed, by one's very birth, in an elevated situation in society. The man for whom inherited wealth has secured a perfect freedom of existence; who finds himself from his youth upwards abundantly encompassed with all the secondary essentials, so to speak, of human life, — will generally become accustomed to consider these qualifications as the first and greatest of all; while the worth of that mode of human life, which nature from her own stores equips and furnishes, will strike him much more faintly. The behaviour of noblemen to their inferiors, and likewise to each other, is regulated by external preferences: they give each credit for his title, his rank, his clothes, and equipage; but his individual efforts come not into play.

Blame them not for it, rather pity them! They have seldom an exalted feeling of that happiness, which we admit to be the highest that can flow from the inward abundance of nature. Only to us poor creatures is it granted to enjoy the happiness of friendship in its richest fulness. Those dear to us we cannot elevate by our countenance, or advance by our favor, or make happy by our presents. We have nothing but ourselves. This whole self we must give away; and if it is to be of any value, we must make our friend secure of it forever. What an enjoyment, what a happiness, for giver and receiver! With what blessedness does truth of affection invest our situation! It gives to the transitory life of man a heavenly certainty; it forms the crown and capital of all that we possess. *Goethe.*

You are running to seek your friend. Let your feet run but your mind need not. If you do not find him, will you not acquiesce that it is best you should not find him? for there is a power, which as it is in you, is in him also, and could, therefore very well bring you together, if it were for the best. You are preparing with eagerness to go and render a service to which your talent and your taste invite you, the love of men, and the hope of fame. Has it not occurred to you that you have no right to go, unless you are equally willing to be prevented from going? O believe, as thou livest, that every sound that is spoken over the round world, which thou oughtest to hear, will vibrate on thine ear. Every proverb, every by-word, that belongs to thee for aid or comfort, shall surely come home through open or winding passages. Every friend whom not thy fantastic will, but the great and tender heart in thee craveth, shall lock thee in his embrace. *Emerson.*

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The first reverence with which an affectionate spirit looks up to one which is strong where it is weak, and light where it is dark, is often the birth hour of its deep religious life. Arnold's college attachments mingled an element of humility and devotion with a mental activity else too hardy and dogmatical—gave him the feeling of a sphere of truth and beauty different from his own; and habituated his mind to that upward look of trust and wonder, which is not indeed piety itself, but its genuine antecedent. To this succession of admirations and their powerful but healthful influence upon him, he beautifully alludes in a

letter justifying himself from the charge of a presumptuous mental independence. *Prospective Review.*

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The strongest love will feel, and then forgive, the *greatest* faults against itself; while the repetition of many *little* offences against friendship wounds and frets deeply.

*Richter.*

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Besides pure ideal friendship, there are a thousand relations more or less close and lasting, but all precious. The more just and loving a man is, the more of these he can sustain, and the richer and happier his life becomes. Even the savage often satisfies the few primary claims on him — but civilization constantly grafts on these, new ones which it should be our delight to recognize and fulfil. Jacobi says: "We may surrender ourselves without danger to impressions made by nature, also to impressions made by men. Call it enthusiasm, call it fanaticism, provided our feeling is only the result of an actual relation, there is no harm to be feared. But as soon as we attempt to perpetuate the feeling beyond its natural duration, or to imitate it, or to awaken the feelings of others in ourselves, we are in the way of self-delusion and hypocrisy."

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## V.

### HOME LIFE.

#### DOMESTIC RULE.

TACITUS says of Agricola, that " he governed his family, which many find to be a harder task than to govern a province." And the worst of this difficulty is, that its existence is frequently unperceived, until it comes to be pressingly felt.

For either a man thinks that he must needs understand those whom he sees daily, and also, perhaps, that it is no great matter whether he understand them or not, if he is resolved to do his duty by them : or he believes that in domestic rule there is much license, and that each occasion is to be dealt with by some law made at the time or after : or he imagines that any domestic matter which he may leave to-day omitted or ill-done can be repaired at his leisure, when the concerns of the outer world are not so pressing as they are at present.

But each day brings its own duties, and carries them along with it ; and they are as waves broken on the shore, many like them coming after, but none ever the same.

And amongst all his duties, as there are none in which a man acts more by himself and can do more harm with less outcry from the world, so there are none requiring more forethought and watchfulness than those which arise from his domestic relations. Nor can there be a reasonable hope of his fulfilling those duties, while he is ignorant of the feelings, however familiar he may be with the countenances, of those around him.

Domestic rule is founded upon truth and love. If it has not both of these, it is nothing better than a despotism. It is built on justice, and therefore upon truth ; and great evils will arise from even a slight deviation into conventionality. For instance, there is a common expression about " overlooking trifles." But what many persons should say, when they use this expression is, — That they affect not to observe something, when there is no reason why they should not openly recognize it. Thus they continue to make matter of offence out of things which really have no harm in them. Or the expression means that they do not care to notice something which they really believe to be wrong ; and as it is not of much present annoyance to them, they persuade themselves that it is not of much harm to those who practise it. In either case, it is their duty to look boldly at the matter. The greater quantity of truth and distinctness you can throw into your proceedings, the better. Connivance creates uncertainty, and gives an example of shyness ; and very often you will find that you connive at some practice, merely because you have not made up your mind whether

it is right or wrong, and you wish to spare yourself the trouble of thinking. All this is falsehood.

. . . . . In how many instances do servants, though living under the same roof with us, share none of our feelings, nor we of theirs; their presence is felt as a restraint, we know nothing about them but that they perform certain set duties; and, in short, they may be said to be a kind of live furniture. There is something very repugnant to Christianity in all this. Surely there might be much more sympathy between masters and servants without endangering the good part of our social system. At any rate we may be certain that a fastidious reserve towards our fellow-creatures is not the way in which true dignity or strength of mind will ever manifest themselves in us. *Helps.*

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“There is a great force hidden in a sweet command.”

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Warm-hearted parents must not forget that the ascending is less than the descending love. The wide world with its novelties, and the boundless mysterious futurity, exert an unspent influence over the minds of young persons, and cannot but divert a little their affections from their parents, however fondly and sincerely they may be loved. Whereas, with those who have reached the middle stage of life, the glitter of the world has been seen through, and its promise has been brought to the proof, and has so far failed in the performance, that the mind has turned toward the circle of the domestic affections, as a solace.

But no such disabusing of the imagination by experience, has had place with children; and parents must remember that, while their own hopes and affections are converging more and more upon a focus, those of their children are all radiating through infinite space.

*Isaac Taylor.*

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Parents may be found, in the highest degree solicitous for the welfare of their children, and not deficient in general intelligence, who nevertheless are perpetually struggling with domestic embarrassments, and sadly depressed by disappointments in the discharge of their daily duties. In such instances there may be observed, a something *too much* in the modes of treatment — too much talking and preaching, and a too frequent bringing in of ultimate motives, until the natural sensibility and delicacy of children's minds are, if the phrase may be allowed, worn threadbare; for all the gloss of the feelings is gone, and the warp and the substance are going. *Ib.*

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“Children are the most loving pawns and bonds of Matrimony; in a word, they are the best wool of the sheep,” says Luther. And again, “The world is wicked, it begins with the blossom; therefore hath God commanded: *Honor thy father and mother, &c.*”

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When the parents' lives are genuine, noble, and *their own*, the children subside into their proper place.

Education is partly allopathic, partly homœopathic ; often like causes like, and the doses to take effect must be infinitesimal. But if this were all, only the good could make virtue flourish around them, whereas now the sweetest flowers often cover the saddest ruins.

Be doubly careful of those to whom nature has been a niggard. The oak and the palm take their own forms under all circumstances ; the fungi seem to owe theirs to outward influences.

Cherish bounteously young shoots, — for thorns and briars are but non-encouraged buds.

Seek the golden mean of life ; like the temperate region, it has but few thorny plants.

If nature decides what is possible to a man, education may often settle what is impossible, and this is a great part of character.

The finer a man's education and surroundings, the less of his life he has a right to. The peasant has a right to all his time, for no other man has been devoted to him.



Brother, if a man requires much of other men, I am willing to consent to it, provided he is willing to give as much in return ; and in any collision of his own interests with another acts generously. *Richter.*



No one ought to enjoy what is too good for him ; he ought to make himself worthy of it, and rise to its level.

*Goethe.*



The sensibilities of children are extremely acute, and they lay hold on the elementary germs of every generic branch of human thought. As the mind becomes more mature, more perfect, and more rich in experience, the intuitions become proportionally developed and inclose a greater breadth of subjective idea within their circle.

Intuition is that attitude of the soul, in which it sees the various relationships of the universe presented to it spontaneously as an immediate objective reality.

The soul grasps in this spontaneous unreflective form the elements of *all* the truths in nature, which matured thought can at any future time develop into a reflective and explicit form. *Morell.*

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In the normal development of man the moral nature tends continually to engross a larger share of his being; and precisely as the affections of youth supersede, though they do not suspend the infant's gratifications of sense, so in the full grown soul the joys of virtue and religion will be fully recognized as the sweetest and grandest of which humanity is capable. *Intuitive Morals.*

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Might not more be done to cherish and develop the highest intuitions of children, by watching the moments of acute pleasure or pain, of gratitude, awe, or excited moral and religious feeling. Might we not thus establish on its natural basis an inner life which would help to raise the young above the solicitations of appetite and passion.

No doubt the animal reaches its full development while the moral is still weak ; but if the moral intuitions exist, as they undoubtedly do, at a very early age, it is for parents to make them early the controlling power. Nature forbids their occupying the *greater part* of the child's life, but they may be felt as the *purest* and *most real* and *precious portion* of it.

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Before the fifth year how many seeds are sown which future years, and distant ones, mature successively ! How much fondness, how much generosity, what hosts of other virtues, courage, constancy, patriotism, spring into the father's heart from the cradle of his child ! And does never the fear come over a man that what is most precious to him upon earth is left in careless or perfidious, in unsafe or unworthy hands ? Does it never occur to him that he loses a son in every one of these five years ?

*Landor.*

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Youth with its Beauty and Grace, would really seem bestowed on us for some such reason as to make us partly endurable till we have time for becoming so of ourselves, without their aid, when they leave us. The sweetest child we all smile on for his pleasant want of the whole world to break up or suck in his mouth, seeing no other good in it — he would be rudely handled by that world's inhabitants, if he retained those angelic infantine desires when he got six feet high, black and bearded ; but little

by little he sees fit to forego claim after claim on the world, puts up with a less and less share of its good as his proper portion. *Browning.*

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The actual felicity realized at home, turns very much upon the *idea* which, from the first, parents entertain of it. The brighter is the conception, which at the commencement, we have formed of family happiness — the more happiness shall we be likely to secure. The adage, "Oh, too happy! did you but know it," might often be applied to a family. The essential and incidental means of enjoyment within our reach are frequently lost sight of, or are but poorly improved. It may be well then to try to place in a more distinct point of view, the *common means* of family happiness. In the real world the stern motives of necessity, give, whether distinctly thought of or not, depth and intensity to the selfish principle. At home, whatever may be the measure of good for the whole, the sum is distributed without a thought of distinction between one and the other. Refined and generous emotions may thus have room to expand, and may become the fixed habits of the mind before any adverse principles have come in play. Home is a garden, high-walled towards the blighting northeast of selfish care.

*Isaac Taylor.*

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The recollection of a thoroughly happy childhood (other advantages not wanting) is the very best preparation, moral and intellectual, with which to encounter the duties

and cares of real life. A sunshiny childhood is an auspicious inheritance, with which, as a fund, to commence trading in practical wisdom and active goodness. It is a great thing only to have known, by experience, that tranquil, temperate felicity is actually attainable on earth ; and we should think so, if we knew how many have pursued a reckless course, because, or chiefly because, they early learned to think of *Happiness* as a chimera, and believed momentary gratifications to be the only substitute placed within the reach of man. Practical happiness is much oftener wantonly thrown away, than really snatched from us ; but it is the most likely to be pursued, overtaken, and husbanded, by those who already, and during some considerable period of their lives, have been happy. To have known nothing but misery is the most portentous condition under which human nature can start on its course.

*Isaac Taylor.*

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Arnold wished his house to be “a temple of industrious Peace.”

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It is a curious phenomenon in human affairs, that some of those matters in which education is most potent, should have been among the least thought of as branches of it. What you teach a boy of Latin and Greek may be good ; but these things are with him but a little time of each day in his after life. What you teach him of any bread-getting art may be of some import to him, as to the quantity and quality of bread he will get ; but he is not always with his

art. With himself he is always. How important, then, it is, whether you have given him a happy or a morbid turn of mind ; whether the current of his life is a clear, wholesome stream, or bitter as Marah. The education to happiness is a possible thing — not to a happiness supposed to rest upon enjoyments of any kind, but to one built upon content and resignation. This is the best part of philosophy. This enters into the “wisdom” spoken of in the Scriptures. Now it can be taught. The converse is taught every day and all day long.

Captiousness, sensitiveness, and a Martha-like care for the things of this world, are often the direct fruits of education. All these faults of the character, and they are among the greatest, may be summed up in a disproportionate care for little things. This is rather a growing evil. The painful neatness and exactness of modern life foster it. The tide of small wishes and requirements gains upon us fully as fast as we can get out of its way by our improved means of satisfying them. Now the unwholesome concern that many parents and governors manifest as to small things, must have a great influence on the governed. You hear a child reprimanded about a point of dress, or some trivial thing, as if it had committed a treachery. The criticisms, too, which it hears upon others are often of the same kind. Small omissions, small commissions, false shame, little stumbling-blocks of offence, trifling grievances of the kind that Dr. Johnson, who had known hunger, stormed at Mrs. Thrale

for talking about, are made much of ; general dissatisfaction is expressed that things are not complete, and that every thing in life is not turned out as neat as a Long-Acre carriage ; commands are expected to be fulfilled by agents, upon very rapid and incomplete orders, exactly to the mind of the person ordering ; these ways, to which children are very attentive, teach them in their turn to be querulous, sensitive, and full of small cares and wishes. And when you have made a child like this, can you make a world for him that will satisfy him ? Tax your civilization to the uttermost ; a punctilious, tiresome disposition expects more. Indeed, Nature, with her vague and flowing ways, cannot at all fit in with a right-angled person. Besides there are other precise angular creatures, and these sharp-edged persons wound each other terribly. Of all the things which you can teach people, after teaching them to trust in God, the most important is, to put out of their hearts any expectation of perfection, according to their notions, in this world.

A man who thus cares for little things has a garment embroidered with hooks, which catches at every thing that passes by. He finds many more causes of offence than other men ; and each offence is a more bitter thing to him than to others.

Therefore, as a man lives more with himself than with art, science, or even with his fellows, a wise teacher, intending to make a happy-minded man of his pupil, will try to lay a groundwork of divine contentment in him.

*Helps.*

My great rule should be never to aim at competition in things extrinsic and really trivial. I would seek the honey-cup, and let those who choose prefer the corolla.

*Mrs. Allston.*

## VI.

### LOVE.

#### THE TRANSIENT IS THE TRUE VIEW OF THE WORLD.

THE Transient is the true view of the world. It is the light in which all things human appear from beside God's throne. Other surveys may be had, and are common enough, but they are false, unhappy, and Satanic. No man thinks too highly of the world, but thinks, also, too meanly of his own soul. Every act of undue deference to things temporal, dulls, deadens, and destroys the soul's own consciousness of immortality. Worship the worthless even in ignorance, and worthless will you yourself become. It is an irresistible law, it is a Divine ordinance, that the soul shall throughout assimilate in value to whatsoever it loves. It is so in regard to all pursuits, whether of ambition, trade or learning. It is so among friends. It is so with the lover and his mistress.

It is not possible for the hearts of husband and wife to blend permanently on any lower level than the altar of God. A happy union is practicable only among the sons and daughters of the Almighty — only among those who,



in resembling one another, are more nearly like God. Conjugal happiness is perfect, only when the happiest home is regarded as no abiding place. No earthly relation can be correctly enjoyed apart from the solemn sense of its uncertainty. It is the feeling of worldly evanescence alone that can redeem the world's use from sinfulness. For attachment is assimilation.

The Transitoriness of earth! A lively perception of that truth is an ingredient in all virtuous determination. It is not sour in its effect, it is not at all cloistral, it is not melancholy, it is not disheartening, but quite otherwise.

There are few misfortunes, whether of mind, body, or estate, so dangerous as that disease of the spiritual eye, by which it fails in perception of the world's evanescence. This deficiency in the soul causes a general debility of character, and a predisposition to all vice. What says Dr. Thomas Fuller? "To smell a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body — no less are thoughts of mortality cordial for the soul." To the healthy soul they are cordial; but for the salvation of the luxurious, they are an indispensable astringent. *Mountford.*

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I think that the predominance, amounting almost to universality, of the law of Nature, which places us, once in our lives, at least, under the dominion of this passion, would afford of itself a strong presumption that some beneficial result is to be brought about by it. And if it be admitted (as without any offence to Calvin I hope it

well may) that the better part of most human beings is the larger part, it will follow that this temporary expansion and outburst of the whole of the being, will bring a greater accession of good activities than of bad ; and as the first cry of the infant is necessary to bring the lungs into play, so the first love of the adult may, through a transitory disturbance, be designed to impart a healthy action to the moral and spiritual nature. The better the tree, the better of course will be the fruits ; neither the rains of spring nor the glow of summer will make grapes grow upon brambles ; but whatever the fruits may be, the yield will be larger after every seasonable operation of Nature has been undergone. With the few in whom envy, jealousy, suspicion, pride, and self-love are predominant, there may be an aggravation of these evil dispositions, or of some of them ; but to those (and God be praised they are the many) with whom humility, generosity, the love of God, and the love of God's creatures, though partly latent perhaps, is powerfully inherent, the passion of love will bring with it an enlargement and a deepening and strengthening of these better elements, such as no other visitation of merely natural influences, however favorably received and dutifully cherished, could avail to produce. And when the passion has passed away, the enlargement of the nature will remain ; and as the better and more abounding human being will make the better and more abounding husband or wife, so will the marriage which has been preceded by a passion, be a better marriage — other things alike — than that which

has not — more exalted, more genial, more affluent in affections.

If the passion have ended, not in marriage but in disappointment, the nature, if it have strength to bear the pressure, will be more ennobled and purified by that than by success. Of the uses of adversity which are sweet, none are sweeter than those which grow out of disappointed love; nor is there any greater mistake in contemplating the issues of life, than to suppose that baffled endeavors and disappointed hopes bear no fruits, because they do not bear those particular fruits which were sought and sighed for: —

“The tree  
Sucks kindlier nurture from a soil enriched  
By its own fallen leaves; and man is made,  
In heart and spirit, from deciduous hopes  
And things that seem to perish.”

*Henry Taylor.*

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As in despair from remorse, the whole life seems to be involved in one action; so in despair from love, jealousy, friendship betrayed, the whole life appears to be shut up in the one unpropitious affection. Yet human nature, if fairly treated, is too large a thing to be suppressed into despair by one affection, however potent. *Helps.*

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Most of the finger works, whereby the female quicksilver is made stationary, bring with them this mischief — the mind, remaining idle, either grows rusty with dullness, or is given over to the circling maze of fancy, where

wave succeeds to wave. Sewing and knitting needles, for instance, keep open the wounds of disappointed love longer than all the romances in the world; they are thorns which prick through the drooping roses. But give the young girl such an occupation as young men generally have, which shall require a new thought every minute, and the old one cannot be continually raying up and glaring before her. Especially, change of employment contributes to heal woman's heart; constant progress in some one thing, man's. *Richter.*

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If the heart have been trained in the way that it should go, the passion to which it will be open will be something very different from a warm illusion or a sentimental dream, though very possibly including these, and having begun in them. For true love is not, I think, that isolated and indivisible unity which it might be supposed to be from the way in which it is sometimes spoken of. It is mixed and manifold according to the abundance of the being, and in a large nature becomes in its progress a highly composite passion; commonly, no doubt, having its source in admiration and imaginative sentiment, but as it rolls on, involving divers tributaries, swollen by accessory passions, feelings, and affections, — pity, gratitude, generosity, loyalty, fidelity, anxiety, fear, and devotion, — and deepened by the embankments of duty and justice, — foreign to the subject as these last may seem to some. In short, the whole nature and conscience being worked upon by this passion, react upon it and become interfused

and blended with it ; not by an absorption of all elements into one, but by a development of each into each ; and when, therefore, I affirm that passion, err though it may, will be often less misleading than the dispassionate judgment, I do but aver that the entire nature — reason, conscience, and affections, interpenetrating and triune, — that this totality of the nature, raised, vivified, and enlarged by love, is less likely to take an erroneous direction than a part of the nature standing aloof and dictating to the other parts. *Henry Taylor.*

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“ Devotedness leads to Devotion.”

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Niebuhr considered, when he was betrothed, that a lengthened preparation was needed, to fit him for the holiest society.

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. . . It does not follow, however, that marrying without money is to be justified — marrying, that is, without the possession or the fair prospect of a competency suited to the condition in life. What is to constitute such a competency, depends in a great measure on the prudence, independence, and strength in self-denial of the parties. Those who resolve to marry on very small means, against the wishes of their relatives and friends, should always consider that they are setting up a claim to an extraordinary share of these excellent virtues ; and they should not expect their claim to be readily acknowledged unless it be founded, not merely on good intentions, but on

actual savings, on ascertained facts of frugality, and habits of self-sacrifice. Without such habits, they may intend and profess what they please as to independence and self-reliance ; the result will be, that they have indulged their unworldly inclinations at the expense of others.

*Henry Taylor.*

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I have said that, considering the many misguidances to which a deliberative judgment is exposed in the matter of marriage, there may often be less risk of error in a choice which is impassioned. But I ought, perhaps, to have explained that by a passion I do not mean — what young ladies sometimes mistake for it — a mere, imaginative sentiment, dream, or illusion. Such imaginative sentiments, dreams, or illusions, not only do not constitute a passion, but they commonly render the person who indulges them, incapable of conceiving one ; they bring out a strong fancy perhaps, but a weak and wasted heart.

*Henry Taylor.*

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The seasonable time for the exercise of prudence, is not so much in choosing a wife or a husband, as in choosing with whom you will so associate as to risk the engendering of a passion. Even in this choice the prudence should not be cold-blooded ; for a cold-blooded choice of associates is likely to lead to a cold-blooded marriage. With the leanings and leaps of the heart in the new acquaintanceships of the young, there should be just so much prudence presiding, as will turn them away

from what there is reasonable ground for believing to be false, selfish, weak, or vicious. There should be thus much and no more. If the taste and fancy are resisted upon grounds less substantial than these, they are resisted by what is less worthy to prevail than they; for the taste and fancy are by no means of small account — they are indeed of all but paramount importance — in human life and intercourse. The taste lies deep in our nature, and strikes the key-note with which outward circumstance is to harmonize.

But if the taste be, in truth, a matter of such import and ascendancy in our life, it follows that we are deeply responsible for the formation of it. It is, like everything else in us, partly of nature's fashioning, partly of our own; and though it is to rest upon the foundation of our natural dispositions, it is to be built, not like a baby-house at our pleasure, but according to the laws and model of the great Architect, like a temple. If there can be little that is genial or cordial in our life, married or unmarried, unless the taste be indulged, for that very reason it behooves us so to raise and purify the taste, as to be enabled to give way to it in safety and innocence — not certainly with a total abandonment or an absolute affiance — nothing short of perfection in taste could justify that — but with a trust proportional to the degree of purity and elevation which has been attained. According to this measure our habitual propensities will be towards what is good; whilst the habit of guarding and correcting the taste will prevail to some extent even over its more impassioned movements;

and if we are carried away by our fancy, we shall yet know whither we are going, and give some guidance as well as take some. *Henry Taylor.*

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Life or Death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman indeed ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrow, and hatch the eggs which her own folly or infelicity hath produced. And though the man can run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it again; and when he sits among his neighbors, he remembers the objection that lies in his bosom, and he sighs deeply. The boys, and the peddlers, and the fruiterers shall tell of this man, when he is carried to his grave, that he lived and died a poor wretched person. . . .

Men and women change their liberty for a rich fortune, and show themselves to be less than money, by overvaluing that to all the content and wise felicity of their lives: and when they have counted the money and their sorrows together, how willingly would they buy with the loss of all that money, modesty or sweet nature to their relative! the odd thousand pound would gladly be allowed in good nature and fair manners. As very a fool is he that chooses for beauty principally; *cui sunt eruditi oculi et stulta mens*, (as one said,) whose eyes are witty, and their soul sensual; it is an ill band of affections to tie two hearts together by a little thread of red and white. . . .

Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all



offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation ; every little thing can blast an infant blossom ; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new weaned boy ; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have by the warm embraces of the sun, and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken ; so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage ; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. For infirmities do not manifest themselves in the first scenes, but in the succession of a long society ; and it is not chance or weakness when it appears at first, but it is want of love or prudence, or it will be so expounded ; and that which appears ill at first, usually affrights the inexperienced man or woman, who makes unequal conjectures, and fancies mighty sorrows by the proportions of the new and early unkindness. *Jeremy Taylor.*

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There is no other human connection which hath so high or so great a significance, as that between man and woman. For a king even, his coronation is a much less matter than his marriage, as having less spiritual import. It is not written, that in the beginning God created man, rich and poor, philosopher and peasant, but male and female created he them. There is no monarch's signet that is typical of as much duty as the wedding ring is.

Marriage among Christians is not only for earthly convenience, but also for heavenly good ; and if the spiritual purpose be not answered thereby, there are none so frivolous as not to feel the failure acutely, whether they know the cause of their suffering or not.

The many irksome marriages which there are, are miserable, most of them, for want of an indwelling, spiritual sentiment. The woman is a traitress to herself who is careless about her husband's piety ; for the wife can seldom be loved long and warmly, unless she can invest herself with a spiritual interest, unless she can engage her husband to think of her as 'a living soul,' — a spirit who shall outlast his earthly fortunes, and the earth itself, and of which he is, under God, the earthly protector ; a soul, the heavenly value of which is contingent, to some extent, on his earthly usage thereof.

It is because of their irreligiousness that so many homes are joyless ; it is for want of that infinite depth of sentiment, of which Christianity is in the human soul the fountain, that marriages are many of them so vapid ; it is because conversation is never in heaven, that in so many houses it is so monotonous, so without soul or interest ; and it is for want of the preservative power of religion, that husband and wife so often find the warmth and delicacy of their early affection fail.

To be happy together long, a man and wife must be in Christ. Of deep love reverence is one essential, and one which inevitably decays after marriage, unless the

felt sacredness of the soul counteract the effect of familiarity with the person.

There is no other feeling of the human heart is rightly such a support of personal religion, as conjugal affection is. A man and woman dwelling together without the love of God, is a melancholy sight, for it is such a loss of spiritual opportunity. . . .

“Christian marriage is so sacred, and in its happier instances is so essentially a union of souls, that inadequate knowledge of one another’s characters is much to be deplored for both parties.”

“Deplored! It is one of the greatest evils of society. Before a lover’s eyes visions of domestic happiness are ever floating; he is all hope; but when matrimony transforms ideal expectation into tangible reality, it is often through a process of grievous narrowing. All things for a lover are full of promise, — and illusion very often, and consequent disappointment. To the lover’s view, his whole path, from marriage onwards, seems covered with a glory; but the mortified husband often finds the vast radiance contract itself into a domestic rushlight.”

“And have women no disappointments?”

“O yes, Willoughby, plenty! The mistress, when the church has made her a wife, is as often, and as much, and more deceived. At the altar, she imagines herself united to a man of warm affections, noble thoughts, and great protective power, one for whose head the church roof is scarcely holy cover enough; but she finds herself at home instead of all this, to have married a craving body of

wants, — shirts that want washing, hose that want mending, whims that want attending to, ailments that want poulticing, appetites that want cooking for, perverseness that wants bearing with, passions that want patience, and cowardly spirits that want comforting." *Mountford.*

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Siebenkäs could never inspire Lenette with a lyrical enthusiasm of love, in which she could forget heaven and earth and every thing else. She could count the strokes of the town clock between his kisses, and could listen and run off to the saucepan that was boiling over, with all the big tears in her eyes which he had pressed out of her melting heart by a touching story or a sermon. She accompanied in her devotion the Sunday hymns which echoed loudly from the neighboring apartments, and in the midst of a verse she would interweave the prosaic question, "What shall I warm up for supper?" and he could never banish from his remembrance that once, when she was quite touched, and listening to his cabinet discourse upon death and eternity, she looked at him thoughtfully, but towards his feet, and at length said, "Don't put on the left stocking to-morrow, I must darn it."

The author of this history declares that he has sometimes almost lost his wits at such feminine interludes.

*Richter.*

## VII.

### PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING.

#### THINGS ARE THE SNAKE.

LET us spend one day as deliberately as Nature, and not be thrown off the track by every nutshell and mosquito's wing that falls on the rails. Let us rise early, and fast, or breakfast, gently and without perturbation; let company come, and let company go, let the bells ring and the children cry, determined to make a day of it. Why should we knock under and go with the stream? Let us not be upset and overwhelmed in that terrible rapid and whirlpool called a dinner, situated in the meridian shallows. Weather this danger, and you are safe, for the rest of the way is down hill. *Thoreau.*

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Mr. Emerson says, "things are the snake." Not only our weaknesses, our very virtues may lead us into slavery to things. Things creep in and take possession under cover of an idea or a virtue. Gradually things take precedence of persons, and persons are treated like things. Things, persons, ideas; he whose life shares itself uncon-

sciously and justly between these three, is indeed favored of nature. Most of us have a preference, and are too contented or too discontented, according as this is gratified. Persons may be sacrificed either to things or to ideal virtues. It is not easy to appreciate great and remote virtues, and at the same time to love enough those with whom our lot is cast, when they are neither noble nor attractive, — not easy to feel always that it is more to be a living soul, a child of God, than to have a little more even of his best gifts.

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Our life is frittered away by detail. Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million, count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb nail. In the midst of this chopping sea of civilized life, such are the clouds, and storms, and quicksands, and thousand-and-one items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and go to the bottom, and not make his port at all, by dead reckoning, and he must be a great calculator indeed who succeeds. Simplify, simplify. Instead of three meals a day, if it be necessary, eat but one; instead of a hundred dishes, five; and reduce other things in proportion. Our life is like a German confederacy, made up of petty states, with its boundary forever fluctuating, so that even a German cannot tell you how it is bounded at any moment. Our nation itself, with all its so-called internal improvements, which, by the way, are all external and superficial, is just

such an unwieldy and overgrown establishment, cluttered with furniture and tripped up by its own traps ; ruined by luxury and heedless expense, by want of calculation and a worthy aim, as the million households in the land ; and the only cure for it as for them, is a rigid economy, a stern and more than Spartan simplicity of life, and elevation of purpose. It lives too fast. *Thoreau.*

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Men are so inclined to content themselves with what is commonest ; the spirit and the senses so easily grow dead to the impressions of the beautiful and perfect, that every one should study, by all methods, to nourish in his mind the faculty of feeling these things. For no man can bear to be entirely deprived of such enjoyments ; it is only because they are not used to taste of what is excellent, that the generality of people take delight in silly and insipid things, provided they be new. For this reason one ought, every day at least, to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if it were possible, to speak a few reasonable words. *Goethe.*

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I am no advocate for meanness of private habitation. I would fain introduce into it all magnificence, care, and beauty where they are possible ; but I would not have that useless expense in unnoticed fineries or formalities ; cornicing of ceilings and graining of doors, and fringing of curtains, and thousands such things which have become foolishly and apathetically habitual—things on whose common appliance hang whole trades, to which there

never yet belonged the blessing of giving one ray of real pleasure, or becoming of the remotest or most contemptible use, — things which cause half the expense of life, and destroy more than half its comfort, manliness, respectability, freshness, and facility. I speak from experience; I know what it is to live in a cottage with a deal floor and roof, and a hearth of mica slate; and I know it to be in many respects healthier and happier, than living between a Turkey carpet and gilded ceiling, beside a steel grate and polished fender. I do not say that such things have not their place and propriety; but I say this emphatically, that the tenth part of the expense which is sacrificed in domestic vanities, if not absolutely and meaninglessly lost in domestic discomforts and incumbrances, would, if collectively offered and wisely employed, build a marble church for every town in England; such a church as it should be a joy and a blessing even to pass near in our daily ways and walks, and as it would bring the light into the eyes to see from afar, lifting its fair height above the purple crowd of humble roofs.

*Ruskin.*

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The hunger for wealth, which reduces the planet to a garden, fools the eager pursuer. What is the end sought? Plainly to secure the ends of good sense and beauty from the intrusion of deformity or vulgarity of any kind. But what an operose method! What a train of means to secure a little conversation! This palace of brick and stone, these servants, this kitchen, these stables, horses



and equipage, this bank stock, and file of mortgages ; trade to all the world, country-house and cottage by the water-side, all for a little conversation, high, clear, and spiritual ! Could it not be had as well by beggars on the highway ? No, all these things come from successive efforts of these beggars to remove friction from the wheels of life, and give opportunity. Conversation, character, were the avowed ends ; wealth was good, as it appeased the animal cravings, cured the smokey chimney, silenced the creaking door, brought friends together in a warm and quiet room, and kept the children and the dinner-table in different apartments. Thought, virtue, beauty, were the ends ; but it was known that men of thought and virtue sometimes had the headache, or wet feet, or could lose good time whilst the room was getting warm in winter days. Unluckily, in the exertions necessary to remove these inconveniences, the main attention has been diverted to this object ; the old aims have been lost sight of, and to remove friction has come to be the end. *Emerson.*

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Plain living and high thinking. *Wordsworth.*

— A dignified, but most rare and difficult union this ! It is comparatively easy to separate the two — to circumscribe the claims of nature, or give latitude to those of Mind — but to effect both at the same time, argues real superiority at once of principle and intellect. To study economy from a pinching sense of necessity, yet never to suffer sordid cares to impede the exercise of a cultivated understanding — to have one eye rigidly fixed on the

pence table, and with the other to pierce the Empyrean of science, poetry or religion — is much more difficult than to ascend Mont Blanc with Mr. Auldjo, or to accompany Captain Parry to the North Pole. Extremes are things of very easy management, and mediums, which are generally consigned to people of mediocrity, in fact are things which to manage properly requires a great mind. It is easy to forget the common affairs of life, and easy to be absorbed in them, — easy to be too ethereal for any occupation but thinking, or too coarse for any questions beyond such as have reference to the life of the body ; but to find taste, and time, and energy for both, argues a balance of power moral and intellectual. This marrying Arithmetic to Divine Philosophy — this making Genius stoop its enthroned fires to give earnest heed to the consumption of coal and candles, is, may be, and has been done, — and most frequently, and with most grace, perhaps, in a country parsonage. *Mrs. Fletcher.*

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Consider how much must be done by art and nature, by traffickers and tradesmen, before an entertainment can be given. How many years the stag must wander in the forest, the fish in the river or the sea, before they can deserve to grace our table ! And what cares and consultations with her cooks and servants has the lady of the house submitted to ! Observe with what indifference the people swallow the production of the distant vintage, the seaman and the vintner, as if it were a thing of course. And ought these men to cease from laboring, providing,

and preparing ; ought the master of the house to cease from purchasing and laying up the fruit of his exertions, because at last the enjoyment it affords is transitory ? But no enjoyment can be transitory ; the impression which it leaves is permanent ; and what is done with diligence and effort communicates to the spectator a hidden force, of which we cannot say how far the influence may reach. *Goethe.*

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Worldly trouble appears too mean a subject for despair. But the truth is that fortune is not exactly a distinct isolated thing which can be taken away — “ and there an end.” But much has to be severed, with undoubted pain, in the operation. A man mostly feels that his reputation for sagacity, often his honor, the comfort too, or supposed comfort of others, are embarked in his fortunes.

A frequent origin of this as of all despair (not by any means excluding that from remorse) is pride. Let a man say to himself, “ I am not the perfect character I meant to be ; this is not the conduct I had imagined for myself ; these are not the fortunate circumstances I had always intended to be surrounded by.” Let him at once admit that he is on a lower level than his ideal one ; and then see what is to be done there. *Helps.*

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Poverty is an inward principle enrooted deeply within the man, and running through all his elements ; it reaches his body, his health, his intellect, and his moral powers, as well as his estate. . . . Among those whom the

world calls poor, there is less vital force, a lower tone of life, more ill health, more weakness, more early death. There are also less self-respect, ambition, and hope than among the independent. *Edward Jarvis.*

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The Athenian, with Plato, would make a law in every State to this effect, "Let there be no poor person in the city, let such a person be banished from the cities, and from the forum, and from the country fields, that the country may be altogether pure and free from an animal of this kind." In short, for four thousand years poverty was looked upon as a dreadful evil, a sign of malediction.

*Ages of Faith.*

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The philosophy which affects to teach us a contempt of money, does not run very deep; for, indeed, it ought to be still more clear to the philosopher than it is to ordinary men, that there are few things in the world of greater importance. And so manifold are the bearings of money upon the lives and characters of mankind, that an insight which should search out the life of a man in his pecuniary relations, would penetrate into almost every cranny of his nature. He who knows, like St. Paul, both how to spare and how to abound, has great knowledge; for if we take account of all the virtues with which money is mixed up, — honesty, justice, generosity, charity, frugality, forethought, self-sacrifice, — and of their correlative vices, — it is a knowledge which goes near to cover the length and breadth of humanity; and a right measure and manner in

getting, saving, spending, giving, taking, lending, borrowing, and bequeathing, would almost argue a perfect man.

*Henry Taylor.*

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There is great difference betwixt having poison and being poisoned. All Apothecaries almost have Poison to use upon divers occasions ; but yet they are not poisoned, because they have not Poison in their Bodies, but in their Shops ; so thou mayest have Riches without being poisoned by them, if thou keep them in thy Purse or in thy House, and not in thy Heart. To be rich in Effect, and poor in affection, is the greatest happiness of a Christian ; for he hath by that means the Commodity of Riches for this World, and the merit of Poverty for the World to come.

If thou desire ardently and solicitously the Riches which thou hast not, it is a Folly to say that thou wouldst not have them unjustly ; for thou dost not cease to be covetous for all that.

If thou affect much the Goods which thou hast, if thou be much troubled about them, setting thy Heart and Thoughts upon them, and fearing with a vexing and impatient fear to lose them, believe me thou hast also some kind of fever. It is impossible to take great pleasure in any thing, without setting our affection too much upon it.

I (dear Philothea) would put into thy Heart, Riches and Poverty together, a great care and a great contempt of Temporal things.

Tell me, the Gardeners of great Princes, are they not more curious and diligent to deck and trim up the Gardens they have in charge than if they were their own? and why? because doubtless they consider those Gardens as Kings' and Princes' Gardens, unto whom they desire to make themselves acceptable by those Services. Philothea, the possessions which we have, are not ours, God hath given them to us to manage, and his will is that we render them profitable and fruitful, and therefore we do him good service to take care of them. But it must be a Care greater and more solid, than worldlings have of their Riches; for their labours are but for Love of themselves, and ours must be for Love of God.

Now as Self-Love is violent, turbulent, and impatient, so the care that we take for it is full of vexation, anguish, and unquietness; and as the love of God is sweet, peaceable and quiet, so the care which proceedeth from it, though it be for Worldly Goods, is amiable, sweet, and pleasant. . . .

There is none but upon one occasion or other finds want of some conveniency. Sometimes comes a Guest to our house whom we should and would entertain very well, but for the present we are not prepared to receive him. Another time we come to some poor village where all things are wanting, there is neither Bed, Chamber, Table, nor attendance. In fine, it is very ordinary to want something, be we never so Rich. Now this is to be poor in effect, when we want those things. Philothea, be glad of such occasions, accept them with all

thy Heart, and suffer them cheerfully. When accidents happen which impoverish thee either much or little, as tempest, fire, inundations, dearth, thieves, and suits-at-law, O, then is the time indeed to practise poverty, receiving these losses with mildness, and applying ourselves patiently and constantly to this poverty.

But if thou be really poor, Philothea, be so likewise in Spirit. Make a Virtue of Necessity, and value this precious jewel of Poverty at the high rate it deserveth. The lustre thereof is not discovered in this World, and yet nevertheless it is exceeding rich and beautiful. Be patient, thou art in good company; our Saviour, his blessed Mother, the Apostles, so many Saints, both Men and Women have been poor, and though they had means to be rich, yet they refused to be so. How many worldlings with incomparable care and great contradictions have gone to seek holy Poverty in Cloisters and Hospitals; and behold Philothea, this holy Poverty, more favorable to thee, comes to present herself in thine own House, thou hast found her without seeking, without pain; embrace her then as a dear Friend of Jesus Christ, who was born, who lived, and died in Poverty; she was his Nurse all his life.

Thy poverty, Philothea, hath two great privileges, by virtue of which she can make thee Rich in merit. The first is that she came not to thee by thy own choice, but only by the will of God, who made thee Poor without any concurrence of thine own Will. Now that which we receive purely from the will of God is ever most acceptable to him, pro-

vided that we receive it cheerfully, and for the love of his holy Will; where there is least of our own, there is most of God's; the simple and pure acceptance of God's will maketh the purest patience.

The second privilege of this poverty is that it is a Poverty truly poor; Poverty that is commended, cherished, esteemed, succored, and assisted, is not altogether poor, having something of Riches in it; but Poverty which is despised, rejected, reproached, and abandoned, is truly poor. Such is ordinarily the poverty of secular men; because they are not poor by their own choice, but by necessity, they are not much esteemed; and in that they are not esteemed, their poverty is poorer than that of religious men.

Be not discomfited then, that thou art not so well succored as is requisite, for in this consisteth the excellency of poverty. To have a desire to be poor, and not to receive the inconvenience of it, is too great an ambition, for it is to desire the honor of Poverty, and the commodity of Riches. *.De Sales.*



There are two kinds of refinement: one which demands but little, makes but little ravage in the world; another barbaric, which demands the best of every thing, and finds nothing good enough, which lays waste whole fields for a pineapple, which proves itself the true princess by feeling three peas under twenty feather beds. One is lovely in woman, and easily attained under any circumstances, the other unlovely, under whatever delicate phrases and



lofty pretensions it is veiled. Does not every false or excessive refinement in outer things partake of this latter kind? Is it a genuine refinement not to be able to endure this, to have a horror of that, to ransack a continent for your table, or send across the seas for your wardrobe? Is it not ungenerous to make such a great hole in the world, to crush so many roses for one fragrant drop? If our women had more faith in character and less in outward means, they would never lend their influence to the pursuit of wealth. Let them hear what one of their countrymen says about wealth.

“Wealth is a great means of refinement, and it is a security for gentleness, since it removes disturbing anxieties; and it is a pretty promoter of intelligence, since it multiplies the avenues for its reception; and it is a good basis for a generous habit of life; it even equips beauty, neither hardening its hand with toil, nor tempting the wrinkles to come early. But whether it provokes greatly that returning passion, that abnegation of soul, that sweet trustfulness, and abiding affection which are to clothe your heart with joy, is far more doubtful.”

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A great chief of the Feejee Islanders paid a visit to a village of serfs with his suite, and called for dinner. The inhabitants having received such visits before, knew what sort of guests they had to entertain, and hurried accordingly. In their haste and desire to please, they took the victuals up before they were properly cooked, and brought them in the most humble way. The lazy courtiers and

tasters informed the chief that the victuals were quite raw, and observed that it was an old offence of that place. The chief flew into a passion, thinking that his dignity was slighted, and ordered the inhabitants to assemble before him. They did so, and it happened to be on a beach covered with pumice stone. They crawled on their hands and knees, and waited the result of the anger of the great chief. At last he looked out of the door, and began to abuse them, saying he did not know how to punish them, for it was no use to kill them, as they would be glad to get off so easy. One of the chiefs observed that it would be easier for such hardened slaves to make a meal of pumice stone, than for such a chief to eat the pork underdone. The chief said, "Well thought of," and commanded the poor fellows to fall to at once. They immediately obeyed, and despatched such quantities of pumice stone, that you could in a little while observe the stones diminishing, although the beach was thirty or forty yards long.

*Review.*

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The great chief Heuheu of Taupo once proclaimed that the splendid volcanic mountain Tongauro, one of the grandest natural objects in the island, was *his own backbone*. The result of which was that the mountain was 'tabooed.' *Id.*

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Both in subjects of the intellect and the senses it is to be remembered, that the love of change is a weakness and imperfection of our nature, and implies in it the state

of probation. And it will be found that they are the weakest-minded and the hardest-hearted men that most love variety and change; for the weakest-minded are those who both wonder most at things new, and digest worst things old; and the hardest-hearted are those that least feel the endearing and binding power of custom, and hold on by no cords of affection to any shore, but drive with the waves that cast up mire and dirt. *Ruskin.*

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No man ever stood lower in my estimation for having a patch in his clothes; yet I am sure there is greater anxiety to have fashionable, or at least clean and unpatched clothes, than to have a sound conscience. I sometimes try my acquaintances by some such test as this; who could wear a patch, or two extra seams only, over the knee. *Thoreau.*

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Wilkinson quotes Diodorus as saying that the ancient Egyptians brought up a child to maturity for thirteen shillings.

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It is a fact, says *The Bombay Gazette*, that the entire population of Hindostan do not average sixpence a year for clothing.

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Besides the folly, I do really think there is something fearful in asking whether a man (a soldier too) can live on two hundred pounds a year; it always sounds like insolence to the thousands of good honest men who live on

twenty ; like cruelty to the tens of thousands who live on less than ten. *Oakfield.*

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In India millions live at the rate of eight shillings per man a month, and are quite contented ; but what a thing it is that they should be contented ! If we wished to state the difference in the most striking way, we might say, discontent is the mischief in England, content in India.

*Ib.*

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There is in the English people a fierce resolution to make every man live according to the means he possesses.

*Taylor's Life of Haydon.*

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A man with fifty, five hundred, a thousand pounds a day, given him freely, — he too, you would say, is or might be a rather strong Worker !

You ask him at the year's end, " Where is your three hundred thousand pounds ; what have you realized to us with that ? " He answers in indignant surprise, " Done with it ? Who are you that ask ? I have eaten it, I and my flunkeys, and parasites, and slaves two-footed and four-footed, in an ornamental manner." An answer that fills me with boding apprehension, with foreshadows of despair.

Out of the loud piping whirlwind, audibly to him that has ears, the highest God is again announcing in these days ; " Idleness shall not be." God has said, man cannot gainsay. *Carlyle.*

Often I find myself saying, in irony is it, or earnest ?  
 Yea, what is more, be rich, O ye rich ! be sublime in great houses,  
 Purple and delicate linen endure ; be of Burgundy patient ;  
 Suffer that service be done you, permit of the page and the valet.  
 Vex not your souls with annoyance-of charity schools or of districts,  
 Live, be lovely, forget them, be beautiful even to proudness,  
 Even for their poor sakes whose happiness is to behold you :  
 Live, be uncaring, be joyous, be sumptuous ; only be lovely, —  
 Sumptuous not for display, and joyous, not for enjoyment ;  
 Not for enjoyment truly ; for Beauty and God's great glory !

*Clough.*

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Like other beautiful things in this world, its end (that of a shaft) is to *be* beautiful ; and, in proportion to its beauty, it receives permission to be otherwise useless. We do not blame emeralds and rubies because we cannot make them into heads of hammers. *Ruskin.*

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Which is most likely to be generous, a life devoted to use or to beauty ?

## VIII.

### W O R K .

#### WORK.

**THERE** is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works ; in Idleness alone there is perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, is in communication with Nature ; the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work. Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like hell-dogs, lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day worker, as of every man ; but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves.

Blessed is he who has found his work ; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a Life-purpose ; he

has found it, and will follow it. Labor is Life; from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his god-given Force, the sacred celestial Life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, — to all knowledge, 'self-knowledge' and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins.

And again, hast thou valued Patience, Courage, Perseverance, Openness to light; readiness to own thyself mistaken, to do better next time? All these, all virtues, in wrestling with the dim brute powers of Fact, in ordering of thy fellows in such wrestle, there and elsewhere not at all, thou wilt continually learn.

Work is of a religious nature: — work is of a brave nature; which it is the aim of all religion to be. All work of man is as the swimmer's: a waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiances of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how loyally it supports him, bears him as its conqueror along.

'Religion,' I said, for properly speaking all true Work is Religion; and whatsoever religion is not work may go and dwell among the Brahmins, Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, and where it will; with me it shall have no harbor. Admirable was that of the old monks, '*Laborare est orare*, Work is Worship.'

Older than all preached Gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, forever enduring Gospel: Work, and therein have well-being. Man, Son of Earth and of Heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of

thee, a spirit of active Method, a Force for work ;— and burns like a painfully smouldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent Facts around thee ! What is immethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable ; obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest Disorder, there is thy eternal enemy ; attack him swiftly, subdue him, make Order of him, the subject not of Chaos, but of Intelligence, Divinity and Thee ! But above all, where thou findest Ignorance, Stupidity, Brute-mindedness, attack it, I say, smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest, and it lives, but smite, smite, in the name of God !

Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil ? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother ; see thy fellow Workmen there, in God's Eternity ; surviving there, they alone surviving ; sacred Band of Immortals, Celestial Body-guard of the Empire of mankind. To thee Heaven, though severe, is not unkind ; Heaven is kind, — as a noble mother ; as that Spartan mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, “ With it, my son, or upon it ! ” Thou too shalt return home in honor, — to thy far distant home, in honor, doubt it not, — if in the battle thou dost keep thy shield ! Thou, in the Eternities and deepest Death-kingdoms, art not an alien ; thou everywhere art a denizen ! Complain not ; the very Spartans did not *complain*.

And who art thou that braggest of thy Life of Idleness ; complacently shewest thy bright gilt equipages ; sumptu-



ous cushions ; appliances for folding of the hands to mere sleep ? Looking up, looking down, around, behind or before, discernest thou, if it be not in Mayfair alone, any *idle* hero, saint, God, or even devil ? Not a vestige of one. In the Heavens, in the Earth, in the waters under the Earth, is none like unto thee. One monster there is in the world ; the idle man. What is *his* ' religion ' ?

As to the Wages of work there might innumerable things be said. One thing only I will say here. The wages of every noble work do yet lie in Heaven or else Nowhere. Not in Bank-of-England Bills, or any the most improved establishment of banking and money-changing, needst thou, heroic soul, present thy account of earnings. Human banks and labor-banks know thee not ; or know thee after generations and centuries have passed away, and thou art clean gone from ' rewarding.' Nay, at bottom, dost thou need any reward ? Was it thy aim and life purpose to be filled with good things for thy heroism, to have a life of pomp and ease, and be what men call ' happy ' in this world, or in any other world ? . I answer for thee deliberately, no. The whole spiritual secret of the new epoch lies in this, that thou canst answer for thyself, with thy whole clearness of head and heart, deliberately, no !

My brother, the brave man has to give his life away. Give it, I advise thee ; — thou dost not expect to *sell* thy Life in an adequate manner ? What price, for example, would content thee ? The just price of thy *Life* to thee — why, God's entire Creation to thyself, the whole

Universe of Space, the whole Eternity of Time, and what they hold: that is the price which would content thee; that, and if thou wilt be candid, nothing short of that! It is thy all; and for it thou would'st have all. Thou art an unreasonable mortal;—or rather thou art a poor *infinite* mortal, who, in thy narrow clay-prison here, *seemest* so unreasonable? Thou wilt never sell thy Life, or any part of thy Life, in a satisfactory manner. Give it, like a royal heart; let the price be Nothing; thou hast then in a certain sense got all for it! The heroic man,—and is not every man, God be thanked, a potential hero?—has to do so, in all times and circumstances.

*Carlyle.*

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How long shall we sit in our porticos praising idle and musty virtues, which any work would make impertinent? As if one were to begin the day with long-suffering, and hire a man to hoe his potatoes.

*Thoreau.*

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If you think you can temper yourself into manliness by sitting here over your books, it is the very silliest fancy that ever tempted a young man to his ruin. You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one. *J. A. Froude.*

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It is not likely to prosper under the best circumstances, such kid-gloved daintiness and fingering with life. To a man in his case, employment, grasped strongly and vigor-

ously, is the only resource. It is as idle for the mind to hope to speculate clear of doubt in the closet, as for the body to be physicked out of sickness, kept lying on a sofa.

*Ib.*

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Every noble Work is at first impossible. *Carlyle.*

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Labor is the Lethe of the Past and the Present.

*Richter.*

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Ever, as the English Milton says, to be weak is the true misery. And yet of your strength there is and can be no clear feeling, save by what you have prospered in, by what you have done. Between vague, wavering capability, and fixed indubitable performance, what a difference! A certain inarticulate self-consciousness dwells dimly in us; which only our works can render articulate and decisively discernible. Our works are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence, too, the folly of that impossible precept, *Know thyself*; till it be translated into this partially possible one, *Know what thou canst work at.*

*Carlyle.*

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All work in this world no doubt rests at bottom on the elementary animal requirements of our nature; but it is then most worthily performed, not when these requirements are most obtrusive, but when they are most withdrawn. It is the specific moral benefit which social organization

confers upon man, that it enables him to retreat from the constant presence of sheer necessity, and stand at a sufficient distance from it, to allow other and higher feelings to connect themselves with his industry.

*Martineau.*

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To use the hands in making quicklime into mortar, is better than to cross them on the breast in attendance on a prince. *Sadi.*

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Pleasure indeed makes inspiration, and energy and resolve animate expiration, but pleasure and energy are sometimes united in the *joy of work*, and then the inspiration and expiration are at one, and the man breathes *con amore*. In this state both sides of the Janus of breath, peace and war, pleasure and energy, are combined in happiness. *Wilkinson.*

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Cast forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living, ever-working universe ; it is a seed-grain that cannot die.

*Carlyle.*

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Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman, that with earth-made implement, laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand ; crooked, coarse ; wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence ! for

it is the face of a man living manlike. O, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed. Thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labor; and thy body like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

A second man I honor, and still more highly; him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he too in his duty; endeavoring towards inward harmony; revealing this by act or by word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low? Highest of all when his outward and his inward behavior are one; when we can name him artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, that with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us. If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him, in return, that he have light and guidance, freedom, immortality? These two, in all their degrees, I honor; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the

lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimar in this world know I nothing than a peasant saint, could such now any where be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendor of heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of earth, like a light shining in great darkness. It is not because of his toils that I lament for the poor. We must all toil or steal, (howsoever we name our stealing,) which is worse. No faithful workman finds his task a pastime. The poor is hungry and athirst; but for him also there is food and drink; he is heavy-laden and weary, but for him also the heavens send sleep, and of the deepest. In his smoky cribs, a clear dewy heaven of rest envelops him, and fitful glitterings of cloud-skirted dreams. But what I do mourn over is that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly or even of earthly knowledge should visit him; but only, in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear and Indignation. Alas! while the body stands so broad and brawny, must the soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated? Alas! was this too a Breath of God; bestowed in heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded? That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in the minute, as by some computations it does. *Carlyle.*

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The vast instrumentalities involved in the division of labor, have their appointed uses in the providential econ-

omy of the world. The division of labor must continue ; although the result undoubtedly is, that the art which a man's days are spent in practising, does not give any adequate employment to his spiritual energies.

All men ought to be willing to do *their share* of the drudgery which needs to be done. And work should be regarded not as a necessary evil to be got over, a mere price to be paid for entrance into a perfectly different sphere, but as a proper component part of the rational activity of the whole man. *Prospective Review.*

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It is a no less fatal error to despise labor when regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always in these days trying to separate the two ; we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative ; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working ; and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, the one envying, the other despising his brother ; and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. Now it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity. . . . All professions should be liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment, and more in excellence of achievement. *Ruskin.*

We see in this passage a respect for hand work, which

Ruskin's division of occupations into those subservient to the body and those subservient to the mind, might have led us to doubt.

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A great mind will accept, or even delight in monotony which would be wearisome to an inferior intellect, because it has more patience and power of expectation, and is ready to pay the full price for the great future pleasure of change. But in all cases it is not that the noble nature loves monotony any more than it loves darkness and pain. But it can bear with it, and receives a high pleasure in the endurance or patience, a pleasure necessary to the well-being of this world; while those who will not submit to the temporary sameness, but rush from one change to another, gradually dull the edge of change itself, and bring a shadow and dreariness over the whole world, from which there is no more escape. *Ruskin.*

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He does not recognize the theory of a man earning idleness. To abandon his work in the prime of life, and health, and faculty, requires, he thinks, a better reason to justify it before God, than having a certain number of pounds a year. *Oakfield.*

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All things are literally better, lovelier, and more beloved for the imperfections which have been divinely appointed, that the law of human life may be Effort, and the law of human judgment, Mercy.



If we pretend to have reached either perfection or satisfaction, we have degraded ourselves and our work. God's work only may express that; but ours may never have that sentence written upon it, — "And behold it was very good." *Ruskin.*

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To every spirit which Christianity summons to her service, her exhortation is: Do what you can, and confess frankly what you are unable to do; neither let your effort be shortened for fear of failure, nor your confession silenced for fear of shame. And it is perhaps the principal admirableness of the Gothic schools of architecture, that they thus receive the results of the labor of inferior minds; and out of fragments full of imperfection, and betraying that imperfection in every touch, indulgently raise up a stately and unaccusable whole.

But the modern English mind has this much in common with that of the Greek, that it intensely desires, in all things, the utmost completion or perfection compatible with their nature. This is a noble character in the abstract, but becomes ignoble when it causes us to forget the relative dignities of that nature itself, and to prefer the perfectness of the lower nature to the imperfection of the higher; not considering that as, judged by such a rule, all the brute animals would be preferable to men, because more perfect in their functions and kind, and yet are always held inferior to him, so also in the works of man, those which are more perfect in their kind are always inferior to those which are in their nature liable

to more faults and short-comings. For it is a law of this universe, that the best things shall be seldome seen in their best form. The wild grass grows well and strongly one year with another ; but the wheat is, according to the greater nobleness of its nature, liable to the bitterer blight. And therefore, while in all things that we see or do, we are to desire perfection, and strive for it, we are nevertheless not to set the meaner thing, in its narrow accomplishment, above the nobler thing, in its mighty progress ; not to esteem smooth minuteness above shattered majesty ; not to prefer mean victory to honorable defeat ; not to lower the level of our aim, that we may the more surely enjoy the complacency of success. But, above all, in our dealings with the souls of other men, we are to take care how we check, by severe requirement or narrow caution, efforts which might otherwise lead to a noble issue ; and, still more, how we withhold our admiration from great excellencies, because they are mingled with rough faults. Now, in the make and nature of every man, however rude or simple, whom we employ in manual labor, there are some powers for better things ; some tardy imagination, torpid capacity of emotion, tottering steps of thought, there are, even at the worst ; and in most cases it is all our own fault that they *are* tardy or torpid. But they cannot be strengthened unless we are content to take them in their feebleness, and unless we prize and honor them in their imperfection above the best and most perfect manual skill. And this is what we have to do with all our laborers ; to look for the *thoughtful* part

of them, and get that out of them, whatever we lose for it, whatever faults and errors we are obliged to take with it. For the best that is in them cannot manifest itself, but in company with much error. Understand this clearly: You can teach a man to draw a straight line, and to cut one; to strike a curved line, and to carve it; and to copy and carve any number of given lines, or forms, with admirable speed, and perfect precision; and you find his work perfect of its kind: but if you ask him to think about any of these forms; to consider if he cannot find any better in his own head, he stops; his execution becomes hesitating; he thinks, and ten to one he thinks wrong; ten to one he makes a mistake in the first touch he gives to his work as a thinking being. But you have made a man of him for all that. He was only a machine before, an animated tool. *Ruskin.*

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A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work, and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise, shall give him no peace.

*Emerson.*

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Man's works, even in their most perfect form, always have more or less of excitement in them. God's works are calm and peaceful, both in Nature, and in His word.

*Hare.*

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The heart may be engaged in a little business as much, if thou watch it not, as in many and great affairs.

A man may drown in a little brook or pool, as well as in a great river, if he lie down and plunge himself into it, and put his head under water. Some care thou must have, that thou mayest not care.

*Leighton.*

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There are so many things to lower a man's topsails — he is such a dependent creature ; he is to pay such court to his stomach, his food, his sleep, his exercise — that, in truth, a hero is an idle word. Man seems formed to be a hero in suffering, not a hero in action. Men err in nothing more than in the estimate which they make of human labor. The hero of the world is the man that makes a bustle — the man that makes the road smoke under his chaise and four ; that raises a dust about him — that manages or devastates empires ! But what is the real labor of this man, compared with that of a silent sufferer ? He lives on his projects. He encounters perhaps rough roads, incommodious inns, bad food, storms and perils — weary days and sleepless nights ; — but what are these ! — his project — his point — the thing that has laid hold on his heart — glory — a name — consequence — pleasure — wealth — these render the man callous to the pains and efforts of the body. *Cecil.*

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The care and diligence which we ought to have in our affairs, are things much different from Solicitude, Anxiety, and Vexation. The Angels have care of our Salvation, and procure it with diligence, yet they are not solicitous

or anxious; for Care and Diligence are part of their Charity, but Solicitude and Anxiety would be entirely contrary to their Felicity; since Care and Diligence may be accompanied with tranquillity of Mind, but Solicitude and Anxiety never.

Be careful, then, and diligent, Philothea, in all the Affairs thou hast in thy Charge; for God having intrusted them to thee, he will that thou take care of them. But, if it be possible, be not in vexation and anxiety for them, that is to say, undertake them not with unquietness and solicitude, nor spend thyself about them; for all kind of Violence disturbs the Reason and the Judgment, and hinders us from doing that well in which we are so earnest.

Flies disquiet us not by their strength, but by their number; so great Affairs vex us not so much as little when they are in great number. Whatsoever businesses, then, befall thee, receive them with quietness, and endeavor to despatch them in order, one after another; for, if thou strive to do all at once, or in disorder, thou wilt overcharge or weaken thy spirit, and probably lie tired under the burden.

In all thy business rely wholly upon God's Providence, by which alone thy Designs must prosper. Labor nevertheless discreetly on thy part to cooperate with it, and then believe that if thou trust entirely in God, the success which followeth shall be always the most profitable for thee, seem it to thee good or bad according to thy particular judgment. Do as little Children, who with one hand

hold fast by their Father, and with the other gather Strawberries or Mulberries along the Hedges. So thou, gathering and managing the Affairs of this World with one Hand, with the other hold always fast the Hand of thy Heavenly Father, turning thyself towards him from time to time, to see if thy employments be pleasing to him. And take heed, above all things, that thou let not go his hand and his protection, thinking to gather more ; for if he forsake thee, thou wilt not be able to go a step without falling to the ground. My meaning is, Philothea, that amidst thy affairs and ordinary business which require not so earnest an attention, thou think upon God more than upon thy Affairs ; and when thy Affairs be of so great importance that to be well done they require thy whole attention, then also from time to time look toward God, as they do that sail upon the Sea, who, to go to the Land which they desire, look more up to Heaven, than down upon the Sea whereon they Sail, so will God work with thee, in thee, and for thee, and all thy labors shall be accompanied with Consolations.

*De Sales.*

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“ Depend upon it, there is a difficulty in sticking perseveringly to work made for yourself, which you ought to scruple before encountering, as your position for life ; there is an assistance to the whole character in compulsory work, even the commonest routine drudgery, which you should consider well before you venture to abandon.” . . .

It is an awful tug to me, going on month after month, and day after day, working as regularly as if the terrors of *wigging* overhung indolence instead of conscience reproof merely; the law is as binding, I know, a good deal more so, but infinitely harder to obey."

"But if obeyed," continued Oakfield, "nothing strengthens the character so much; so that it is the best thing for those who are equal to it; and it cannot be without reluctance, that we judge ourselves unequal; turn away from the best, and follow the second best; besides, there is another danger in external laws; it is easier to obey them, but it is also easy to depend upon them, which is emasculating and wrong; they may make work easier, but they also tempt us to devote ourselves to it."

"Do you speak of that as a temptation? A man worth his salt would wish, I should think, to devote himself to any calling he enters upon; a clergyman devotes himself to his preaching and visiting, and you praise him; you call him a good officer who, like Middleton, gives himself up entirely to his magisterial duties."

"And yet, Stanton, I think one of the things which you and I both so like and admire in Middleton, is that he does *not* give himself up to his work. I do *not* praise that man, clergyman or what else, who 'gives himself up' to his work; I should desire to enter myself upon civil employ, or any other employ, with the deliberate intention of not 'devoting' myself to it; an intention, I fancy, hard to keep. . . . For a man to do his work to the

best of his ability, to put all his energy into it, is, of course, an obvious duty; to devote himself to it is a sin. . . . A man who devotes or gives himself up to any work, to any thing, to any name save One, in earth or heaven, is an idolater. . . . The language of one man's idolatry is revolting to us, the other commands our respect; but the result is much the same in both; the soul can be smothered in a lawsuit as effectually as in a beer tankard; and fifty years hence the former, as well as the latter will be gone, and the two men left equally bare, equally dead, equally unprofitable."

*Oakfield.*

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The greatest works of human genius have been ever in part extempore and occasional. They have been rooted in the need of the hour, though their blossom renews itself from year to year; and to the end of time with their philosophical or artistic worth a historical interest is blended. Men of ambitious imaginations retire into their study, and devise some "magnum opus," which, like the world itself, is to be created of nothing, and to hang self-balanced on its own centre; after much puffing, however, the world which they produce is apt to turn out but a well-sized bubble. Men of another order labor but to provide for some practical need; and their work, humble, perhaps occasional in its design, is found to contain the elements that make human toils indestructible. Homer sang, no doubt, in part to amuse his



village audience, and in part to procure a good night's lodging, as he wandered on Grecian and Asiatic shores, but the great idea of his song was stout enough, notwithstanding, to fight its way through all obstructions, and to orb itself out into completeness.

*Aubrey de Vere.*



Part Fifth.



## I.

### CIRCUMSTANCES.

#### FREEDOM AND DEPENDENCE.

**THERE** is a voice in the human soul which tells him that he is free and independent, and which charges to his account all his good and evil thoughts and actions ; and this judgment of ourselves, which must always be stricter and severer than that of others, leaves out of the question all bodily influences. There are two different jurisdictions in the world, — that of Dependence and that of Freedom ; and the dispute between the two cannot be settled by mere reason. . In the visible world, all things are enchained one with another, so that, could we know all the circumstances down to the smallest and most distant, we might prove that the individual is compelled at every moment to act as he does ; yet notwithstanding this, he has always the feeling that did he choose to arrest the wheels in their course and free himself from the links which connect him with them, it is in his power. In this consciousness of freedom lies his worth as a man, — this it is which makes him enter this world like the denizen of another ; for

what is only earthly can never be free, and what is spiritual can never be in bondage. All this apparent contradiction is only to be reconciled thus ; that the free or spiritual power exercises a right of lordship over the dependent or earthly, which, in single circumstances, we do not perceive ; but which has so guided the series of events from the beginning, that they must correspond with the free determination of the will. *William Von Humboldt.*

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In manly hours we feel that duty is our place, and that the merrymen of circumstance should follow as they may. *Emerson.*

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When the mind acts up to nature, and is rightly disposed, she takes things as they come, stands loose in her fancy, and tacks about with her circumstances ; as for fixing the condition of her fortune, she is not at all solicitous about that. 'Tis true, she is not perfectly indifferent, she moves forward with a preference in her choice ; but then 'tis always with a reserve of acquiescence, and being easy in the event. *Antoninus.*

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The more a man disregards the consequences of his actions, the more repose he has in action. The fountain does not stop to calculate through what regions of the earth its stream shall flow, what foreign matter it shall take in, and where it shall finally lose itself. It flows from its own fulness, with an irrepressible motion.

*Herder, translated by Hedge.*

There is another idolatry of self besides that which is deliberate and conscious. To spurn away the circumstances which God has assigned to you, and violently shape a new environment according to your own will, what is this but flat rebellion? To burst the meshes of that golden network which love has woven for your soul, and to insist upon developing it, unrestrained, according to the measure and manner of your own choice, what is this but selfishness?

*The Story of a Family.*

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No life can be low where great ends are followed; and the spirit that will not work its Mission within the trammel of Circumstance, will never be a true servant of that Master who came to found a Kingdom of Heaven upon Earth, and who had to associate with him in the work men of another spirit than his own, and even the traitor who sold away his life. *J. H. Thom.*

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The extent of man's earthly horizon varies with his position. He may himself enlarge or diminish it a few degrees. But to all the same wide heavenly hemisphere is revealed.

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Accept the place the divine Providence has found for you; the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves child-like to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their

heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being.

What pretty oracles nature yields us on this text in the face and behaviour of children, babes and even brutes. That divided and rebel mind, that distrust of a sentiment because our arithmetic has computed the strength and means opposed to our purpose, these have not. *Emerson.*

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A man being contented with his own particular lot and duty obtaineth perfection. The duties of a man's own particular calling, although not free from faults, are far preferable to the duty of another, let it be ever so well pursued. A man's own calling, with all its faults, ought not to be forsaken. Every undertaking is involved in its faults as the fire in its smoke. *Bhagavata.*

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This was the answer that came from the Tutor, the grave man, Adam.

Have you ever, Philip, my boy, looked at it in this way ?  
 When the armies are set in array, and the battle beginning,  
 Is it well that the soldier whose post is far to the leftward  
 Say, I will go to the right, it is there I shall do best service ?  
 There is a great Field-Marshal, my friend, who arrays our battalions ;  
 Let us to Providence trust, and abide and work in our stations.  
 This was the final retort from the eager, impetuous Philip.  
 I am sorry to say your Providence puzzles me sadly ;  
 Children of circumstance are we to be ? you answer, On no wise !  
 Where does Circumstance end, and Providence where begins it ?  
 In the revolving sphere which is upper, which is under ?  
 What are we to resist, and what are we to be friends with ?  
 If there is battle, ' tis battle by night : I stand in the darkness,  
 Here in the melée of men, Ionian and Dorian on both sides,  
 Signal and password known ; which is friend and which is foeman ?



Is it a friend ? I doubt, though he speak with the voice of a brother.  
 Still you are right, I suppose ; you always are, and will be.  
 Yet is my feeling rather to ask, Where is the battle ?  
 Yes, I could find in my heart to cry, in spite of my Elspie,  
 O that the armies indeed were arrayed, O joy of the onset,  
 Sound, thou Trumpet of God, come forth, Great Cause to array us,  
 King and leader appear, thy soldiers sorrowing seek thee,  
 Would that the armies indeed were arrayed, O where is the battle !  
 Neither battle I see, nor arraying, nor King in Israel,  
 Only infinite jumble and mess and dislocation,  
 Backed by a solemn appeal, ' For God's sake do not stir, there !'  
 Yet, you are right, I dare say, you always were and will be.

*Clough.*

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I say, *do not choose* ; but that is a figure of speech by which I would distinguish what is commonly called *choice* among men, and which is a partial act, the choice of the hands, of the eyes, of the appetites, and not a whole act of the man. *Emerson.*

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Sure enough, of all paths a man could strike into there is at any given moment a *best path* for every man, a thing which, here and now, it were of all things *wisest* for him to do ; — which could he be led or driven to do, he were then doing 'like a man,' as we phrase it ; all men and gods agreeing with him, the whole Universe virtually exclaiming Well done to him ! His success, in such case were complete ; his felicity a maximum. This path, to find this path and walk in it, is the one thing needful for him. Whatsoever forwards him in that, let it come to him even in the shape of blows and spurnings, is liberty ; whatsoever hinders him, were it ward-motes, open-vestries,

pollbooths tremendous cheers, rivers of heavy-wet, is slavery. *Carlyle.*

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Good people will learn a lesson in any circumstances—but is it the best lesson ?

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One of the righteous, in a dream, saw a king in paradise, and a parsā, or holy man, in hell. He questioned himself, saying : What is the cause of the exaltation of this, and the degradation of that ; for we have fancied their converse. A voice came from above, answering : This king is in heaven because of his affection for the holy, and that parsā is in hell because of his connection with the kingly : — What can a coarse frock, rosary, and patched cloak avail ? abstain from such evil works as may defile thee ; there is no occasion to put a felt cowl upon thy head ; be a darwesh in thy actions, and wear a Tartarian coronet. *Sadi.*

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Man's highest merit always is, as much as possible to rule external circumstances, and as little as possible to let himself be ruled by them. Life lies before us, as a huge quarry lies before the architect ; he deserves not the name of an architect, except when, out of this fortuitous mass, he can combine, with the greatest economy and fitness, and durability, some form, the pattern of which originated in his spirit. All things without us, nay I may add, all things on us, are mere elements ; but deep within us lies the creative force, which, out of these can

produce what they were meant to be — and which leaves us neither sleep nor rest, till in one way or another, without us or on us, that same have been produced. You, my dear niece, have, it may be, chosen the better part ; you have striven to bring your moral being, your earnest lovely nature into accordance with itself and with the Highest ; but neither ought we to be blamed, when we strive to get acquainted with the sentient man in all his comprehensiveness, and to bring about an active harmony among his powers. . . . *Goethe.*

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Je suis les conduites ordinaires de la bonne petite prudence humaine, croyant meme que c'est par elle qu'on arrive aux ordres de la Providence. *Sévigné.*

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“ Though thinking,” said Stanton, “ was the best work open to me, we all have a consciousness that ‘ to do is nobler than to think.’ ”

On the other hand, “ we ought to stand still and see what God will do for us.” *Oakfield.*

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Then said his Lordship, “ Well, God mend all ! ” “ Nay, Donald, we must help him to mend it,” said the other.

*Quoted by Carlyle.*

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One evening after a weary march through the desert, as Mohammed was camping with his followers, he overheard one of them saying, “ I will loose my camel, and

commit it to God." On which he took him up: "Friend, tie thy camel, and commit it to God."

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Liberty? The true liberty of a man, you would say, consisted in his finding out, or being forced to find out the right path, and to walk therein. To learn or be taught what work he actually was able for, and then by permission, persuasion and even compulsion, to set about doing of the same! That is his true blessedness, honor, liberty, and maximum of well-being: if liberty be not that, I, for one, have small care about liberty. You do not allow a palpable madman to leap over precipices; you violate his liberty, you that are wise; and keep him, were it in strait-waistcoats, away from the precipices! Every stupid, every cowardly and foolish man is but a less palpable madman; his true liberty were that a wiser man, that any and every wiser man, could by brass collars, or in whatever milder or sharper way, lay hold of him when he was going wrong, and order and compel him to go a little righter. O, if thou really art my *Senior*, *Seigneur*, my *Elder*, *Presbyter* or *Priest* — if thou art in very deed my *Wiser*, may a beneficent instinct lead and impel thee to 'conquer' me, to command me! If thou do know better than I what is good and right, I conjure thee in the name of God, force me to do it; were it by never such brass-collars, whips and handcuffs, leave me not to walk over precipices! *Carlyle.*

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There are many kinds of slavery — to ideas — to feel-

ings — to prejudices — to shadows. Better be the slave of the meanest circumstance than “feel the weight of chance desires.” Undisciplined men must be under some master.

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The law of transmissive qualities and proclivities is essential to the permanence and the very existence of society. Unless the peculiar genius and dispositions of parents were produced anew in their descendants through successive generations, what would humanity present but a mass of heterogeneous and discordant atoms? Societies, states, and nations could not be formed out of them and perpetuated. . . .

But suppose the law of descent were abolished. Let the fathers have no guarantee that they shall live again in their children. Let every man come into being with the thread of history cut from behind him, commencing an existence original and *de novo*, without the peculiar loves and aptitudes of his ancestry or his tribe, and society at once is resolved into a wretched individualism, with which all progress must stop forever; and all the accumulations of past wisdom and experience must be lost in a hopeless and endless chaos. Suppose, for instance, the transmitted tastes and tendencies of the Pilgrim were to cease with the present generation in New England, and the next generation were to come upon the stage, not with the in-born *conatus* of ancestry, but each individual with his own original proclivities, like Frenchmen, Chinamen, or promiscuously what you please. The past two hundred

years would be lost to the future, and the land would sink as by a stroke into primitive barbarism. Laws would only be formed for the exigencies of the present hour. Or rather, since laws are the collective will of a homogeneous population, law and statesmanship would alike cease forever. *Edmund H. Sears.*

## II.

### EVERY PART OF THE NATURE OF USE.

#### NO GIFTS OF GOD CONTRADICTIONARY.

No gift of God does or can contradict any other gift, except by misuse or misdirection. *Coleridge.*

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There is no war between the parts of the human mind ; and (other things being equal) he who best loves God will with most untiring energy and singleness of purpose pursue whatever good work his genius has fitted him for.

*Newman.*

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As Reason is a rebel unto faith, so passion unto reason. As the propositions of faith seem absurd unto reason, so the theorems of reason unto passion. Yet a moderate and peaceable discretion may so state and order the matter, that they may all be kings, and yet make but one monarchy, every one exercising his sovereignty and prerogative in a due time and place, according to the restraint and limit of circumstance. There is, as in philosophy, so in divinity, sturdy doubts and boisterous ob-

jections, wherewith the unhappiness of our knowledge too nearly acquainteth us. More of these no man hath known than myself ; which I confess I conquered, not in a martial posture, but on my knees. *Sir Thomas Browne.*

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The fact is every year becoming more broadly manifest, by the successful application of scientific principles to subjects that had hitherto been only empirically treated, that we are even yet only at the threshold of that palace of Truth which succeeding generations will range over as their own, — a world of scientific inquiry, in which not matter only and its properties, but the far more rich and complex relations of life and thought, of passion and motive, interest and action, will come to be regarded as its legitimate object. *Sir John Herschel.*

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Providence only impels ; it makes us start up from the earth, and do something ; but whether that something shall be good or evil, is the arduous decision which Providence has left to us. You cannot sit quietly till the torch is held up to your cottage, and the dagger to your throat. The feeling which rises up in you at such times, is as much the work of God, as the splendor of the lightning is His work : — but that feeling may degenerate into the fury of a savage, or be disciplined into the rational opposition of a wise and good man. You must be affected by the distinctions of your fellow-creatures, — you cannot help it ; but you may envy those distinctions, or you may emulate them. The dread of shame may



enervate you for manly exertion, or be the vigilant guardian of purity and innocence. There is the good and there is the evil! Every man's destiny is in his own hands. Nature has given us those beginnings, which are the elements of the foulest vices, and the seeds of every sweet, immortal virtue.

Great passions may coexist with a very low state of talent; and great talents with a very low state of passion. Nor does it by any means appear that the cold-blooded race of men are intended to act a less conspicuous part on the theatre of the world, than those whose passions are the most acute and the most irritable. The liberty of Europe has lately been threatened by a man of most impetuous passions; the independence of America was established by a man who certainly had his passions under the most perfect command. When we compare together the retarding and the impelling part of the machinery, it would be crude and hasty language, to give one any preference over the other. If there be a man who has great passions, which he can command and obey, according to circumstances, such a man must in the end be greater than all others of equal talents. . . . It is the great passions alone which enable men to distinguish between what is difficult and what is impossible: a distinction always confounded by merely *sensible* men; who do not even *suspect* the existence of those means, which men of genius employ to effect their object. It is to their passions alone, under the providence of God, that nations must trust, when perils gather thick about them, and their

last moments seem to be at hand. There are seasons in human affairs, when qualities, fit enough to conduct the common business of life, are feeble and useless ; and when men must trust to emotion, for that safety which reason at such times can never give. These are the feelings that led the ten thousand over the Carduchian mountains ; by these a handful of Greeks broke in pieces the power of Persia ; they have by turns humbled Austria, reduced Spain ; and in the fens of the Dutch, and on the mountains of the Swiss, defended the happiness, and revenged the oppressions of men ! God calls all the passions out in their keenness and vigor, for the present safety of mankind. Anger and revenge, and the heroic mind, and a readiness to suffer : all the secret strength, all the invisible array of the feelings, all that nature has reserved for the great scenes of the world. *Sidney Smith.*

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By all that we can look upon an object of sense, and (admitting its capacity of affording present pleasure) steadily reckon up its influence on future happiness ; by all *that* are we advanced in power of thought and rectitude of action. The great labor is to subdue the tyranny of the present impression ; to hold down desire and aversion with a firm grasp, till we have time to see where they would drive us. *Ib.*

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If you take away all the Passions from the Soul, the Mind of man will be as a General without an Army, or an Army without an Enemy. The Passions are not to

be quite extinguished, but regulated, that there may be greater plenitude of life in the whole man.

And those that endeavor after so still, so silent and demure a condition of mind, that they would have the sense of nothing there but peace and rest, striving to make their whole nature desolate of all *Animal Figurations* whatsoever, what do they effect but a clear Day shining upon a barren Heath that feeds neither Cow nor Horse. Neither Sheep nor Shepherd is to be seen there, but only a waste silent Solitude, and one uniform parchedness and vacuity. *Henry More.*

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Few things are more curious than the mode in which the affections, passions, and appetites change into each other. It is a pity that the change should so often be from the higher instinct to the lower.

*Aubrey de Vere.*

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The passions of mankind are partly protective, partly beneficent, like the chaff and grain of the corn ; but none without their use, none without nobleness when seen in balanced unity with the rest of the spirit which they are charged to defend. *Ruskin.*

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The imagination and the feelings have each their truths, as well as the reason. The absorption of the three, so as to concentrate them in the same point, is one of the universalities requisite in a true religion.

*Guesses at Truth.*

There would not be half the difficulty in doing right, but for the frequent occurrence of cases where the lesser virtues are on the side of wrong.

*Guesses at Truth.*

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The feeling is often the deeper truth, the opinion the more superficial one. *Ib.*

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Let but the heart be opened, and a thousand virtues will rush in. *Procter.*

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Sentiments join man to man, opinions divide them.

*Goethe.*

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Receive your thoughts as guests, and treat your desires as children. *Chinese Proverb.*

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Taste is said to be passive genius. Let us be grateful for it, and also for those "tendencies" which can never become "talents."

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In some men's Knowledge Sense and Reason are so twisted up together, that it cannot easily be unravelled, and laid out into its first principles. This is that complex and multifarious man that is made up of Soul and Body, as it were by a just equality and arithmetical proportion of parts and powers in each of them.

The life of these men is steered by nothing else but opinion and imagination. Their higher notions of God

and Religion are so entangled with the birdlime of fleshly Passions and mundane Vanity, that they cannot rise up above the surface of this dark earth, or easily entertain any but earthly conceptions of things. Such souls as are here lodged, are continually pressing down to this world's centre; and though, like the Spider, they may appear sometime moving up and down aloft in the air, yet they do but sit in the loom and move in the web of their gross fancies, which they fasten and pin to some earthly thing or other. *Dr. John Smith.*

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It is needless to remark how little mere feeling can do, however correct, to break through the despotism of habit, or to reinstate the broken springs of action.

*Memoir of Hartley Coleridge.*

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Character can no more be built on thought and feeling, than a house can be built on air. No truth is ours till the arm has given it a local habitation, and no emotion passes into a permanent frame until it determines into principle. *E. H. Sears.*

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The human mind cannot with impunity surrender itself to the constant domination of *any class of emotions*, even of the calmest and purest kind. The perpetuity of a single emotion is insanity. Human nature must be dissolved to its elements, and reconstructed on a different model, before it can suffer the wretchedness of incessant passion, or inherit the bliss of perpetual love and joy.

Divine Providence speaks this truth aloud by the ordinary course of its dispensations ; an hour only is indulged to contemplation ; — the day is demanded by care and toil.

*Isaac Taylor.*

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Without earnestness there is nothing to be done in life ; yet among the people whom we name cultivated men, little earnestness is to be found ; in labors and employments, in arts, nay, even in recreations, they proceed, if I may say so, with a sort of self-defence ; they live, as they read a heap of newspapers, only to have done with it ; they remind one of that young Englishman at Rome, who said, with a contented air, one evening in some company, that to-day he had despatched six churches and two galleries. They wish to know and learn a multitude of things, and precisely those they have the least concern with ; and they never see that hunger is not stilled by snapping at the air. When I become acquainted with a man, my first inquiry is, With what does he employ himself, and how, and with what degree of perseverance ? The answer regulates the interest I shall take in him for life. *Goethe.*

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There is an habitual levity sometimes fixed upon the minds of able men, and a habit of viewing and discussing all questions in a frivolous, mocking manner, as if they had looked through all human knowledge, and found it nothing but what they could easily master, and were entitled to despise. Of all mistakes the greatest is to live and think life of no consequence. *Sidney Smith.*

When a man feels that all the world's a show, and himself only a part of the show, he is in danger of adding Pistol's feeling; "The world's mine oyster, which I with knife will open." With the most splendid talents he will never originate any thing for the good of mankind, for he must be without faith and earnestness.

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Even the weakest man is strong enough to enforce his convictions. *Goethe.*

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A man without earnestness is a mournful and perplexing spectacle. But it is a consolation to believe, as we must of such a one, that he is in the most effectual and compulsive of all schools. *Sterling.*

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There is one Preacher who does preach with effect, and gradually persuade all persons; his name is Destiny, is Divine Providence, and his Sermon the inflexible Course of Things. Experience does take dreadfully high school-wages; but he teaches like no other.

*Carlyle.*

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A negative element exists in all minds; and only by its proper subjugation can the intellect and will of the individual be brought into harmony with the universal. The negative spirit will abide with us, so long as there is evil in ourselves; and it ought to abide in us so long as there is evil in the world. For this is its office, to deny that evil, to strive against and to annul it. Hence it is

especially strong in those who are framed for energetic action,— in those who, beholding the enormous evils in the existing state of things, are seized with a burning desire to deliver the world from them. That it may be restrained from mischievous exaggeration, it requires to be counterbalanced and kept in check by the sobering influences of practical activity. When the waywardness and frowardness of the intellect are without the wholesome check which arises from the need of shaping our speculations in conformity to the objects we have to deal with, a person is apt to run riot in mere negations, and may almost get at length to hear nothing but the echoes of his own *No* through all the recesses of his mind.

*Sterling.*



Knowledge is credence based on sufficient evidence, and superstition is credence without sufficient evidence.

The progress of mankind in the evolution of civilization, is a progress from superstition and error towards knowledge. Superstition and error present themselves under the form of *diversity* of credence; knowledge presents itself under the form of *unity* of credence. Wherever there is knowledge, that knowledge is the same in all parts of the earth, and the same in substance whatever language it may use as the instrument of expression. The progress of mankind, therefore, is a progress from diversity of credence towards unity of credence. There is but *one* truth, *one* scheme of knowledge; and consequently wherever knowledge is really attained, diversity



of credence is impossible. Where men differ in credence, they differ because one or all have *not* knowledge.

Doubts, disputes, denials, and diversity of opinion, are of little importance. They are the modes in which man expresses his ignorance, and frequently the means he uses to acquire knowledge and determine truth.

*Theory of Human Progression.*

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In the physical sciences we need "what Mr. Mill discusses under the title of *axiomata media* ; we require a graduated transition from abstract principles to their practical application." Are not these *axiomata media* as valuable in the moral as in the physical sciences ?

### III.

## CULTURE OF EVERY PART.

### DISCUSSION.

I AM about to recommend a practice in the conduct of the understanding, which, I dare say, will be strongly objected to by men of the world, the practice of discussing. But then I have many limitations to add to such recommendation. It is as unfair to compel a man to discuss with you, who cannot play the game, or does not like it, as it would be to compel a person to play at chess with you under similar circumstances. Neither is such an exercise of the mind suitable to the rapidity and equal division of general conversation. Such practices are of course as ill-bred and as absurd as it would be to pull out a grammar and a dictionary in a general society, and to prosecute the study of a language. But when two men meet together who love truth, and discuss any difficult point with good nature and a respect for each other's understandings, it always imparts a high degree of steadiness and certainty to our knowledge ; or what is nearly of equal value, it convinces us of our ignorance. It is an exercise which is

apt to degenerate into a habit of perpetual contradiction, which is the most tiresome and most *disgusting* in all the catalogue of imbecilities. It is an exercise which timid men dread,—from which irritable men ought to abstain; but which, in my humble opinion, advances a man who is calm enough for it and strong enough for it, far beyond any other method of employing the mind. Indeed, a promptitude to discuss, is so far a proof of a sound mind, that whenever we feel pain and alarm at our opinions being questioned, it is a sign that they have been taken up without examination, or that the reasons which once determined our judgment have vanished away.

*Sidney Smith.*

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I cannot help thinking that the candid, liberal, and easy discussion of opinions is the most rational turn that can be given to the conversation of well-educated men. This style of conversation is no doubt at first attended with great difficulties; but the whole refinement of social intercourse consists in the imposition of restraints; all improvement is nothing but the removal of obstacles.

*Horner.*

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The presence of our fellows and the exchange of looks and words with them, are the great instruments of self-consciousness, and are suitable for all those parts and faculties of a man which are improved by study and attention. But there are elements of our being that were

never meant for this ; which change their character by being breathed upon ; or which vanish in the sound that utters them.

There are things too low to be spoken of : which indeed become low by being spoken of. The appetites are of this kind. They were meant to be the beginnings of action, not the end of speech : and under the dropping of words, they are as wholesome food analyzed into constituent poisons. God lights that fire, and does not want our breath to blow it, or the fuel of our thought to feed it. . . .

Purity of mind is forfeited, less by exceeding rules of moderation, than by needing them ; — by attention to the inferior pleasures as such. There might be less of moral evil in the rude banquet of heroic times, marked perhaps by excess, but warmed by social enthusiasm, and idealized by lofty minstrelsy, than in many a meal of the prudent dietician, setting a police over his sensations and weighing out the scruples of enjoyment for his palate. Not rules of quantity, but habits of forgetfulness, constitute our emancipation from the animal nature. Most futile is the attempt to base the morality of the appetites on physiology. Let us indeed accept such help as may come from this source also ; but let us rate it at its worth and assign it to its place. Good for the remedy of bodily disease, it is not good for the formation of character ; and it is odious as the substitute for religion. *Martineau.*

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There are also things too high to be spoken of : and

which cease to be high, by being made objects of ordinary speech. Language occupies the mid-region of our life, between the wants that ground us on the earth, and the affections that lift us to the skies. If we were all animal, we could not use it ; if we were as God, we should give it up, and lapse, like him, into eternal silence. It is the instrument of business, of learning, of mutual understanding, of common action ; the tool of the Intellect and the Will ; the glory of a nature more than brutal, the mark of one less than the divine ; as truly the characteristic of labor in the mind, as the sweat of the brow of the body's toil ; emblem at once of blessing and of curse ; recalling an Eden half remembered, while we work in the desert that can never be forgot. When we try to raise it to higher functions, it only spoils the thing it cannot speak ; which becomes, like an uttered secret, a treasure killed and gone. *Martineau.*

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Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together ; that at length they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the daylight of life, which they are thenceforth to rule. Not William the Silent only, but all the considerable men I have known, and the most undiplomatic and unstrategic of these, forbore to babble of what they were creating and projecting. Nay, in thy own mean perplexities, do thou thyself but *hold thy tongue for one day* ; on the morrow, how much clearer are thy purposes and duties ; what wreck and rubbish

have those mute workmen within thee swept away, when intrusive noises were shut out! Speech is too often, not as the Frenchman defined it, the art of concealing thought; but of quite stifling and suspending thought, so that there is none to conceal. Speech too is great, but not the greatest. Speech is silver, Silence is golden; or, as I might rather express it: Speech is of Time, Silence of Eternity. *Carlyle.*

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Shut the windows that the room may be light.

*Arabian Proverb.*

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Hardly any period of after-life is so rich in vivid and rapturous enjoyment, as that when Knowledge is first unfolding its magical prospects to a genial and ardent youth; when his eyes open to discern the golden network of thought wherein man has robed the naked limbs of the world, and to see all that he feels teeming and glowing within his breast, embodied in glorified and deathless forms in the living gallery of Poetry. . . .

Cherish and foster that spirit of love, which lies wakeful, seeking what it may feed on, in every genial young mind; supply it with wholesome food; place an object before it worthy its embraces; else it will try to appease its cravings by lawless indulgence. What your system may be, is of minor importance: in every one, as Leibnitz says, there is a sufficiency of truth. Plunge as deep as you will into the sea of knowledge; and do not fear

his being unable or unwilling to follow you. It is wholesome and bracing for the mind, to have its faculties kept on the stretch. It is like the effect of a walk in Switzerland upon the body. Reading an Essay of Bacon's or a chapter of Aristotle is much like climbing up a hill, and may do one the same sort of good. *Guesses at Truth.*

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The cure for a narrow and confined understanding is to see many things and many men; to taste of the sweetness of truth in science, and to cultivate a love of it; to have the words, *liberality, candor, knowledge*, often in your mouth, and at length they will get into your heart; to ask the *reason of things*, and find the *meaning of words*; to hear patiently any one who confirms what you thought before, or who refutes it; to propose to yourself in life the same object as the law proposes in the examination of evidence, — to *get at the truth*, and nothing *but* the truth. Without study, no man can ever do any thing with his understanding. But in spite of all that has been said about the sweets of study, it is a sort of luxury, like the taste for olives and coffee — not natural, very hard to be acquired, and very easily lost.

One of the best methods of rendering study agreeable, is to live with able men, and to suffer all those pangs of inferiority, which the want of knowledge always inflicts. Nothing short of some such powerful motive, can drive a young person, in the full possession of health and bodily activity, to such an unnatural and such an unobvious mode of passing his life as study. . . .

Curiosity is a passion very favorable to the love of study ; and a passion very susceptible of increase by cultivation. Sound travels so many feet in a second ; and light travels so many feet in a second. Nothing more probable ; but you do not care *how* light and sound travel. Very likely, but *make* yourself care ; get up, shake yourself well, *pretend* to care, make believe to care, and very soon you *will* care, and care so much, that you will sit for hours thinking about light and sound, and be extremely angry with any one who interrupts you in your pursuits ; and tolerate no other conversation but about light and sound ; and catch yourself plaguing every body to death who approaches you, with the discussion of these subjects.

There is nothing so horrible as languid study ; when you sit looking at the clock, wishing the time was over, or that somebody would call on you and put you out of your misery. The only way to read with any efficacy, is to read so heartily, that dinner time comes two hours before you expect it. To sit with your Livy before you, and hear the geese cackling that saved the capitol ; and to see with your own eyes the Carthaginian sutlers gathering up the rings of the Roman knights after the battle of Cannae, and heaping them into bushels ; and to be so intimately present at the actions you are reading of, that when any body knocks at the door, it will take you two or three seconds to determine whether you are in your own study, or in the plains of Lombardy, looking at Hannibal's weather-beaten face, and admiring the splendor of his single eye ; this is the only kind of study which is



not tiresome, and almost the only kind which is not useless. *Sidney Smith.*

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The first thing to be done in conducting the understanding is precisely the same as in conducting the body, to give it regular and copious supplies of food, to prevent that atrophy and marasmus of mind, which comes on from giving it no new ideas. It is a mistake equally fatal to the memory, the imagination, the powers of reasoning, and to every faculty of the mind, to think too early that we can live upon our stock of understanding,—that it is time to leave off business, and make use of the acquisitions we have already made, without troubling ourselves any further to add to them. It is no more possible for an idle man to keep together a certain stock of knowledge than it is possible to keep together a stock of ice exposed to the meridian sun. Every day destroys a fact, a relation, or an inference; and the only method of preserving the bulk and value of the pile is by constantly adding to it.

The prevailing idea with young people has been the incompatibility of labor and genius; and from the fear of being thought dull, they have thought it necessary to remain ignorant. But the greatest natural genius cannot subsist on his own stock. And generally speaking, the life of all truly great men has been a life of intense and incessant labor. . . .

Yes he is a miracle of genius because he is a miracle of labor; because instead of trusting to the resources of

his own single mind, he has ransacked a thousand minds; because he makes use of the accumulated wisdom of ages, and takes as his point of departure the very last line and boundary to which science has advanced; because it has ever been the object of his life to assist every intellectual gift of nature, however munificent and however splendid, with every resource that art could suggest, and every attention diligence could bestow. . . .

But, some men may be disposed to ask, "Why conduct my understanding with such endless care? and what is the use of so much knowledge?" What is the use of so much knowledge?—what is the use of so much life!—what are we to do with the seventy years of existence allotted to us?—and how are we to live them out to the last? The fire of our minds must act and feed—upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions. Therefore, when I say, love knowledge with a great love, with a vehement love, with a love coeval with life, what do I say, but love innocence,—love virtue,—love purity of conduct,—love that which will comfort you, adorn you, never quit you;—which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception, as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain that may be your lot in the outer world,—that which will make your motives habitually great and honorable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and of fraud. *Sidney Smith.*

Be always provided with a few short uncontested Notions to keep your Understanding True, and make you easy in your Business. For instance, what is it that Troubles you? Is it the Wickedness of the World, and the ill Usage you meet with? If this be your Case, Out with your Antidote, and consider that Mankind were made for mutual Advantage; that Forbearance is one part of Justice, and that People misbehave themselves against their Will. . . .

But it may be the Government of the World does not please you. Take out t'other Notion and Argue thus. Either *Providence* or *Chance* sits at the *Helm*. If the First, the Administration can't be questioned; if the Latter, there's no mending on't. *Antoninus*.

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Preserve proportion in your reading, keep your view of men and things extensive, and depend upon it a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one: as far as it goes the views it gives are true; but he who reads deeply in one class of writers only, gets views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only *narrow* but *false*.

*Dr. Arnold.*

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We should accustom the mind to keep the best company by introducing it only to the best books. *Sidney Smith.*

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Have the *courage* to be ignorant of a great number of things, in order to avoid the calamity of being ignorant of every thing. *Ib.*

A mere apprenticeship is not good education.

Whatever system of tuition is solely adapted to enable the pupil to play a certain part in the world's drama, whether for his own earthly advantage, or for that of any other man or community of men, is a mere apprenticeship. It matters not whether the part be high or low, the hero or the fool. A good education, on the other hand, looks primarily to the right foundation of the man in man, and its final cause is the well-being of the pupil, as he is a moral, responsible, and immortal being.

But, because to every man there is appointed a certain ministry and service, a path described of duty, a work to perform, and a race to run, an office in the economy of Providence, a good education always provides a good apprenticeship, for usefulness is a necessary property of goodness.

A man whose education is without apprenticeship, will be useless; a man whose education is all apprenticeship, will be bad, and therefore pernicious, and the more pernicious in proportion as his function is high, noble, or influential. *Hartley Coleridge.*

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Education should bring to light the ideal of the individual. *Richter.*

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Shall your faults be as the scales of the plant, stripped off one by one till the flower smiles on top, or shall they be as the coat of the shell-fish, to which each year adds a layer.

We paint our lives in fresco. The soft and fusile plaster of the moment hardens under every stroke of the brush into eternal rock. *Sterling.*

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We have weak points both by birth and education, and it may be questioned which of the two give us most trouble. *Goethe.*

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Practical wisdom acts in the mind, as gravitation does in the material world : combining, keeping things in their places, and maintaining a mutual dependence amongst the various parts of our system. It is forever reminding us where we are, and what we can do, not in fancy, but in real life. It does not permit us to wait for dainty duties, pleasant to the imagination ; but insists upon our doing those which are before us. *Helps.*

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The question may arise, whether errors of the judgment are, as such, absolutely void of offence ; and whether he who has committed them may look back upon them, whatever may have been their consequences, without any compunctious visitings.

So much regret might be felt, if no more, as would suffice to awaken some self-questionings, not merely as to the specific moral rectitude accompanying or proximately preceding the particular act, but as to that general and life-long training of the heart to wisdom, which gives the best assurance of specific results, and of which, therefore, specific failures should suggest the deficiency. Some

short-comings of this kind there must of course be in all human beings, and they should be at all times aware of it; but it is in the order of Nature that this consciousness should be quickened from time to time by the contemplation of evil consequences arising from specific errors of judgment, however innocent in themselves; which contemplation, accompanied with a natural regret, constitutes what may be called a repentance of the understanding — not easily to be escaped by a plain man, nor properly to be repudiated by a philosopher.

Yet when the consequences of an error of judgment are irremediable, how often are those who would animadvert upon it, met with the admonition to 'let the past be past': as if the past had no relations with the future; and as if the experience of our errors of judgment, and the inquisition into their sources, did not, by its very painfulness, effect the deepest cultivation of the understanding, — that cultivation whereby what is irremediable is itself converted into a remedy. *Henry Taylor.*

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If I have any thing to thank nature for, her best gift to me was a correct and very rapid judgment, a facility in detecting everything false, incorrect, untrue, that can hardly be imposed upon. *Niebuhr.*

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The doctrine of wisdom by impulse is no doubt liable to be much misused and misapplied. The right to rest upon such a creed accrues only to those who have so trained their nature as to be entitled to trust it. It is the impulse

of the *habitual* heart which the judgment may fairly follow upon occasion — of the heart which, being habitually humble and loving, has been framed by love to wisdom. Some such fashioning love will always effect; for love cannot exist without solicitude, solicitude brings thoughtfulness, and it is in a thoughtful love that the wisdom of the heart consists. The impulse of such a heart will take its shape and guidance from the very mould in which it is cast, without any application of the reason express; and the most inadvertent motion of a wise heart will for the most part be wisely directed; providentially, let us rather say; for Providence has no more eminent seat than in the wisdom of the heart.

Wisdom by impulse, then, is to be trusted in by those only who have habitually used their reason to the full extent of its powers in forming the heart and cultivating the judgment. *Henry Taylor.*

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Men who are accustomed to write or speak for effect, may write or speak what is wise from time to time, because they may be capable of thinking and intellectually adopting what is wise: but they will not be wise men; because the love of God, the love of man, and the love of truth not having the mastery with them, the growth and structure of their minds must needs be perverted if not stunted. Thence it is that so many men are observed to speak wisely and yet act foolishly; they are not deficient in their understandings, but the wisdom of the heart is wanting to their ends and objects, and to those feelings

which have the direction of their acts. And if they do speak wisely, it is not because they are wise. *Henry Taylor.*

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Those who are much conversant with intellectual men will observe, I think, that the particular action of self-love by which their minds are most frequently warped from wisdom, is that which belongs to a pride and pleasure taken in the exercise of the argumentative faculty; whence it arises that that faculty is enabled to assert a predominance over its betters. With such men, the elements of a question which will make effect in argument;—those which are, so far as they go, demonstrative, will be rated above their value; and those which are matter of proportion and degree, not palpable, ponderable, or easily or shortly producible in words, or which are matters of moral estimation and optional opinion, will go for less than they are worth, because they are not available to ensure the victory or grace the triumph of a disputant.

I have seldom known a man with great powers of argumentation abundantly indulged, who could attain to an habitually just judgment. *Ib.*

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Ambition and self-love will commonly derange that proportion between the active and passive understanding which is essential to wisdom, and will lead a man to value thoughts and opinions less according to their worth and truth, than according as they are his own or another's. Some preference a man may reasonably accord to what is the growth of his own mind apart from its absolute value,



on the ground of its specific usefulness to himself. He should cherish the thoughts of his own begetting with a loving care and a temperate discipline, — they are the *family* of his mind and its chief reliance — but he should give a hospitable reception to guests and to travellers with stories of far countries, and the family should not be suffered to crowd the doors. *Henry Taylor.*

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Even without the stimulant of self-love, some minds, owing to a natural redundance of activity, and excess of velocity and fertility, cannot be sufficiently passive to be wise. A capability to take a thousand views of a subject is hard to be reconciled with directness and singleness of judgment; and he who can find a great deal to say for any view, will not often go the straight road to the one view that is right. If subtlety be added to exuberance, the judgment is still more endangered. *Id.*

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A character endued with a large, vivacious, active intellect, and a limited range of sympathies, generally remains immature. We can grow *wise* only through the experience which reaches us through our sympathies and becomes part of our life. *Mrs. Jameson.*

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Sterling writes to a young man: “Even if you were tempted to strike out a path of study for yourself, and by some sport of accident, hit upon a better than that in which you are directed, the moral loss would probably be far greater than the intellectual gain, — the loss of

humility, of quiet, of self-distrust, of teachableness, the peculiar Graces, or Charities of the Student.”

*Sterling.*

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If a man of genius be fortunately free from ambition, there is yet another enemy which will commonly lie in wait for his wisdom; to wit, a great capacity of enjoyment. The temptation by which such a man is assailed, consists in imagining that he has within himself and by virtue of his temperament, sources of joy altogether independent of conduct and circumstances. It is true that he has these sources on this unconditional tenure for a time; and it is owing to this very truth that his futurity is in danger,—not in respect of wisdom only, but also in respect of happiness. And if we look to recorded examples, we shall find that a great capacity of enjoyment does ordinarily bring about the destruction of enjoyment in its own ulterior consequences, having uprooted wisdom by the way.

Wisdom is not wanted. The intellect, perhaps, amidst the abundance of its joys rejoices in wise contemplations; but wisdom is not adopted and domesticated in the mind, owing to the fearlessness of the heart. *Henry Taylor.*

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When the master has not reason or judgment, understanding or discernment, the porter reported right of him, saying; there is nobody in the house. *Sadi.*

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Literary dissipation is no less destructive of sympathy

with the living world, than sensual dissipation. Mere intellect is as hard-hearted and as heart-hardening as mere sense. Nor is there any repugnance in either to coalesce with the other. *Guesses at Truth.*

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My preconceived opinion of the scholars and higher classes in Italy has proved perfectly correct. There are individual exceptions as regards erudition, but, even in these cases, there is not that cultivation of the whole man which we deem indispensable. I have become acquainted with two or three literary men of real ability; but they are like statues wrought to be placed in a frieze on the wall; the side turned towards you is of finished beauty, the other unhewn stone. They are much what our scholars may have been sixty or eighty years ago. No one feels himself a citizen. Not only are the people destitute of hope, they have not even wishes respecting the affairs of the world; and all the springs of great and noble thoughts and feelings are choked up. *Niebuhr.*

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All great art is the work of the whole living creature, body and soul, and chiefly of the soul. But it is not only *the work* of the whole creature, it likewise *addresses* the whole creature. That in which the perfect being speaks, must also have the perfect being to listen. I am not to spend my utmost spirit, and give all my strength and life to my work, while you, spectator or hearer, will give me only the attention of half your soul. You must be all mine, as I am all yours; it is the only condition on

which we can meet each other. All your faculties, all that is in you of greatest and best, must be awake in you, or I have no reward. The painter is not to cast the entire treasure of his human nature into his labor merely to please a part of the beholder : not merely to delight his senses, not merely to amuse his fancy, not merely to beguile him into emotion, not merely to lead him into thought ; but to do *all* this. Senses, fancy, feeling, reason, the whole of the beholding spirit, must be stilled in attention or stirred with delight ; else the laboring spirit has not done its work well. For observe, it is not merely its *right* to be thus met, face to face, heart to heart ; but it is its *duty* to evoke this answering of the other soul : its trumpet call must be so clear, that though the challenge may by dulness or indolence be unanswered, there shall be no error as to the meaning of the appeal ; there must be a summons in the work, which it shall be our own fault if we do not obey. We require this of it, we beseech this of it. Most men do not know what is in them, till they receive this summons from their fellows : their hearts die within them, sleep settles upon them, the lethargy of the world's miasmata ; there is nothing for which they are so thankful as for that cry, " Awake, thou that sleepest." And this cry must be most loudly uttered to their noblest faculties ; first of all, to the imagination, for that is the most tender, and the soonest struck into numbness by the poisoned air : so that one of the main functions of art, in its service to man, is to rouse the imagination from its palsy, like the angel troubling the

Bethesda pool ; and the art which does not do this is false to its duty, and degraded in its nature. It is not enough that it be well imagined, it must task the beholder also to imagine well ; and this so imperatively, that if he does not choose to rouse himself to meet the work, he shall not taste it, nor enjoy it in any wise.

Whatever may be the means, or whatever the more immediate end of any kind of art ; all of it that is good agrees in this, that it is the expression of one soul talking to another, and is precious according to the greatness of the soul that utters it. *Ruskin.*

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Those do not act well, who in a solitary exclusive manner, follow moral cultivation by itself. He who strives for a development of that kind, has likewise every reason, at the same time, to improve his finer sentient powers ; that so he may not run the risk of sinking from his moral height, by giving way to the enticements of a lawless fancy, and degrading his moral nature by allowing it to take delight in tasteless baubles, if not in something worse. *Goethe.*

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All the parts of our sentimental nature are finely connected. Therefore any tendency to moral sensibility will be strengthened by the delicacy given to the sentient nature generally, by familiarity with art and nature.

*Wright.*

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My Illustrious Friend, and joy of my Liver! — The

thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses, nor have I inquired into the number of the inhabitants; and as to what one person loads on his mules, and the other stows away in the bottom of his ship, that is no business of mine. But above all, as to the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion that the infidel may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were unprofitable for us to inquire into it.

O my soul! O my lamb! seek not after the things which concern thee not. Thou camest unto us and we welcomed thee; go in peace.

Of a truth thou hast spoken many words; and there is no harm done, for the speaker is one, and the listener is another. After the fashion of thy people thou hast wandered from one place to another until thou art happy and content in none. We (praise be to God) were born here, and never desire to quit it. Is it possible, then, that the idea of a general intercourse between mankind should make any impression on our understandings? God forbid!

Listen, O my son! There is no wisdom equal unto the belief in God! He created the world, and shall we liken ourselves unto him in seeking to penetrate into the mysteries of his creation? Shall we say, behold this star spinneth round that star, and this other star with a tail goeth and cometh in so many years! Let it go! He from whose hand it came, will guide and direct it.

But thou wilt say unto me stand aside, O man, for I am more learned than thou art, and have seen more things. If thou thinkest that in this respect thou art better than I am, thou art welcome. I praise God that I seek not that which I require not. Thou art learned in the things I care not for; and as for that which thou hast seen, I defile it. Will much knowledge create thee a double belly, or wilt thou seek Paradise with thine eyes?

O my friend! if thou wilt be happy, say, There is no God but God! Do no evil, and thus wilt thou fear neither man nor death; for surely thine hour will come!

The meek in spirit (El Fakir)

IMAUN ALI ZADE.

*Letter from a Turkish Cadi, from Layard's Nineveh and Babylon.*

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The Intellectual distinctions and graces of our Being are relative and temporary. It may be that the very Faculties by which our present knowledge is attained, are only adapted to the present condition of man, and are of a perishable essence; but in all ages, and in all worlds, the spirit of sympathy with the pure and good must be of the *substance* of our peace, one principle of harmony with the will and the works of God. Charity never faileth. Love, the very same Love that we experience now, can be superseded in no world where God and blessed Beings are. Knowledge may fade, like a star out of the meridian sky, as a light unsuited to that diviner Day. What vast stores of knowledge, prized on earth, shall find no scope in

Heaven! The erudition of the Critic, the learning of the Biblical Student, — a few words of actual converse with the Church of the first-born, with Prophets and Apostles, will sweep it all away. The Powers that have been exercised and trained therein may, indeed, be noble instruments for eternal progress, — but this *knowledge* is for the Earth, and the Immortal Faculties may cast its burden off. *J. H. Thom.*

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The truths of moral arithmetic are as inevitable as those of intellectual arithmetic. No figure can be called larger, no fraction thrown away. No amount of one ingredient can make up for the absence of another. Each sooner or later, visibly or in secret, brings out its just result. The grain of weakness brings ruin to the mass of strength, the drop of folly spills the cup of wisdom.

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The Searcher of all hearts may make as ample a trial of you in your conduct to one poor dependent, as of the man who is appointed to lead armies and administer provinces. Nay, your treatment of some animal entrusted to your care may be a history as significant for you as the chronicles of kings for them. *The moral experiments of the world may be tried with the smallest quantities.*

*Helps.*

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While the intention of *Moral treatment* is always to reduce individual peculiarities of temper nearly to a uniformity, or, at least, to bring them to an approximation to



the one standard of truth and goodness, it is the rule of *Intellectual treatment* to enhance rather than to abate the peculiar mental character, and to give the highest possible advantage to whatever faculty may have been bestowed on the mind as its personal distinction.

*Isaac Taylor.*

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Moral realism in a man renders him acutely sensitive to a fresh class of facts, which to mere intellectual discernment seem half shadowy : and while protecting him equally against shams, introduce him also to new realities. Falsehoods generally ring hollow, even on the ear of the mere intellect ; which, however, if listening unassisted, can rarely detect the passing footsteps and new abode of the truth which they once sheltered. Erasmus saw as clearly as Luther the decrepitude and false pretensions of the Church, but he could never have made men feel as Luther did, that though God was no longer *there*, he might still be found. *Prospective Review.*

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For imagination, passion, and thought, no moral substitutes, indeed, can be found ; but the degree in which these gifts discharge their special functions, depends mainly upon their exercises being directed by a prevailing spirit of moral wisdom. *Edinburgh Review.*

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Virtue does not give talents, but it supplies their place. Talents neither give virtue, nor supply the place of it.

*Chinese Proverb.*

#### IV.

### VARIOUS GIFTS AND VARIOUS CHARACTERS.

#### DIVERSITY OF GIFTS.

METHINKS the diversity of gifts in several men hath some resemblance with the diversity of colors in several bodies. Some bodies you see are clothed in bright and orient colors. Nature took a Sunbeam for her pencil, and flourished them most gloriously. They have a greater collection and condensation of light, and are varnished over: other sullen and discontented bodies, in sad and dusky colors, drawn with a coal. Now the brightest colors they have *aliquid umbræ*; and the darkest they have *aliquid lucis*. And some bodies are content with one color; others have a pleasant variety, and are set out with a rich Embroidery. See the same in the excellencies of the mind, those *interni colores* as I may call them; which are divine light severally distributed into souls, where some have a fairer gloss set upon them, a twinkling and glittering soul, all bespangled with light; others have more sad and dark-colored spirits. Now the brightest they have somewhat of a cloud, darkness and imperfec-

tion enough to take them off from boasting ; and the darkest they have somewhat of a beam, some light and excellency enough to keep them from discouragement. Some are eminent in one gift, others have variety of colors. They that glory in one excellency, what do they but as if a man should refuse to look only upon some one color most pleasant to him, when all are as suitable to the eye, though some more delightful. All those tend to the beauty of Nature, and all these to the beauty of Holiness.

*Nathaniel Culverwel.*

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Two men may give up their account ; the one that has done less good with greater joy, because he did answerable to his Talent ; when as the other intrusted with some golden and precious excellency, may have done more good ; but yet nothing so proportionable to his ability. But if men would thus lay out themselves, and unite their several gifts and excellencies in one general aim, what glorious times should we then see. How would knowledge begin to cover the face of the Earth, as Waters do the Sea. How would the Tree of Knowledge be so laden with fruit, as that 't would stoop down, and children might pick off the Apples that were ready to drop into their mouths. How would the world become full of fair windows and goodly prospects, and all gilded over with light. And we should walk from strength to strength, till we appeared before God in glory. *Ib.*

In the grouping of nature, dissimilar things are invariably brought together, and by serving each other's wants, and furnishing the complement to each other's beauty, present a whole more perfect than the sum of all the parts. The world we live in is not a cabinet of curiosities, in which every kind of thing has an assortment of its own, labelled with its exclusive characters, and scrupulously separated from objects of kindred tribe. The free creative hand distributes its riches by other order than the formal arrangements of a museum ; and for the happy life and free action of the universe, blends a thousand things, which, for the ends of knowledge only, would be kept apart. . . .

In the natural grouping of human life, the same rule is found. It is not *similarity* but *dissimilarity*, that constitutes the qualification for heartfelt union among mankind. A family, than which there is no more genuine type of nature's method of arrangement,— is throughout a combination of *opposites*. . . .

Now the assortments of an old civilization follow a law precisely the reverse of that which we have ascribed to the Providential rule. It unites all elements that are like, and separates the unlike. Instead of throwing men into harmonious groups, it analyzes them into distinct classes ; conferring upon each sort of human being a kind of charter of incorporation ; giving them something of a collective will, a feeling for their order, and a conscious pursuit of its special ends. The mutual dependence of differently endowed men is not indeed destroyed or even

lessened ; but it is shifted from the individual to the class. Where, before, person was helpful to person, nation now supplies the want of nation, and one mass of labour fills up the deficiency of another. This makes the greatest difference in the whole moral structure of human life. The contact of the dissimilar elements, I need not say, is much less close ; vast circles, embracing collections of men, hang upon one another ; but not the people within them, taken one by one. The daily life of each is passed in the presence, not of his *unequals*, but of his *equals*. He lives within his class : he mixes with those who have much that he possesses, and little that he wants ; and who in their turn want little that he can give, and much of which he is empty. He finds his own feelings repeated, his own tastes confirmed, his own judgments defended, his own type of wisdom reproduced, and becoming an adept in the characteristics of his order, he misses the perfection of his nature. He is esteemed in proportion as he exaggerates the peculiarities of his class ; and he ceases to be its model and its idol, the moment he seeks to infuse into it the elements of some foreign wisdom, and treats with respect the depository of some opposing truth. How completely this association by sympathy has taken place of association by difference, is plain to all who look upon the world with open eyes. Only those who are of the same sect, of equal rank, of one party, of kindred pursuit, of pretty equal knowledge, and concurrent tastes, are found often in the same society. Everywhere, mechanism and economy are substituting, over our world, the

classifications of an encampment for the organism of a home.

A man always among his equals is like the school-boy at his play ; whose eager voice and disputatious claim and bold defiance of the wrong, and merciless derision of the feeble, betray that self-will is wide awake, and pity lulled to sleep. But see the same child in his home, and the genial laugh, the deferential look, the hand of generous help, the air of cheerful trust, show how, with beings above and beneath him, he can forget himself in gentle thoughts and quiet reverence. And so it is with us all. The world is not given to us as a play-ground or a school alone, where we may learn to fight our way upon our own level, and leave others scope for a fair race ; but as a domestic system, surrounding us with weaker souls for our hand to succor, and stronger ones for our hearts to serve. If the one set of relations are needful for the formation of manly qualities, it is the other that gives occasion to the divine. And if, in our own day and our own class, the moral and intellectual elements of character have become completely and deplorably ascendant over the religious ; if in our honor for truth and justice as realities, we have got to think all piety a dream ; if life, in becoming a vigorous work, has ceased to be a holy worship ; if its tasks are done and its mysteries forgotten, and in being occupied by our Will it is emptied of our God ; if, in the better rule of our finite lot, we forget to serve its Infinite Disposer ; it is, in part, because we live too exclusively with our equals. We associate with those

who think our thoughts, feel our feelings, live our life: we read the books which repeat our tastes, justify our opinions, confirm our admirations. . . .

The faith of Christ throws together the unlike ingredients which civilization had sifted out from one another. The moment a man becomes a *disciple*, his exclusive self-reliance vanishes; the rigid lines of his mere manly posture become softened; he trusts another than himself; he loves a better spirit than his own; and while living in what is human, aspires to what is divine. And in this new opening of a world above him, a fresh light comes down upon the world beneath him; the infinite glory of the heaven reveals the infinite sadness there is on earth. Standing no longer on his own level, as if that were all, he feels himself in the midst, between a higher existence to which he would attain, and a lower to which he would give help. Aspiration and pity rush into his heart from opposite directions; he forgets himself: the stiff strong footing taken by his will gives way; and he is mellowed into the attitudes of *looking up and lifting up*. These are the two characteristic postures of the Christian life. . . .

Some habitual association with the poor, the dependent, the sorrowful, is an indispensable source of the highest elements of character. If we are faithful to the obligations which such contact with infirmity must bring; if we gently take the trembling hand that seeks our guidance, and spend the willing care, and exercise the needful patience; why, it makes us descend into healthful depths

of sorrowful affection which else we should never reach ; it first teaches us what it is to wear this nature of ours, and shows us that we have been men and have not known it. It strips off the thick bandages of self, and the grave clothes of custom ; and bids us awake to a life which first reveals to us the death-like insensibility from which we are emerging. Yes ; and even if we are unfaithful to our trust, if we have let our negligence have fatal way ; if sorrows fall on some poor dependent charge, from which it was our broken purpose to shield his head ; still it is good that we have known him, and that his presence has been with us. Had we hurt a *superior*, we should have expected his punishment ; had we offended an *equal*, we should have looked for his displeasure ; and these things once endured, the crisis would have been passed. But to have injured the *weak* who must be dumb before us, and look up with only the lines of grief which we have traced ; — this strikes an awful anguish into our hearts : a cloud of divine Justice broods over us, and we expect from God the punishment which there is no man to give. The rule of heavenly equity gathers closer to us than before ; and we that had neglected mercy are brought low to ask it. Thus it is that the weak, the child, the outcast, they that have none to help them, raise up an Infinite protector on their side, and by their very wretchedness sustain the faith of Justice ever on the throne. *Martineau.*

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He who does not raise himself above the breastwork of his order, is no hero within it. An order, as such, makes



only puppets. Be in thine own person more than thine order ; and then thou wilt be the first to perceive, to avoid, and to amend its defects. *Herder.*

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In every man who is not an animal, in whom mind is more powerful than circumstances, there is something informing and spiritual that makes him different from all his fellows. Affection, love, grace, tenderness, down to shrewd sense, when native to the character, take forms as special and varied as those of Imagination or Creative Thought. It is found impossible to replace an ordinary friend ; there is but one of the kind. Some of the plainest men one knows, made out of the commonest elements, are the most strongly marked with individuality, and defy imitation as much as Genius itself.

*Prospective Review.*

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The whole function of the artist in the world is to be a seeing and feeling creature ; to be an instrument of such tenderness and sensitiveness, that no shadow, no hue, no line, no instantaneous and evanescent expression of the visible things around him, nor any of the emotions which they are capable of conveying to the spirit which has been given him, shall either be left unrecorded, or fade from the book of record. It is not his business either to think, to judge, to argue, or to know. The work of his life is to be twofold only ; to see, to feel.

The thoughtful man is gone far away to seek ; but the perceiving man must sit still, and open his heart to receive.

The thoughtful man is knitting and sharpening himself into a two-edged sword, wherewith to pierce. The perceiving man is stretching himself into a four-cornered sheet, wherewith to catch. And all the breadth to which he can expand himself, and all the white emptiness into which he can blanch himself, will not be enough to receive what God has to give him.

An artist need not be a *learned* man ; in all probability it will be a disadvantage to him to become so ; but he ought, if possible, always to be an *educated* man : that is, one who has understanding of his own uses and duties in the world, and therefore of the general nature of the things done and existing in the world ; and who has so trained himself, or been trained, as to turn to the best and most courteous account whatever faculties or knowledge he has. The mind of an educated man is greater than the knowledge it possesses ; it is like the vault of heaven, encompassing the earth which lives and flourishes beneath it ; but the mind of an uneducated and learned man is like a caoutchouc band, with an everlasting spirit of contraction in it, fastening together papers which it cannot open and keeps others from opening. *Ruskin.* }

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Mrs. Jameson gives this as an analysis of the artistic nature ; it is true of one class of men, though not of the highest artists.

“ Il ressent une véritable émotion, mais il s’arrange pour la montrer.

“ Beaucoup de gens alors, sont naturellement comédiens ;

c'est à dire qu'ils donnent un rôle à leurs passions ; ils sentent en dehors, au lieu de sentir en dedans ; leurs émotions sont *en relief* au lieu d'être en profondeur.

*St. Marc — Girardin.*

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Come, I will show thee an affliction unnumbered among the world's sorrows,

Yet real and wearisome, and constant, embittering the cup of life.

There be who can think within themselves, and the fire burneth at their heart,

And eloquence waiteth at their lips, yet they speak not with their tongue ;

The mocking promise of power is once more broken in performance,

And they stand impotent of words, travailing with unborn thoughts ;

And thought, finding not a vent, smouldereth, gnawing at the heart,

And the man sinketh in his sphere, for lack of empty sounds.

*Tupper.*

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O thou who art able to write a book, which once in the two centuries or oftener there is a man gifted to do, envy not him whom they name city-builder, and inexpressibly pity him whom they name conqueror or city-burner. Thou, too, art a conqueror and victor, but of the true sort. *Carlyle.*

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A man need but to *be* to the best of his abilities, and he will occasionally *appear* to advantage. *Goethe.*

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Cicero attempted a richness of style for which he lacked that heavenly repose of the intellect, which Livy, like

Homer, must have possessed — and among the moderns, Fehelon and Garve — in no common degree.

*Nisbuhr.*

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'Tis a kind of good deed to say well ;  
And yet words are no deeds.

*Shakspeare.*

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Are the deepest feelings ever uttered ? or are those who utter their deepest, deep people ?

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I am sure what a man doth he thinketh ; not so always what he speaketh. *Bishop Hall.*

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No one would acknowledge a desire that his powers of expression should be beyond all proportion to what he has to express ; yet every one would be pleased to have them adequate to his thoughts, and every one would wish to judge himself of this adequacy. Ideas, which are definitely grasped, probably always find a clear, though not always a forcible expression. It is doubtful whether feelings are so sure of a sufficient expression.

It is pleasant to see the body a fit interpreter of the mind, even if the mind is not of the highest. Some actors, perhaps, owe their fame less to rare conceptions than to a wonderfully obedient body.

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Speech is too largely the instrument of the Minister of Religion. The demand for the *expression* of religious

thoughts and feelings is incessant. A man's life ceases to be one of free action, and becomes one of official services. But Expression is a sacred thing; it comes free only out of deep and rich experiences; it is forced at the peril of a man's soul; it is wrung out of him only at the price of the spoiling of his nature. Perhaps the rarest gift that God confers upon a man is the power of interesting, quickening, or elevating other men by the utterance of his thoughts, especially upon subjects spiritual and eternal, when they touch no living passion.

It is not *to think* of these things that is unnatural or an effort, but to think of them with the view of one's thoughts passing into words, that they may raise to spring tides the living waters that lie latent in the cells of other men's souls. It is this, to have to think and feel *with a view to others*, that so often stops Thought itself, breaks its living flow, and curdles and taints Emotion by the reflection of how it is to be used. The desire for the utterance of a man's spirit in any deep directions, is intermittent, and even to the richest nature and most sympathizing heart, can only be occasional; whereas the Profession of a Minister of Religion, as it is exercised amongst us, assumes that the desire is perennial, and the faculty always ready.

*J. H. Thom.*

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There is danger that a clergyman's mind may become the highway of sentiment, instead of the fruitful field of generous affections. *Buckminster.*

Chez eux le métier vient glacer l'inspiration.

*Picciola.*

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Do people talk best about what they do best, and from nature, or is this so wholly a part of themselves, that like all unconscious action, it cannot be described. What is acquired and newly-learned is often more vivid, because more apart. Some people's activity runs all to words.

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From youth upwards, Goethe had been prone to theorize on painting, led thereto, as he profoundly remarks, by the very absence of a talent for painting. It was not necessary for him to theorize on poetry; he had within him the creative power. It *was* necessary for him to theorize on painting, because he wanted "by reason and insight to fill up the deficiencies of nature."

*Lewes.*

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By a Theorist we understand one in whom the divorce has taken place between thought and action; who gives the reins to the merely intellectual faculties, and suffers the will, call it conscience or moral power, to grow weak from want of exercise. Simple people will always express surprise at great abilities not preserving their possessor from error. We constantly hear, amongst persons not accustomed to weigh their words, such expressions, "How strange that so clever a man should do so and so!" — "How wonderful that a man who *knows* so much better,

should fail so utterly in his duty!" and the like; whereas between this head-knowledge and practice there is, we may almost say, no connection—certainly no necessary connection. Great abilities are far more useful in teaching others their duty, and forwarding the interests of religion and morals in the world, than in helping their possessor in the practice of them. Indeed, when once the disruption we have spoken of has taken place, great powers of mind often only help to widen the breach, by blinding the mind to the fact of there being any thing beyond; and that talking and thinking are not all we have to do. Also the very beauty, order, and completeness of their speculations give them a distaste for action, for when we come to the actual we must have anomalies; there must be hitches and defects—intolerable eyesores to the theorist—who is hence, by his very profession, a reformer, and a quarreller with all that exists or has existed. From this cause there is a certain precision of symmetrical arrangement in the views of some men, which makes them peculiarly attractive to the young and inexperienced. Being wholly unacquainted with the world of practice, they are never embarrassed or discouraged by a sense of their own failures or short-comings in it, and so they can express themselves with that confidence and security in the strength of their position which is among the most powerful of all the arts of persuasion.

*The Christian Remembrancer.*

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Wesley's was a mind in the history of which no grad-

ual transition periods — no seasons during which the understanding and the moral sentiments should, in equi-poised conjunction, work their way onward from one position to another — could have place. Each change was either a leap from a precipice, or a being thrown with violence from one standing-place to another; and the very next moment after he had regained his feet, or even before he could do so, he turned upon those whose company he had thus left, and assailed them with eager, yet never with bitter upbraidings. Such are the characteristics, not of a mind of the highest order, which passes from one condition to another harmoniously, as to all its faculties, but of a spirit of energy destined to command the multitude. *Isaac Taylor.*

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The taste for emotion may become a dangerous taste; we should be very cautious how we attempt to squeeze out of human life more ecstasy and paroxysm than it can well afford. *Sydney Smith.*

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To feel, to feel exquisitely, is the lot of very many; it is the charm that lends a superstitious joy to fear. But to appreciate belongs to the few; to one or two alone, here and there, the blended passion and understanding that constitute in its essence worship.

*Charles Auchester.*

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I suppose he was full of uncertainties — yet on the whole, on the surface of him, you saw no uncertainties,



far from that ; it seemed always rather with peremptory resolutions and swift express businesses that he was charged. *Carlyle's Life of Sterling.*

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There are some men, and particularly men of sharp clear intellect, who have a characteristic instinct towards the future ; and there are other men, and particularly men of large sentimental attachments, the moorings of whose being are mostly in the past.

*North British Review.*

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With some people every thing turns into a motive ; if the active powers are strong, into a motive to action ; if the moral powers preponderate, into a means of elevating the moral sense. In others the link which makes events a motive seems wanting. Might not education do more towards supplying it ?

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Natures of the first kind have great recuperative power. They return to health, brought back either by the whole bias of their character, or by their own resolution. Habit is never their master, though it often helps to defend them ; while characters of a different sort are undefended by it in their efforts for good, and are its slaves in all evil.

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His was one of those natures whose high aspirations are the furthest possible removed from every thing like interest, or the desire of positive gain ; and yet for whose

wide-spending and splendor-loving activity, wealth is in their own belief the indispensable concomitant.

*Falkenberg.*

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Z—— loves money as little as any one can who loves so much to spend it. — How little is that?

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His merits wanted the fine tints and fluent curves which constitute beauty of character. *Bulwer.*

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“ With this surly, inflexible man all bore cheerfully, so firmly were they convinced of what he might do if occasion demanded.”

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The charm of one character often lies in a trait which is wholly undeveloped in another; in a peculiar refinement or fulness of one part of the nature: Thus in fruits the mere husk or film becomes the luscious peach or the fragrant mace.

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What is the true test of character, unless it be its progressive development in the bustle and turmoil, in the action and reaction of daily life. *Goethe.*

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The power of Faith will often shine forth the most, when the character is naturally weak. *Hare.*

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Nothing is more ruinous for a man than when he is mighty enough in any part to right himself without right.

*Jacobi.*

He who agrees with himself agrees with others.

*Goethe.*

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It is no easy matter to carry one even constant tenor of spirit through a work of time. Nor is it more easy to pass a settled invariable judgment concerning so variable a subject; when a heart that may seem wholly framed and set for God one hour, shall look so quite like another thing the next, and change figures and postures almost as often as it doth thoughts. *John Howe.*

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Those whose characters are not all on one level can never know happiness; for one part of the character continually plunges the other into misery.

An inconsistent character is treacherous to others. 'Tis the first point of loyalty to be consistent.

A great deal that seems like hypocrisy is inconsistency, and this inconsistency is most common in those who live eagerly in single and even outlying parts of their nature, instead of habitually referring every question to the central power. If, at the moment of any temptation, the motives and considerations against it were present to the will, it could be no temptation; but the will has before quietly or carelessly put them out of the way, and quite a different set appear and prevail.

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First realize your cant, then cast it off. *Sterling.*

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One said, "It is good to inure the mouth to speak

well ; for good speech is many times drawn into the affection ;” but I would fear that speaking well without feeling, were the way to procure an habitual hypocrisy.

*Bishop Hall.*

V.

LIFE EARNEST FOR ALL.

HAVING, DOING, AND BEING.

SOME men are eminent for what they *possess*; some for what they *achieve*; others for what they *are*. *Having*, *Doing*, and *Being*, constitute the three great distinctions of mankind, and the three great functions of their life. And though they are necessarily all blended, more or less, in each individual, it is seldom difficult to say which of them is prominent in the impression left upon us by our fellow-man.

In every society there are those who derive their chief characteristic from what they *have*; who are always spoken of in terms of reverence; and of whom you would not be likely to think much, but for the large account that stands on the world's ledger in their name. . . .

The second and nobler class prove themselves to be here, not that they may *have*, but that they may *do*; to them life is a glorious labor; they are seen not to work that they may rest, but only to rest that they may work. No sooner do they look around them with the open eye of

It is better to create than to be learned. Creating is the true essence of life. *Niebuhr.*

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Is creative power so superior in its nature to all other powers, that an atom of it which gives the charm of originality, makes a person superior to other men, however widely perceptive and appreciative they may be?

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Great perceptive powers are unfavourable to humility. Those who can appreciate every thing, are apt to overlook the immense difference between merely receiving and doing — they over-estimate themselves.

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Plato has profoundly defined man 'the hunter of *truth*;' for in this chase, as in others, the *pursuit* is all in all, the *success* comparatively nothing. 'Did the Almighty,' says Lessing, 'holding in his right hand *Truth*, and in his left '*Search after Truth*,' deign to proffer me the one I might prefer; — in all humility, but without hesitation, I should request — '*Search after Truth*.' We exist only as we energize; *pleasure* is the reflex of unimpeded energy; energy is the *mean* by which our faculties are developed; and a higher energy the *end* which their development proposes. In *action* is thus contained the existence, happiness, improvement, and perfection of our being; and knowledge is only precious as it may afford a stimulus to the exercise of our powers, and the condition of their more complete activity. *Sir William Hamilton.*

Not merely to know, but according to thy knowledge to do, is the destiny of man. "Not for leisurely contemplation of thyself, not to brood over devout sensations, art thou here. Thine action, thine action alone determines thy worth." *Fichte.*

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Toil, feel, think, hope. A man is sure to dream enough before he dies, without making arrangements for the purpose. *Sterling.*

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Life is an outward occupation, an actual *work*, in all ranks, and all situations. *Humboldt.*

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Bacon says, "In this theatre of man's life God and angels only have a right to be spectators. Contemplation and action ought ever to be united."

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Hadst thou not Greek enough to understand thus much : *The end of man is an action and not a thought*, though it were of the noblest. *Carlyle.*

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There is always a counterpoise in great minds between the desire of action — the vigorous passion for achievement, on the one part, and that tendency, on the other, to repose, that taste for peace — that calm residence of the soul upon its centre, which impels it now to stand forth, and now to recede from the noise and confusion of the world. We might find plenty of great minds, if we could but relinquish, in our definition, this special charac-

teristic—a tranquil taste, and the *capability of repose*. In every circle we may meet with men of prodigious energy, and of indefatigable zeal;—but they are such as can exist only exteriorly or in action; rest, when it must be taken, is with them an abrupt cessation of their intellectual life; it is not another and a graceful mode of it.

*Isaac Taylor.*

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What a wonderful incongruity it is for a man to see the doubtfulness in which things are involved, and yet be impatient out of action, or vehement in it. *Butler.*

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There is in Swedenborg an element which the East has not, a more than European, perhaps a peculiarly Scandinavian activity, which demands a material world as the stern proof-place of thoughts and contemplations.

*Wilkinson.*

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The occupations of men are, unfortunately, for the most part, such that they shut out all deep thought while they are going on, and yet make no ennobling claim on the mind. *Humboldt.*

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The men “after God’s own heart” are only so for a time and a mission; every one is “a man after God’s own heart” for the functions that he does best.

*Wilkinson.*

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To fill our places in the world and to love to fill them,



are the best ends of our aspirations — to be so organized, or so minded, as to be spontaneously able and cheerful in our labors, at the same time that our labors are not only our own choice but the wants of the time. *Ib.*

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“Do not mistake a ‘tendency for a talent;’ nor conclude that what you dislike to do is not rightfully demanded of you.” *Carlyle.*

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Were success in life (morally or physically) the main object here, it certainly would seem as if a little more faculty in man were sadly needed. Living, as we do, in the midst of stern gigantic Laws which crush every thing down that comes in their way, which know no excuses, admit of no small errors, never send a man back to learn his lesson and try him again, but are as inexorable as Fate,— it does seem as if the faculties of man were hardly as yet adequate to his situation here. *Helps.*

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He who learns not from events, rejects the lessons of experience : he who judges from the event, makes fortune an assessor in his judgments. *Hare.*

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Success is highly valued because we painfully learn it takes an infinity of effort to accomplish a mere finite thing. Matter is so energetic and blunting.

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Who inquires whether momentum comes from mass or velocity? But velocity has this advantage, it is in our

own power. A large body without action accomplishes nothing. A ship of the line might rest against a nail too gently to drive it in.

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There is a vigilance and judgment about trifles, which men only get by living in a crowd; and those are the trifles of detail, on which the success of execution depends.

*Horner.*

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Let us not wish to lead a life of mere contemplation, a life devoted to ideas. Let us try to idealize our lives, not exchange them. Let the youth choose, if possible, such an occupation, that he can readily see its relations of beauty or utility, can recur in moments of despondency to the idea which gives it life. The natural occupations of the farmer, the teacher, and the clergyman have this advantage. Or let him choose an occupation so important to society, as to justify his devotion to it; for the gold of life is sometimes shred into pieces so fine as to seem worthless. Ingots and guineas there is some satisfaction in bestowing, but a life dribbled away in farthings leaves the heart chill. If however Providence demands of the youth a world of trifling duties, or to give a large portion of his life to mere drudgery, let him acknowledge the poorness of his occupation; if it does not fill his horizon, it will have no power to harm him.

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If reflection, when it has become too one-sided, and too domineering over a deeply-feeling heart, is apt to lead us

into errors in our treatment of others ; it gives us, on the other hand, the power of looking every thing in the face, of supporting the most dreadful prospect, and maintaining our equanimity. *Niebuhr.*

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It is much easier to think right without doing right, than to do right without thinking right. Just thoughts may, and wofully often do fail of producing just deeds ; but just deeds are sure to beget just thoughts. *Guesses at Truth.*

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Greenough says, " activity is the presence of function — character is the record of function."

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Consultation and election, which are two motions in us, make but one in God ; his action springing from his power at the first touch of his will. *Sir Thomas Browne.*

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A contemplative life has more the *appearance* of a life of piety than any other ; but it is the divine plan to bring faith into activity and exercise. *Cecil.*

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I must indeed confess, that free Speculations and that easy springing up of coherent Thoughts and Conceptions within, is a Pleasure to me far above any thing I ever received from external sense ; and that lazy activity of Mind in compounding and dis severing of Notions and Ideas in the silent observation of their natural connections and disagreements is a Holy-day and Sabbath of rest to the Soul. *Henry More.*

To feel is my nature. It is my thought, my act.

*Judd.*

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The firefly only shines when on the wing;  
So is it with the mind ; when once we rest,  
We darken.

*Festus.*

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A reflective, thinking, inquiring life is really the most exalted. *Humboldt.*

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The man of meditation is happy, not for an hour, or a day, but quite round the circle of his years.

*Isaac Taylor.*

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In looking abroad on life we are astonished that thought seems to have so little influence — the spiritual life and the outward action seem to run on in parallel lines, and it is only now and then that we clearly discern the effect of one upon the other — we are sadly taught that it takes a great deal of elevation of sentiment to produce a very little elevation of life. Nevertheless, the influence of thought on action exists, unceasing, inevitable, and at the end of life we see clearly how all its actions took their rise within. *Emerson.*

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In the street and in the newspapers, life appears so plain a business, that manly resolution and adherence to the multiplication table through all weathers, will insure success. But ah ! presently comes a day, or is it only

a half-hour, with its angel whispering, — which discomfits the conclusions of nations and of years ! To-morrow again everything looks real and angular, the habitual standards are reinstated, common sense is as rare as genius,— is the basis of genius, and experience is hands and feet to every enterprise ; — and yet, he who should do his business on this understanding, would be quickly bankrupt. *Ib.*

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The rule of human nature, the canonical idea of man, is not to be taken as an average from any number of human beings ; it must be drawn from the chosen choice few, in whom that nature has come the nearest to what it ought to be. It is not to be taken from stunted souls, or blighted souls, or wry souls, or twisted souls, or sick souls, or withered souls, but from the healthiest and soundest, the most entire and flourishing, the straightest, the highest, the truest, and the purest.

*Guesses at Truth.*

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The world is not greater than man. — No man is called on to lose his own balance for the advancement of the world in any particular direction.

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The human mind is so constituted as to admit freely the play of independent and conflicting motives, even if it obeys always the one motive that is paramount. And high culture much increases the susceptibility of the mind towards diverse or contradictory impulses ; so that while

the uninstructed, when borne onward by a ruling principle, forget all secondary considerations ; the more intelligent, though not less steady and consistent *in action*, (perhaps more so,) yet continue to hold converse with reasons they have repudiated ; and to traverse again and again the ground of their firmest convictions. The more mind, — the more compass of motive. . . .

If the characteristic difference between strong and feeble minds were asked for, it might be replied, It is found in the habit (in the former case) of adhering firmly to truths once settled on satisfactory evidence ; and (in the other) in that of calling such principles into question, ever and again. But if it were required to distinguish *great minds* from *strong ones*, we must say, that the latter so hold their system of established truths, as to shut out their prospect of what may lie beyond it ; while the former, without quitting the ground of demonstration — without confounding the known with the hypothetical — never lose sight of that more distant range of things which the human eye is permitted dimly to discern, though not distinctly to explore. *Isaac Taylor.*

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One terror that scares us from self-trust is our consistency ; a reverence for our past act or word, because the eyes of others have no other data for computing our orbit than our past acts, and we are loath to disappoint them.

But why should you keep your head over your shoulder? Why drag about this monstrous corpse of your

memory, lest you contradict somewhat you have stated in this or that public place. Suppose you should contradict yourself; what then? It seems to be a rule of wisdom never to rely on your memory alone, but bring the past for judgment into the thousand-eyed present, and live ever in a new day. . . .

With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. *Emerson.*

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Fear never but you shall be consistent in whatever variety of actions, so they be each honest and natural in their hour. For of one will the actions will be harmonious, however unlike they seem. These varieties are lost sight of when seen at a little distance, at a little height of thought. One tendency unites them all. The voyage of the best ship is a zigzag line of a hundred tacks. This is only microscopic criticism. See the line from a sufficient distance, and it straightens itself to the average tendency. Your genuine action will explain itself, and will explain your other genuine actions. . . .

Always scorn appearances, and you always may. The force of character is cumulative. All the foregone days of virtue work their health into this. *Ib.*

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The virtue of abiding consistently by one thing is rather exaggerated by feelings of worldly prudence. I do not see why it is not as reasonable for a man's convictions

to fix his circumstances, as for his circumstances, which is generally the case, to fix his convictions. *Oakfield.*

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As far as faith in all personal relations of life is concerned, I believe in all that I see to be beautiful, noble, glorious, — in sympathy, kindness, and self-sacrifice, — unalterably and forever ! But I believe, only in the very rarest instances, in an unalterable feeling of interest in a person or subject ; for such interest is in its causes, and in itself a variable quantity, and may change its direction without any change taking place in the character. Yet I know that I myself possess this constancy, — which is no merit in me. *Niebuhr.*



## VI.

### DIFFERENT ERAS AND CAREERS.

#### A MAN'S VOCATION.

TRULY a thinking man is the worst enemy the Prince of Darkness can have ; every time such a one announces himself, I doubt not there runs a shudder through the nether empire ; and new emissaries are trained, with new tactics, to, if possible, entrap him, and hoodwink, and handcuff him.

“With such high vocation had I too, as denizen of the universe, been called. Unhappily it is, however, that, though born to the amplest sovereignty, in this way, your coronation ceremony costs such trouble, your sceptre is so difficult to get at, or even to get eye on !”

By which last wire-drawn similitude, does Teufelsdröckh mean no more than that young men find obstacles in what we call “getting under way.” “Not what I have,” continues he, “but what I do is my kingdom.” To each is given a certain inward talent, a certain outward environment of fortune ; to each, by wisest combination of these two, a certain maximum of capability. But the

hardest problem were ever this first: To find, by study of yourself, and of the ground you stand on, what your combined inward and outward capability specially is. For, alas, our young soul is all budding with capabilities, and we see not yet which is the main and true one. Always, too, the new man is in a new time, under new conditions; his course can be the *fac-simile* of no prior one, but is by its nature original. And then how seldom will the outward capability fit the inward! though talented wonderfully enough, we are poor, unfriended, dyspeptical, bashful; nay, what is worse, foolish. Thus, in a whole imbroglio of capabilities, we go stupidly groping about, to grope which is ours, and often clutch the wrong one. In this mad work must several years of our small term be spent, till the purblind youth, by practice, acquire notions of distance, and become a seeing man.

Carlyle.

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Our life is compassed round with necessity: yet is the meaning of life itself no other than freedom, than voluntary force; thus have we a warfare; in the beginning especially a hard-fought battle. For the God-given mandate, *Work thou in well doing*, is mysteriously written, in Promethean, prophetic characters, in our hearts; and leaves us no rest, night or day, till it be deciphered and obeyed. And as the clay-given mandate, *Eat thou and be filled*, at the same time persuasively proclaims itself through every nerve, — must there not be a confusion, a contest, before the better influence can become the upper. *Ib.*

Necessity is cruel, but it is the only test of inward strength. Every fool may live according to his own likings. *Goethe.*

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In truth it is given to no man to estimate the *quantities* of his nature ; only into its *qualities* does God permit him to have insight. *Prospective Review.*

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The accidents of our position in life change their aspects according to the station from which they happen to be surveyed ; in prospect they are simply great blessings to be enjoyed ; in retrospect great pledges to be redeemed. Viewed in front they form a golden dowery of hope ; viewed in the rear, a burden of responsibility from which an apprehensive conscience will have reason too often to shrink in sadness. *De Quincy.*

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It seems as if each marked era of human life were preceded by a season of thoughtfulness ; often, indeed, diverted by cares, follies, passions, or eager interests : but indicating itself wherever the mind is sufficiently sedate, and its position sufficiently settled to allow a tranquil interior change to become perceptible on the surface. At these moments, and in connection, no doubt, with physical changes, a tinge of melancholy pervades the mind, and the balanced good and ill of existence is surveyed. The mind, too, at such seasons, tries its strength upon those insoluble problems, which sages have so often professed to have disposed of, but which still continue to torment

human reason, even from its earliest dawn. It is at these moments that the soul comes to a stand for an instant, and asks, — Whither am I going.

*Isaac Taylor.*

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It is the wayward development of the various elements of intelligence which determines the imperfections and varieties of individual character. *Hamilton.*

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“The hour of Preparation for a better order of things is *not a time of favorable appearances* ; but the reverse.”

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He whose youth is over-fastidious and exclusive, will never be a person of wide and generous culture.

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(Lying in the grass.) In all reanimations, all new existence, are obstacles mingled. If one looks closely into the meadow green of spring, much dried up last year's grass lies among and under the fresh green, it must moulder and give sap for the new life. Then cry the foolish ones, “There is no Spring, there can be none — see these dry stalks !” Is it not so in the whole life of the spirit? *Feldweisheit. Adolph Lederer.*

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If in childhood, or, as was more frequently the case, in the turbulent period of transition betwixt boyhood and adolescence, I sometimes felt in haste to be a man, no anticipated delight, no definite purpose, or indefinite yearning mingled with my angry impatience. The idle wish

arose merely from a horror of restraint, a sore antipathy to counsel. I believe that obstinacy, or the dread of control and discipline, arises not so much from self-willedness, as from a conscious defect of voluntary power, as foolhardiness is not seldom the self-disguise of conscious timidity. *Hartley Coleridge.*

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Arnold speaks of "*earning* genuine manhood by steadily serving out the period of boyhood." *Oakfield.*

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Gebet ihm kein Antwort mehr, der hat heute wieder *seinen gottlosen Tag*, er ist aber nicht so schlecht wie er sich stellt. *Auerbach.*

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The first early years of his adolescent youth, were chiefly marked by that sharp recoil upon himself, of energies that could not find vent; the thirst for positive and material activity, — that which is slaked by bodily exertion put at the service of a great cause, and consequently carries with it dreams of glory — that was naturally quite unquenched. *Falkenberg.*

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When a man is on the point of some great concession, he makes it up to himself, as it were, by some outrageous piece of brutality. *Ib.*

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From the beginning of days man hath been so cross to the divine commandments, that in many cases there can be no reason given why a man should choose some ways,

or do some actions, but only because they were forbidden. *Jeremy Taylor.*

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Oakfield was dissatisfied with himself and knew not why; he was dimly conscious of a state of truthfulness, from which his ordinary conversation with the world kept him apart. At times he had flashes of conviction in which the truth seemed to stand out to him clear even to a truism. In these seasons the insincerity of ordinary society and ordinary life became intolerable to him. . . .

At Oxford his outward life was one of rare and awful happiness. But he was not a man who could eat and drink, rise up to play and be satisfied. In those changing years, from nineteen to twenty-one, his mind hitherto quiescent or satisfied by the claims of school and college duty, began to work; and he soon found that under whatever name concealed, religion must still be the one matter of interest for an immortal being. And the one great difficulty with him was to acquire an equable impression of this truth. . . .

Deeply impressed with the conviction that his first business in life was to deliver his own soul, he still fell into the natural error of looking round for those circumstances which might make this most easy. He had not learnt yet that it is a work far beyond the aid, happily equally beyond the control of circumstances. . . .

Oakfield led the others, they hardly knew why. It was indeed nothing but the force of earnestness. He had been from his childhood, — rare blessing! — accustomed to find those around him in earnest; and this influence had made

itself felt; and now, even in the opening of youthful manhood, he found himself closely questioning life, asking eternal reasons for what he should do in time.

*Oakfield.*

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The idea of a man's life cannot be reduced to a mere tangibility, which is what is generally meant when people clamor for "something practical;" it is not that which you can take in hand any morning, take a day's work at, and have done with; still less is it any thing fanciful or unreal. It is most real; it is what you must work at always; work at nothing without working at it. *Ib.*

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I came out here six months ago, with a vague hope of finding some great work going on, to which all willing helpers would be welcome. The Bathos from these notions to the intense insignificance of an unposted Ensign, would have been wholly ludicrous, if not partly painful. *Ib.*

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I came out to this country with vague general notions of a great work of civilization and reform, calling for laborers, and so on; but I find this notion fade entirely away before the stupid realities of daily life. *Ib.*

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We start with fervor in other lines beside this Indian work; and in all we shall find, not that our fervor is wasted, — God forbid, — but that it must vent itself in silent, painful, perhaps apparently unfruitful work, not in

the grand triumphal march we had pictured to ourselves. *Oakfield.*

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I am free from that ambition, which received its hateful name from the existence of a bad motive, — but not from that which springs from the feeling and consciousness of a vocation to action and power ; this no one can censure.

*Niebuhr.*

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Whatever is the object of our constant attention will naturally be the chief object of our interest. Even the feelings of speculative men become speculative. They care about the notions of things, and their abstractions, and their relations, far more than about the realities. Thus an author's blood will turn to ink. Words enter into him and take possession of him ; and nothing can obtain admission except through the passport of words. Inverting the legitimate process, he regards things as the symbols of words, instead of words as the symbols of things. *Guesses at Truth.*

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With no other privilege than that of sympathy and sincere good wishes, I would address an affectionate exhortation to the youthful literati, grounded on my own experience. It will be but short ; for the beginning, middle, and end, converge to one charge, — *Never pursue literature as a trade.* With the exception of one extraordinary man, I have never known any one, least of all an individual of genius, healthy or happy without a



profession ; i. e. some regular employment which does not depend on the will of the moment, and which can be carried on so far mechanically, that an average quantum only of health, spirits, and intellectual exertion are requisite to its faithful discharge. Three hours of leisure unalloyed by any alien anxiety, and looked forward to with delight, as a change and recreation, will suffice to realize in literature a larger product of what is truly genial, than weeks of compulsion. While the scholar obtains by his talents a competence in some known trade or profession, he may devote his genius to objects of his tranquil and unbiassed choice. *S. T. Coleridge.*

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Meantime let the chosen employments of the years of hope be the relaxations of the time present. Thus you will preserve your inward trains of thought, your faculties and your feelings contempered to a life of ease, and capable of enjoying leisure. And while you thus render future affluence more and more desirable, you will at the same time prevent all undue impatience, and disarm the temptation of poisoning the allotted interval by anxieties, and anxious schemes and efforts to get rich in haste. *Ib.*

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Above all things we must preserve our truthfulness in science so pure, that we must eschew absolutely every false appearance, — that we must not write the very smallest thing as certain, of which we are not fully convinced, — that when we have to express a conjecture, we must strenuously endeavor to exhibit the precise degree

of probability we attach to it. If we do not ourselves indicate our errors where possible, — even such as it is unlikely that any one will ever discover, — if, when we lay down our pen, we cannot say in the sight of God, “upon strict examination, I have not knowingly written any thing that is not true, and have never deceived, either regarding myself or others; I have not exhibited my most inveterate opponent in any light which I could not justify upon my death-bed;” — if we cannot do this, then study and literature render us unrighteous and sinful.

*Niebuhr.*

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A hardy out-of-doors life is eminently desirable, not only for securing the general health, but specifically for keeping alive that fresh and natural good sense which a merely studious and abstracted course always impairs, or totally dissipates. The most powerful understandings become more or less enfeebled and perverted by a few years' seclusion in a closet, with a stove temperature and lamp-light. There is needed more than a little rough, farmer-like daily occupation abroad, to keep the *student* clear of the *pedant*; and assuredly it is not an hour's pacing up and down a college walk that suffices for this purpose. One would fain, in conducting a thoroughly intellectual education, counteract the debilitating effects of studious habits, so as should preclude the mortifying comparison commonly made between the accomplished scholar and the man of business, in whatever does not involve mere erudition. One would gladly spare a young man the

pungent shame which many have felt — conscious as they may have been of high attainments, and yet compelled to feel that, in the broad and open world, no one has thought their opinions worth listening to a moment, in relation to the weighty interests of common life. And in such instances, what is felt to be wanting is not so much the requisite information on the point in question, as a want of that intuition which seizes a notion in the concrete — that is to say, in its practical form ; instead of groping about for it in the region of the abstract, where it has broken itself off from the actual concerns of mankind.

*Isaac Taylor.*

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There are circumstances of a humiliating kind in the actual condition of man, which tend greatly to enhance the pleasures of the solitary life, or to corroborate the purpose of the recluse in his separation from the world. By the very constitution of human nature a contrariety exists between the principles of the higher and the lower life — the intellectual and the animal, which though it may be gracefully concealed by elegance of manners, and the artificial modes of civilized life, is never absolutely reconciled, and presses always as an annoyance, and a burden upon the high-wrought sensibilities of serious, meditative minds. The susceptibility of such minds and their want of active energy, expose them painfully to this uneasiness. Nor can they avail themselves of the aid which in the gay and busy world, is supplied by levity and joyousness, and the velocity of affairs. It is not so much the pains, and

wants, and heavier woes of our corporeal nature, as its *humiliations*, which afflict the sensitive recluse. On *his* principles, and with *his* habits of feeling, he can be far happier amidst sufferings and necessities, than when solicited and disturbed by trivial cares, or ignoble occupations. For the former impel and aid him to abstract himself more and more from the body; — the latter, against all his tastes, implicate him in its meanness.

To hide himself from the world, is not, it is true, to escape from the humiliations of the body; nevertheless it is to be exempt from all but those of *his own*. It is to be free from the grossness, the frivolity, and the petulant selfishness of common life; to converse with perfection and infinitude.

But there remains a difficulty, an insuperable difficulty in the way of the Recluse. This very Christianity, whence he has derived the various elements of his solitary bliss — this very book, which opens to him an inexhaustible treasure of ineffable meditation, itself pre-emptorily refused to give its sanction to his purpose of seclusion; it follows him to his cell with the most imperative commands; and requires him, instead of thus seeking to please himself, to return into the very heart of every social relation, and to encumber himself with every office of common life.

*Isaac Taylor.*

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“Serve God by action,” it is said; but then I find all courses of action so clogged and blocked up with meanness, and worldliness, and Mammon, that the service of God is

well nigh choked out of them. Well, then patience is recommended. "Wait," it is said, "and cast bread upon the waters; and sow, not desiring yourself to reap: and believe that these active courses shall be by degrees purified, and God will be continually drawing more and more good out of the evil which now offends you; do not expect to see perfection, but be content to take the good with the bad." Well, this is a hard saying, though I suppose there is much truth in it; the only thing I complain of in it is, that this said contentment is so tempting; it is so easy to be content to take the good with the bad; and then it is so easy to go a step further, and be content with the bad. Why should I expose myself to this temptation? Why should I not seek for the good where I can get it, without the bad, in the ideal world? Why should I be battling and painfully discriminating between good and evil; finding, with much disgust, a grain of truth for a bushel of falsehood, if, by giving myself up to the pure words of great men, I may be growing continually to a higher standard of unmixed truth?"

"Because," said Margaret, "God does not will that you should have peace in the world."

. . . "I doubt that — only I think that we, with our slavish fears, shrink from peace as from every other good thing: none of us take as freely as God gives. We fidget and bustle, and plunge into painful turmoil, and then babble about peace not being our lot on earth, when in truth we have never looked for it. . . . The question for me is, "May I give myself up to peace," that is

practically, to thinking, and reading and writing, as the main employment of my life? or shall I again seek a more busy life, and going on patiently sowing and not hoping to reap, taking a bushel of falsehood for a grain of truth, casting my bread upon the waters, resume my work in India? *Oakfield.*

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Toward all this external evil, the man within the breast assumes a warlike attitude, and affirms his ability to cope single-handed with the infinite army of enemies. To this military attitude of the soul we give the name of Heroism. Its rudest form is the contempt for safety and ease, which makes the attractiveness of war. It is a self-trust which slights the restraints of prudence in the plenitude of its energy and power to repair the harms it may suffer. There is somewhat not philosophical in heroism; there is somewhat not holy in it; it seems not to know that other souls are of one texture with it: it hath pride; it is the extreme of individual nature. Nevertheless, we must profoundly revere it. . . . It is the avowal of the unschooled man, that he finds a quality in him that is negligent of expense, of health, of life, of danger, of hatred, of reproach, and that he knows that his will is higher and more excellent than all actual and possible antagonists.

But that which takes my fancy most in the heroic class, is the good humor and hilarity they exhibit. It is a height to which common duty can very well attain, to suffer and to dare with solemnity. But these rare souls set opinion, success, and life at so cheap a rate, that they

will not soothe their enemies by petitions, or the show of sorrow, but wear their own habitual greatness. . . .

If we dilate in beholding the Greek energy, the Roman pride, it is that we are already domesticating the same sentiment. Let us find room for this great guest in our small houses. The first step of worthiness will be to disabuse us of our superstitious associations with places and times, with number and size. Why should these words, Athenian, Roman, Asia, and England, so tingle in the ear. Let us feel that where the heart is, there the muses, there the gods sojourn, and not in any geography of fame. Massachusetts, Connecticut River, and Boston Bay you think paltry places, and the ear loves names of foreign and classic topography. But here we are; — that is a great fact, and if we will tarry a little, we may come to learn that here is best. See to it only that thyself is here; and art and nature, hope and dread, friends, angels, and the Supreme Being, shall not be absent from the chamber where thou sittest. Epaminondas, brave and affectionate, does not seem to us to need Olympus to die upon, nor the Syrian sunshine. He lies very well where he is. The Jerseys were handsome ground enough for Washington to tread, and London streets for the feet of Milton. . . . There is no weakness or exposure for which we cannot find consolation in the thought, — this is a part of my constitution, part of my relation and office to my fellow-creatures. Has nature covenanted with me that I should never appear to disadvantage, never make a ridic-

ulous figure? Let us be generous of our dignity, as well as of our money. *Emerson.*

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The spoken Word, the written Poem, is said to be an epitome of the man; how much more the done Work. Whatsoever of morality and of intelligence; what of patience, perseverance, faithfulness, of method, insight, ingenuity, energy; in a word, whatsoever of Strength the man had in him will lie written in the Work he does.

Great honor to him whose Epic is a melodious hexameter Iliad. But still greater honor, if his Epic be a mighty Empire slowly built together, a mighty Series of Heroic Deeds, — a mighty Conquest over Chaos. There is no mistaking this latter Epic. Deeds are greater than Words. Deeds have such a life, mute but undeniable, and grow as living trees and fruit trees do; they people the vacuity of Time, and make it green and worthy.

*Carlyle.*

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If Wolsey had laid out in producing something which could have visibly endured to posterity the same intellect which he expended on the welfare of the England of his own age; if it had gone into books which we could ourselves read, or into pictures which we could see, or into any other of the secondary materials upon which the mind of a great man can impress itself, the visible greatness of the work produced would have taught us long ago to forget the petty blemishes on the surface of the workman's character. But so it is with human things. The greatest men



of all, those men whose energies are spent not in constructing immortal mausoleums for their own glory, but in guiding and governing nations wisely and righteously, sink their real being in the life of mankind.

*Westminster Review.*

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The merit of Albert the Courageous all lies safely *funded* in Saxon and German life to this hour.

*Carlyle.*

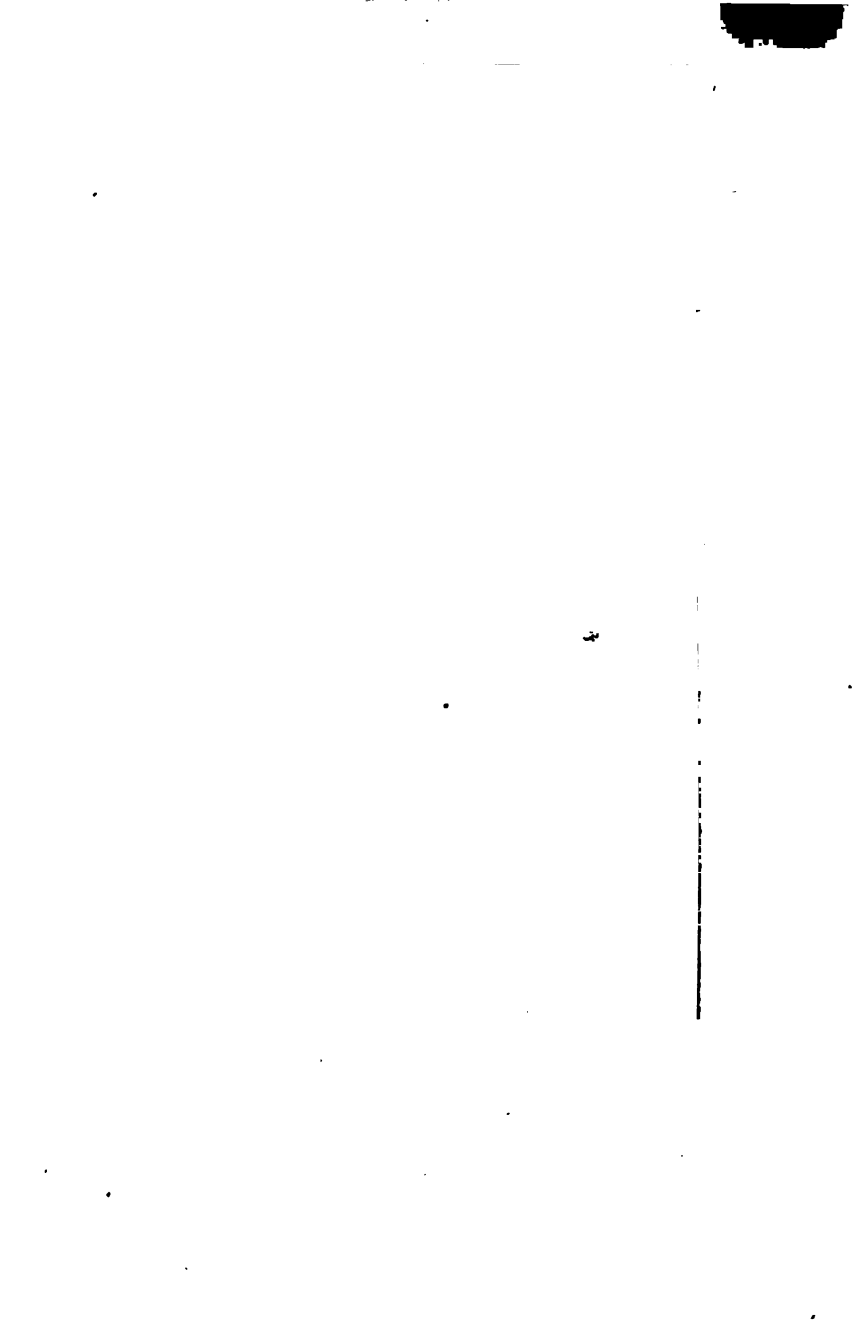
THE END.














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